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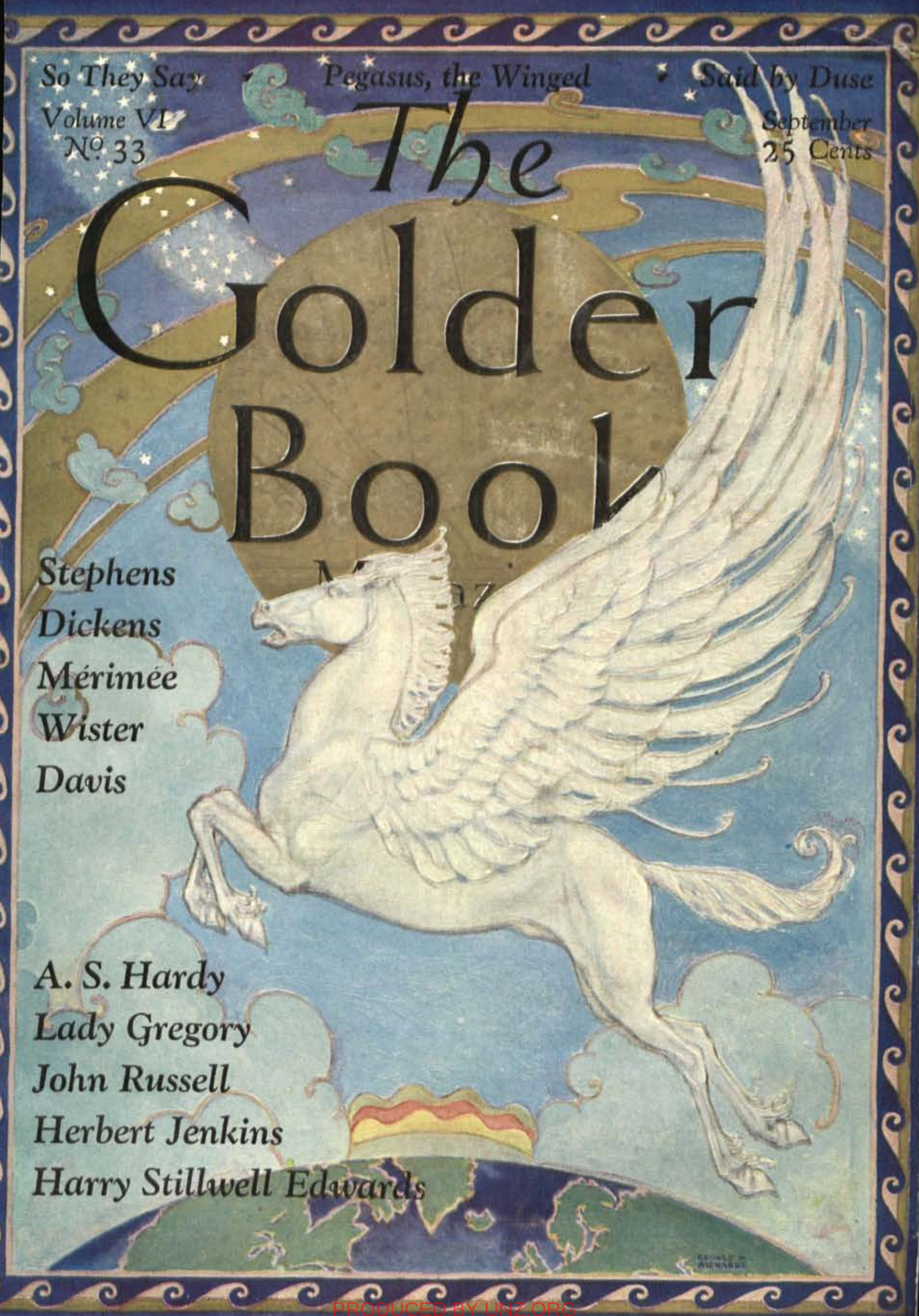
The Golden Book Magazine



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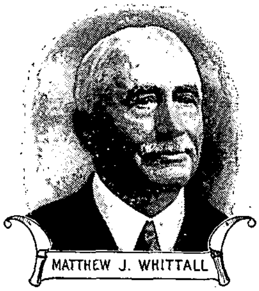

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VOLUME VI
Number 33

SEPTEMBER
1927

THE GOLDEN BOOK* MAGAZINE

OF FICTION AND TRUE STORIES THAT WILL LIVE

(*With which is combined "Famous Story Magazine"*)

Edited by HENRY WYSHAM LANIER

Editorial Board:
JOHN COTTON DANA ✦ CHAS. MILLS GAYLEY

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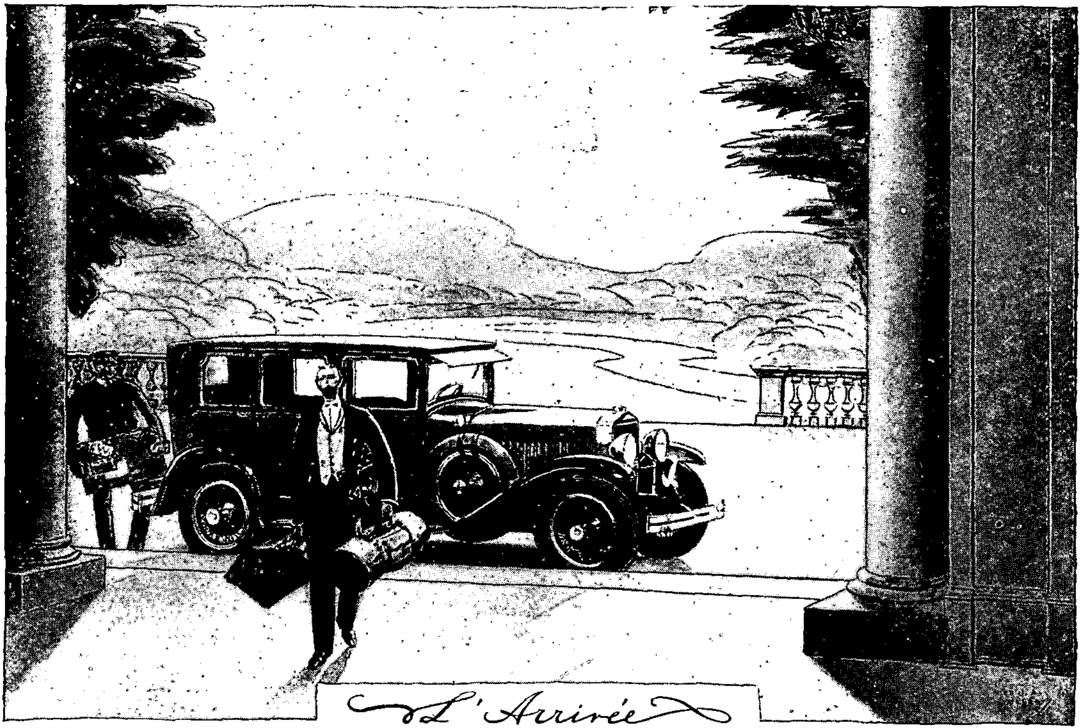

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Some Persons of Importance

THE PREACHER'S DOCTRINAL PROBLEM

"I wuz er-baptizin' Bre'r Dick Simins, an' de crik wuz mighty low, lemme tell yer, 'cause hit hadn' rain fur nigh onter eighty days, an' Bre'r Dick said de worl' wuz er-gittin' ready to burn up, an' so 'e wanter come inter de chutch.

"De water wuz dat low we had ter dam up de crik, an' den we tuk Bre'r Dick en, an' Bre'r Jerry Toler an' me try ter put 'im unner. Bre'r Dick wuz er might' big man, an' de water didn' 'zactly git up over 'is stumick. Now yer know er man got ter go clean unner 'fo' 'is sins wash erway, an' Bre'r Jerry 'lowed dat ef 'is stumick staid out all de sins gwine ter stick right deir—des' like fleas come up on er dog's head w'en he go in de water.

"Well, sah, w'en Bre'r Jerry see dat stickin' up deir, 'e put bof han's on hit an' bear down hard. Bre'r Dick wuz hol'in' 'is bref deir, an' w'en 'e git Bre'r Jerry's weight 'e blow water way up yonner an' say 'Poo-oo-oo!' an' 'is foots an' head pop out. Bre'r Jerry put 'is foots back an' I shove 'is head unner; den 'is stumick come out ergin. Den Bre'r Jerry mash down, an' Bre'r Dick say 'Pooh!' an' pop up 'is head an' 'is foots des like 'e did fus' time.

"Somebody on de bank yell out, 'Tu'n him over,' an' we gi' 'im er roll; but bless yo' soul, 'is back rose up like er fiddle, an' by dis time Bre'r Dick wuz mighty full er water, an' de dam done broke. . . .

"Now, wuz Bre'r Dick baptize 'cordin' ter de doctrun, er wuz 'e not? Some sez yes, an' some sez no, 'cause deir nebber wuz er time w'en some er 'im wuzn' showin'."

HARRY STILLWELL EDWARDS.

IF a Southerner wished to convey the idea that "Uncle Tom's Cabin," whatever else it may have been, was hardly an adequate picture of the relation between master and slave, he could hardly do better than put forward a group of such anecdotal tales as those by Harry Stillwell Edwards, Ruth McEnery Stuart, Joel Chandler Harris, Richard Malcolm Johnston and Harris Dickson—not to mention that vivid and intimate true narrative of Mrs. Pringle's, "A Woman Rice-Planter."

These stories are obviously drawn from life; and while nobody believes nowadays that slavery is desirable for either owner or owned, it would be impossible to miss the appeal of the relation which was clearly an everyday matter. Indeed, while it is highly unphilosophical to concentrate one's gaze on to-day without considering the yesterday from which it sprang, and the to-morrow whose seed it bears—a contrast between the average frequenter of a "black-and-tan" cabaret in New York's Harlem and Mr. Edwards's "Eneas," faithful to his trust through years of blind wandering, leaves some insistent questionings as to the nature of "progress."

According to Mr. Mencken, the negro in New York has obtained "social equality." I have not myself seen this phenomenon,—but, assuming the statement to be true, if he does as much in proportion with this social freedom as the best of his progenitors did with servitude, he will confound all the prophets of racial conflict.

* * *

Probably no other one person has done so much for the Irish literary revival as Douglas Hyde—*Craoibhin Aoibhinn* (Creeveen Eevin) in the ancient tongue. Born in County Sligo, in 1860, of the Castle Hyde family of County Cork, Hyde made a brilliant record at Trinity College, and soon settled down to his life-work in Gaelic literature. When the Gaelic League was founded, in 1893, he became its president, and has remained at the head of that and of the Irish Texts Society. Then, in 1899, he issued his great *Literary History of Ireland*, almost the first, and much the most scholarly, attempt to present a systematic

(*Continued on page 6*)

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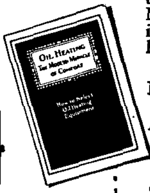
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(*Continued from page 4*)

account of the ancient Erse writings; and for some decades he poured out poems, stories, plays, and criticisms, as well as translations of early literature and folklore.

A writer twenty years ago declared:

> Dr. Hyde is to-day the best known, most influential, the greatest man in Ireland, universally admired and beloved. Mr. W. B. Yeats has said of him that this era will be known as the era of Douglas Hyde, as the middle of the last century is known as the age of Thomas Davis.

"The Marriage" ("*An Posadh*") was written in Gaelic, twenty-five years ago. Lady Gregory, who made the present translation, told of its first performance in her volume, *Poets and Dreamers:*

> "The Marriage" is founded on the story of Raftery at the poor wedding at Cappaghtagle. It was acted in Galway, at the *Feis*, last summer. There had been some delay or misunderstanding in the giving of parts; and on the morning of the *Feis*, it was announced that the play would not be given. But the disappointment was so great, that we all begged *An Craoibhin* to take the chief part himself, as he had done in "The Twisting of the Rope"; and when his kindness made him agree to this, we went in search of the other players. They were all at work in shops or stores, one wheeling sacks on a barrow; and it was a busy market-day, and it was hard for them to get away for a rehearsal. But, for all that, the play was given in the evening; in the very town where some still remember Raftery, and where he and Death had their first talk together.
>
> It will be hard to forget the blind poet as he was represented on the stage by the living poet, so full of kindly humour, of humorous malice, of dignity under his poor clothing, or the wistful, ghostly sigh with which he went out of the door at the end. "*It is a dead man was in it.*"
>
> It has been acted in Dublin since then; and many places are asking for the loan of the one manuscript in which it exists; but I am glad Connacht had it first.

◆

John Hubert Cornyn was born in Canada, but has spent much of his life in Mexico City. He has been editor, newspaper correspondent, and professor both there and in the United States, and has specialized in language study and literature, having collected and translated many folk-songs and tales.

Some time back he made an important discovery in the neglected field of Aztec literature:

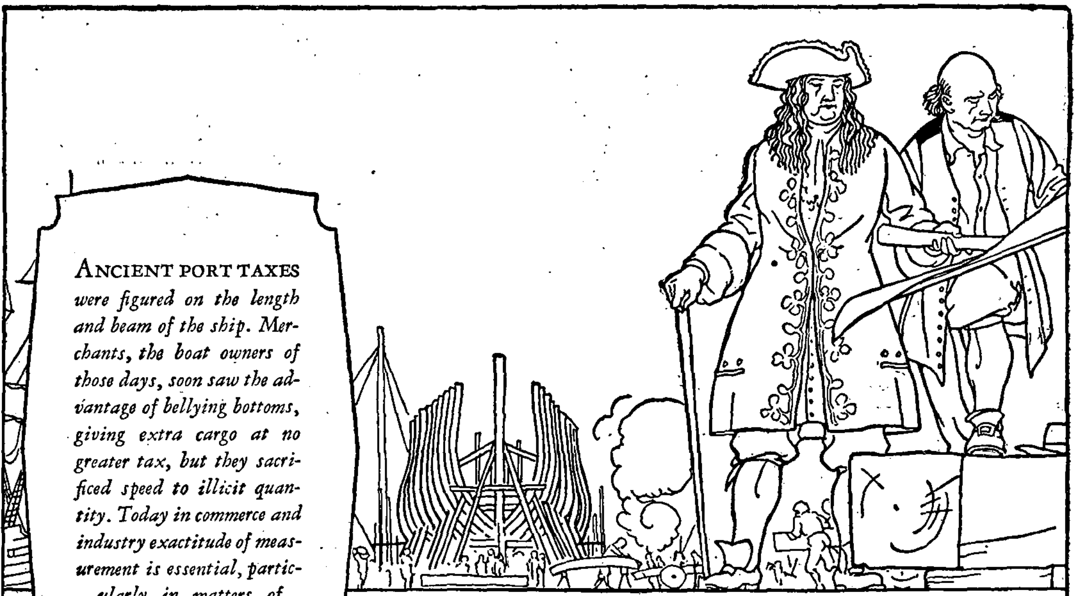
> In the first quarter century following the conquest of Mexico (1521-46) practically all of the thousands upon thousands of Aztec, Maya, Zapoteca, Mixteca and other manuscript books were deliberately destroyed by the Spanish authorities in an effort to make the Indians forget their past greatness; and it was thought all the Indian literature had been destroyed. It was saved by a miracle. The Indian literature was never written in their hieroglyphics, since they were not developed enough to record formal literature. Indian students of the early missionaries made very extensive collections of Indian *oral* literature in the first half century following the conquest, but as these documents were made at the solicitation of a Franciscan priest, Bernardino de Sahagun, as data for his famous History of New Spain, the whole collection in Aztec was disregarded and lost sight of because it was believed to be nothing more than a collection of notes made for the history.
>
> Several years ago I found these "notes" *all written in the most exact trochaic verse or metre.* A further examination showed that the "notes" were in no sense reproduced in Sahagun's Spanish version known as his history, and that the old Franciscan priest had killed all the poetic spirit of the original in a most inadequate use of the old poems. All this vast body of ancient Aztec literature, dating much of it to many years previous to the conquest, remains untranslated. There is enough of it to make from twenty-five to thirty ordinary volumes. To me, at least, one of its chief values is that it is American literature written at least two centuries before the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers.

We shall publish some of these striking early poems, besides the one in this issue, for they surely belong in that *Golden Book of Verse* which we English-speaking folk have so provincially restricted to the poets of a few regions of the world. In addition, they have peculiar interest for the student of prosody: for example, the Aztec singer, instead of confining his ideas to regular lines of a fixed number of feet, employed "rhythmic thoughts" of three, five, or more poetic beats:

> This allowed the poetic metre to continue uninterrupted to the end of the paragraph, which generally marked the close of the first dance movement, or the first "exposition," if the poem were used for purely didactic purposes in the temple.

Professor Cornyn has just delivered the first course ever given on Aztec literature—at the Summer School of the Mexican National University, where there were registered 600 students from the United States, besides 1,000 from Mexico and other countries.

(*Continued on page 8*)



ANCIENT PORT TAXES *were figured on the length and beam of the ship. Merchants, the boat owners of those days, soon saw the advantage of bellying bottoms, giving extra cargo at no greater tax, but they sacrificed speed to illicit quantity. Today in commerce and industry exactitude of measurement is essential, particularly in matters of temperature*

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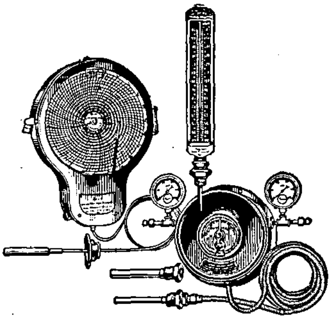

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A very careless error in the "Hors-d'œuvres" pages for July made the heading of a narrative concerning Bronson Alcott refer to Brook Farm, whereas the story was really about Fruitlands, the communistic settlement which that restless-minded Transcendentalist attempted in 1843, with the help of his English admirer, Charles Lane.

A Massachusetts reader, who calls attention to the mistake, remarks justly that few of the people who, thanks largely to Hawthorne, know about the Brook Farm experiment have any idea at all of Fruitlands; and even the encyclopædias seem to ignore it, in spite of its association with the author of "Little Women" and those other "Alcott books" so dear to many thousands of youngsters.

Wise Emerson remarked in his Journal in July: "The sun and the evening sky do not look calmer than Alcott and his family at Fruitlands. . . . I will not prejudge them successful. They look well in July. We will see them in December"; and the following October he gives a pathetic glimpse of "the magnificent dreamer," still broodingly certain of his power to regenerate the social fabric by ideas alone, and "just as sanguine and vast as ever" though "uniformly rejected by every class to whom he has addressed himself."

* * *

"The Venus of Ille" is, of course, one of the world's great stories. It was evidently a direct result of Mérimée's official labours as inspector-general of the historical monuments of France, a position which he filled so admirably. His precise, clear, logical mind loved the exact details of archæology; but, fortunately for us, there was that other side to the man, the Gallic fire, the swift comprehension of the dramatic, the sense of human passions, the realization of mystery, which have kept living a larger proportion of his tales than can be credited to almost any other writer of a century ago.

Professor Saintsbury confesses to a special fondness for this Venus story:

> There is nothing of his that I myself prefer to the *Venus of Ille*, which has the accidental but not unimportant charm of having the same subject as another masterpiece by another master as different as possible, Mr. William Morris's *Ring Given to Venus*. Indeed, Mérimée's management of the supernatural is one of the most interesting points about him, and supplies another "note" to be carefully heeded in estimating his general character, literary and other. The blending here of comedy with tragedy, of incident and suggestion, is unrivalled, or rivalled only by the other mixture of the voluptuous and the terrible. To call it, as it has been called, "a materialistic myth" is at least to suggest a gross misunderstanding. It is a resurrection of the flesh and blood from which all true myths have been originated.

* * *

There's so much talk about the younger generation nowadays that it is quite a relief to hear its own voice speaking up occasionally. As in this letter—pleasant enough reading for an editor:

> Hamburg, Pennsylvania.
>
> I found my impulse to write irrepressible, though I still remain hazy in my mind concerning what I mean to say. However, what aroused me to action was the letter you published in the April number—the anonymous one, whose writer thinks "an editor who will give such food to a young mind should be lynched. I quite mean it."
>
> But first I think I had better explain that I might be classed as a "young mind" (quite young). I am all of seventeen years old, and my ignorance is quite phenomenal. I have never willingly read a work of Edmund Burke, and I loathe James Fenimore Cooper (oh! shocking!). In fact, I think more of the bloody, but most fascinating deeds of Jesse James, youth's standby, than I do of Hawkeye's. (I told you I was ignorant.) Also, "Westward Ho!" bores me, though "Hereward" holds me in its thrall, and I've read it all of eleven times. Every time I read the words "Skall to the Viking!" I thrill. I think it is almost equal to "Ave, Cæsar! Morituri te salutamus!" But then, I'm only a "young mind" (very young), and my judgment has no weight.
>
> To return to the person's letter, I appreciate his viewpoint, but his perspective must be out of focus. Or maybe he is conscientious, and reads a magazine from cover to cover, even the things he doesn't like. I must have a perverted mind, but in reading the GOLDEN BOOK, for example, I begin with "So They Say," then "Some Persons of Importance"—I find your articles quite as interesting as most of the ensuing stories (il n'y a pas de quoi)—and then I read most of the stories, and all of the poetry (I have a depraved taste for poetry). All this sounds inconsequent, but proves that you and the magazine do not corrupt *my* young mind, at least. I could read many things that would never appear in your magazine, but, like Colin March (remember "My Friend the Swan"?), I "read nothing except what I like," though my taste is fearful, ranging from Epictetus (yes, I

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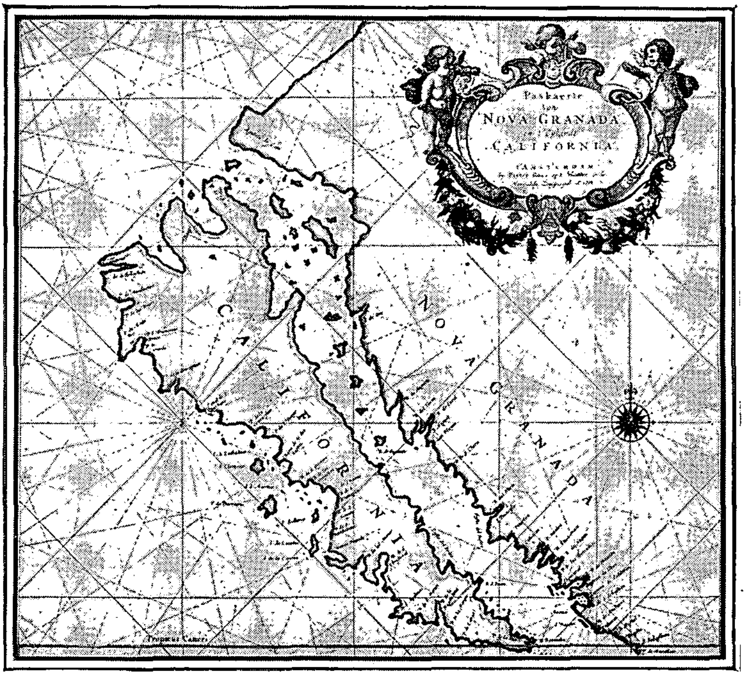

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(*Continued from page 8*)

actually read the "Discourses") to Harry Leon Wilson (ever read "Professor, How Could You!"?). But where was I? The writer of the letter says her (I perceive now it is a her) objection is to the "ugly, the brutal, the beastly." I confess that "the ugly, the brutal, the beastly" make me feel uncomfortable, but I can read such stories with admiration, provided they are clever enough. I might say that "The Picture of Dorian Gray," by Oscar Wilde, is "ugly and beastly," if not brutal, but it is a fascinating horror for all that, and one of my favourite books, mainly because of the conversation. Everytime I read it I feel like a member of the Jukes family—thrilling, but unpleasant.

I'm not going to criticize the letter person's opinion, or her expression of it to you (*I* could *never* write such a brilliant letter), but I do wish she would leave the "young mind" alone. Let us work out our own salvation, which we would anyway. "Such food" is good for a young mind. Even "young minds" need variety. If I may use myself as an illustration, ever since I was eight I've had the run of a library of some thousand volumes, and read "Les Misérables" when I was twelve, and Zola when I pleased. (Wonder what she—the letter person—thinks of Zola?) Since that library contains a wide range of books (even some that "young minds" should presumably not read, though I did), I should perhaps in justice now exhibit a taste for French novels and the doctrine of Free Love. It may be disappointing, but I would rather, and do, in fact, read Thackeray, and Tennyson, and William J. Locke (what do you think of Paragot?) in preference to—Sinclair Lewis, or Elinor Glyn. Which may not prove anything, but which is the principal source of my impatience with people who seem shocked when I say I like the "Procurator of Judea." O well! What else can I say? But you have my deepest sympathy, sir.

You know, you only publish the fault-finding and unpleasant letters, so that one can't tell whether you get any nice letters or not. I want to thank you for everything, and especially for publishing some of the best stories I've read. One can trust your taste, and I sometimes feel a bond of sympathy when I come across a clever little bit that the casual reader always misses, but which you, as an editor, saw, and I see, in my turn. But I know so many people who have no perception at all. For instance, I showed "My Friend the Swan" to one of my dearest friends. After he read it, he asked "whether it was meant as a criticism of Shakespeare?" O God! O Montreal!

I thank you, too, for Colin March, and the pianist, and Victor Hugo's "The World's Supreme Geniuses," and many other things. Also for Achmed Abdullah's translated poems. Thank you many times for "Some Persons of Importance," and know that one person at least reads your articles with an interest never disappointed.

For the last, I have a request, a very little request. You published a translation of François Villon's "Ballad of Dead Ladies." As it happens, I never read anything of François Villon's, in the original, or out (not that I don't wish to), and I was prepared to love the translation of the ballad. But I can't. Couldn't you publish the original, in French? No end of people know French, at least a reading knowledge. You could put it in a corner somewhere. I would find it.—But perhaps you would be accused of being pro-French, or something dreadful. I won't be disappointed (very much) if you never publish it.

Reading over my letter, I find that I am a trifle incoherent. Also, I believe I dimly recall that my rhetoric teacher said that parenthetical remarks are unseemly, and low, and unspeakable. Therefore it is with a humble spirit I ask your forgiveness for all errors, grammatical and otherwise. After all, I am only a "young mind" (seventeen years old), and I have no judgment.

Monsieur, mes compliments. EMMA C. FENSTERMACHER.

P.S. I forgot I was writing to an editor. Was I very impertinent? I never wrote to an editor before. (I just remember post-scripts are unseemly, too—and blots. I'm sorry.) E. C. F.

It's true that all the letters hitherto published in these pages have been critical; but there have been, thank Heavens, hundreds from readers who do get some stimulation from the magazine and who sense what we are trying to do. May their tribe increase! H. W. L.

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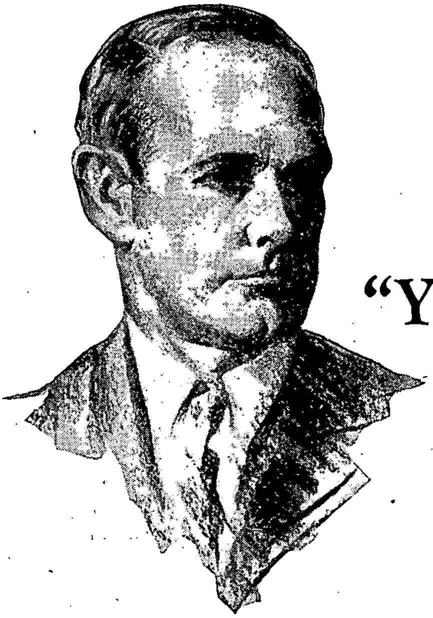

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* * *

PROPHECY

What they please!

* * *

They will tell stories and listen to stories; they will run foot races with one another; they will write plays and act them and no one will get rich from it; they will go swimming and drink enough to be happy without being sots; they will go fishing oftener; they will speculate on man's destiny and cultivate their religious natures and go to chicken fights and ball games and discover new gods and sit in the shade and smoke; they will eat excellent food without becoming gluttons, and make love without becoming jealous; they will invent new arts and new games and new duties, and every one will live five hundred years and never have the toothache; they will pitch horseshoes and write poems and build beautiful buildings and recite limericks to one another.

And in winter time the kindly-eyed and reverend old men will sit in front of open fireplaces, with their feet in buckets of hot water, and drink bourbon whiskey, with hoarhound candy in it, and think and think and think; and in the summer time they will sit on the front porches, with gin fizzes beside them, and speculate and speculate and speculate.

There will be plenty of useful and noble and pleasant things to do, and plenty of time to do them in, and everybody will do them.

* * *

QUESTION

What—everybody?

* * *

ANSWER

Why not?

* * *

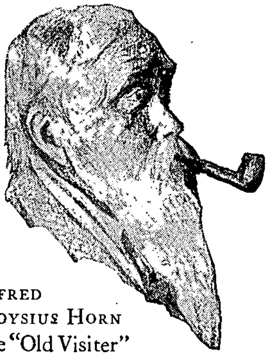
The Almost Perfect State. DON MARQUIS.

WHAT IS SPECULATION?

Actually, the distinction between speculation and gambling is definite and clear-cut. It is not a matter of what a man intends to do, but what he actually does. Speculation consists in buying or selling property with the purpose of making a profit between the purchase and selling prices, and meanwhile accepting the inevitable risks which attend such

(*Continued on page 14*)

"I can tell a porcupine from a billiard ball!"



Alfred Aloysius Horn
The "Old Visiter"

One reviewer's unsolicited praise, explaining partially why over 3,000 people a week are buying this book.

It isn't often we quote a review as a complete "ad," but what James Saxon Childes, of The Birmingham News, says, so well expresses our own feelings about "Trader Horn" that we quote his article:

"ONCE in a while I feel as if I'd like to step into this editorial page as a clown in a circus steps through a paper hoop. Occasionally I'd like to get away from all the traditions and push aside all the barriers which separate the two of us. In other words, there are times when I'd like for you to be in my library, or for me to be on your veranda, and for the two of us to be talking. Quite honestly I wish that were the truth right now; because if you and I were together, then, probably, you'd catch some of my enthusiasm for a book I've just finished reading and perhaps I might convince you that it is one of the most delightful volumes to come my way in years—and I'm saying that without any reservations whatever.

"It is the—what—amazing—charming—gripping—all that and more, volume called 'Trader Horn,' a true story of a real man's actual experience in some 60 years of life in Africa.

"NOW I'm quite aware you think most reviewers praise any and every book, and that more than often they write that praise without having read anything more than the blurb which is printed on the dust wrapper. But in this case I solemnly vow I've read every word of 'Trader Horn.' I further vow that I found vast entertainment, a thousand little tidbits of quaint philosophy, numberless sidelights on famous men, and instructions about the ways of men and beasts in Africa such as has never been my privilege before. I still further promise and vow that I shall read 'Trader Horn' at least once more; for I'm certain that with only one reading I by no means drained all its wisdom.

"IF you think I'm getting too strong in my praise, or if I'm taking up too much space, then I'm sorry. *But I can tell a porcupine from a billiard ball, and 'Trader Horn' is a great book.* I'm telling you, and if you don't read it you're cheating yourself.

"Now if you were here in my library I could show you the book, show you a picture of the bearded old trader, read you passages too long to quote in this column, and I'll stake my last dime that I could get you as keyed up over 'Trader Horn' as I was when I finished it, and as I am while I'm writing about it. Furthermore, I'm certain I'd have you running to the nearest book shop to get a copy—but since you and I are not together you'll probably toss aside this paper and forget about 'Trader Horn' published by Simon and Schuster, and thus you'll cheat yourself of several hours of keenest entertainment and days and days of most pleasant memory."

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TRADER HORN

being the life and works of Alfred Aloysius Horn

An "Old Visiter" . . . the words written by himself at the age of 73 and the life, with such of his philosophy as is the gift of age and experience taken down here and edited by Ethelreda Lewis. With a foreword by John Galsworthy.

SIMON AND SCHUSTER, *Publishers*, 37 West 57th Street, New York

(*Continued from page 12*)

an operation. Gambling, on the other hand, consists in wagering sums of money on some future fortuitous event, without any necessary relation to the acquisition or disposal of property. This is the essential distinction between speculation and gambling, which has in most cases been adhered to in the law, and it is perfectly sound from an economic standpoint. Superficially, of course, speculation and gambling seem very much alike. Both processes involve the assumption of risks in the hope of making profits. But the risks assumed in speculation are the inherent risks attending the ownership of property. They are not risks artificially trumped up or created, but already existing in the nature of things. On the other hand, the risks of gambling are unnecessary and artificial risks, which are created simply for the purpose of deciding wagers of money.

It should therefore be obvious that gambling could readily be done away with since it plays no necessary part in the ordinary processes of trade. But, on the other hand, speculation is an inseparable, integral and indeed indispensable feature of all trade. Whenever anyone buys or sells property of any description, he is necessarily to some extent speculating. To undertake to abolish speculation is therefore an impossible and Utopian project, and so indeed it has proved throughout the history of all modern countries, and of ancient nations also. *Modern Capitalism.* E. H. H. SIMMONS.

NEW YORK TIPS

The prize tipper was the famous Scotty from Death Valley. Scotty came to New York with a bagful of twenty-dollar gold pieces supposed to have been mined in his private El Dorado in Death Valley. When first seated at his table, Scotty would tear a fifty-dollar bill in half. He would then give the waiter the western half of the bill and retain the eastern half, saying, "Now if the service is right, I will give you the other half." Needless to state, the service was always neat if not gaudy. I have seen Scotty line up the waiters and chefs in Rector's in an *ensemble* resembling a minstrel show. He would then give each one a twenty-dollar gold piece, a total of around $800 or $900.

Frank Gould came in one night between acts of *Zaza*, then being played by Mrs. Leslie Carter at the Criterion. Although not a dramatic critic, Frank had accumulated a headache and asked our head-waiter, Paul Perret, for a remedy. Paul suggested a cure known in his land as kirschwasser, a Swiss cordial. Gould felt better in a few seconds, and, before rushing back to the Criterion, he pressed a bill in Paul's hands. It was a $100 tip—about ninety-eight dollars more than Gould would have had to pay a doctor.

Of course, the big take was around the holidays, when the rich patrons of Rector's remembered their favourite waiters with substantial checks. The biggest recipient of Yuletide spirit was the head-waiter, who often took down $15,000 or $20,000 in checks. The largest single tip I recall was the one given by Dan Reid, the tin-plate king, to the same Paul Perret. It was not in the form of money, but was a tip to buy Rock Island and hold for a rise. When Perret sold his stock, his profits were $14,000. I consider that the papa of all tips. *The Girl from Rector's.* GEORGE RECTOR.

WITHOUT ELEVATOR CONTROLS

Cal had a forced landing with a Spad to-day. His elevator controls jammed and he had to do some quick thinking. He was flying around the insane asylum trying to see his nurse. He used his head and managed to flop down on a golf course. Some old duck was mad as hell when his game was interrupted. He got behind a bunker when he saw the Spad coming and Cal hit it and the Spad went over on its back. He said that when the Spad settled down he was looking right into this fellow's face and it was awful red.

Cal and I went into town again with Capt. Horn. Cal got mad at Peggy after dinner and she went off to dance with a Canadian colonel and he started back for the squadron. But there was a bomb raid on and the Huns dropped three bombs on the station so Cal had to come back. *War Birds.* DIARY OF AN UNKNOWN AVIATOR.

COOKING UP A MARRIAGE

At Natchez our "man-cook" left us, and I sought in vain for another. I applied to a white widow who, I had been informed, would answer the purpose. She objected, because

(*Continued on page 16*)

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(*Continued from page 14*)

she hoped shortly to marry a young painter. We needed a cook; our case was desperate; I called on the lover, mentioned the object, related the story, and asked him if he intended to marry the widow. He had not yet determined. "Can't you hurry up your ideas and marry her at once?" said I.

Certainly not. He did not know that she would have *him*, and he did not know that he would have *her*. This was reasonable, but our case was desperate. "If you will marry her to-morrow morning, I will hire *her* at $25 per month as cook, and you at the same price as painter—boarding free for both—and a bonus of $50, cash in hand." There was a wedding on board the boat the next morning. The bride doffed her white robes, and at noon that day we had a capital dinner. *Barnum's Own Story.* P. T. BARNUM.

A LOT TO LEARN

She opened her attack abruptly, almost the moment she entered the room.

"So it didn't go?" she said, standing inside the door.

"Not as well as it might."

"And whose fault was it?"

Kay shrugged her shoulders.

"I don't know. Both, I suppose."

Nevertheless, in the end she told her story fully. One could do that with Bessie. And Bessie sat with her long cigarette-holder between her long fingers with their pointed nails, and listened uncompromisingly. She never spoke until the end.

"Then you simply walked out and left him to that girl!"

"If he wants her he can have her."

"Oh, don't be such a little fool! Men always want somebody else, at intervals. It's the woman's business to see they don't get her."

Kay looked at her.

"If they do it isn't love."

"Nonsense! They're a polygamous lot. They can't help it; God made them that way. It has nothing to do with love, really. It's—" she hesitated. Kay was married, but how could she discuss the occasional volcanic passions of men with her? "It's the nature of the beast," she finished lamely.

"Then you believe in infidelity?"

"You don't even know he was unfaithful. And of course I don't believe in infidelity; a clever woman keeps her husband faithful. That's all."

"I'm not clever, not that way."

"You're young," said Bessie. "You have a lot to learn."

Lost Ecstasy. MARY ROBERTS RINEHART.

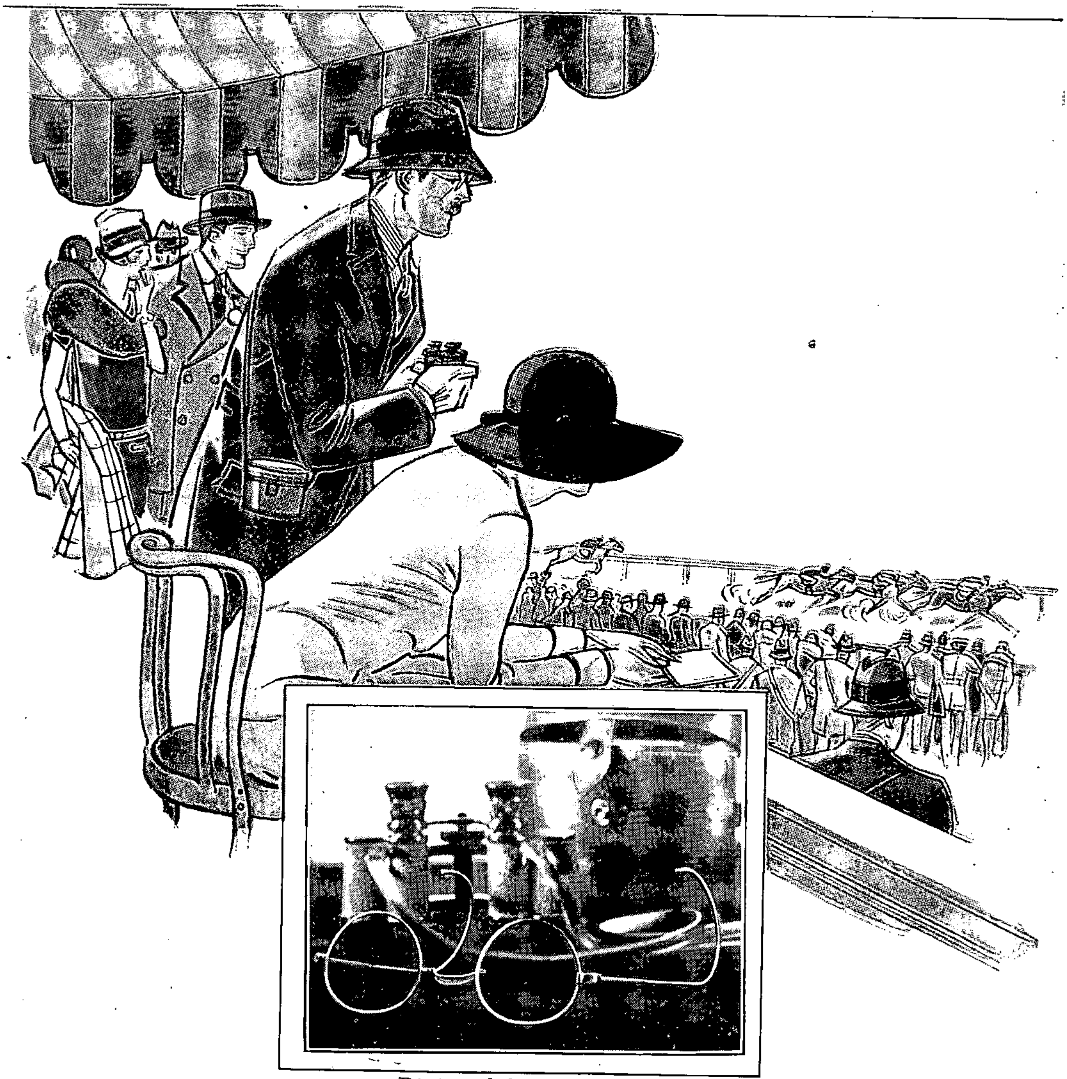
CIVILIZATION

The American soldier, lined up before the kitchen, received his rations with great expedition, sat down on the nearest rock, or leaned against a tree, or simply stood in the middle of the road, cleared his plate, washed it up, and got the meal over with. The French soldier, by contrast, would seek always three or four companions and would sit down with the group, in the mud, if necessary, for a half-hour or an hour of what could be called by no less dignified term than a ritual of friendship. Whatever the degree of their education, their conversation was likely to be a sharing of thought and a feeding of the mind. That this difference between their use of manners and our neglect of them was not unnoticed on their part, they evidenced in many a shrewd remark.

"Why is it," one *poilu* was asked, "that even near the front you give so much time to your meals, and carry on such conversations as one would expect only at a dinner table in time of peace?" "Because," answered the little man in blue, "if we are fighting for civilization, we might as well remain civilized."

Prohibition and Christianity, and other Paradoxes of the American Spirit. JOHN ERSKINE.

(*Continued on page 24*)



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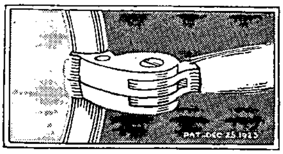

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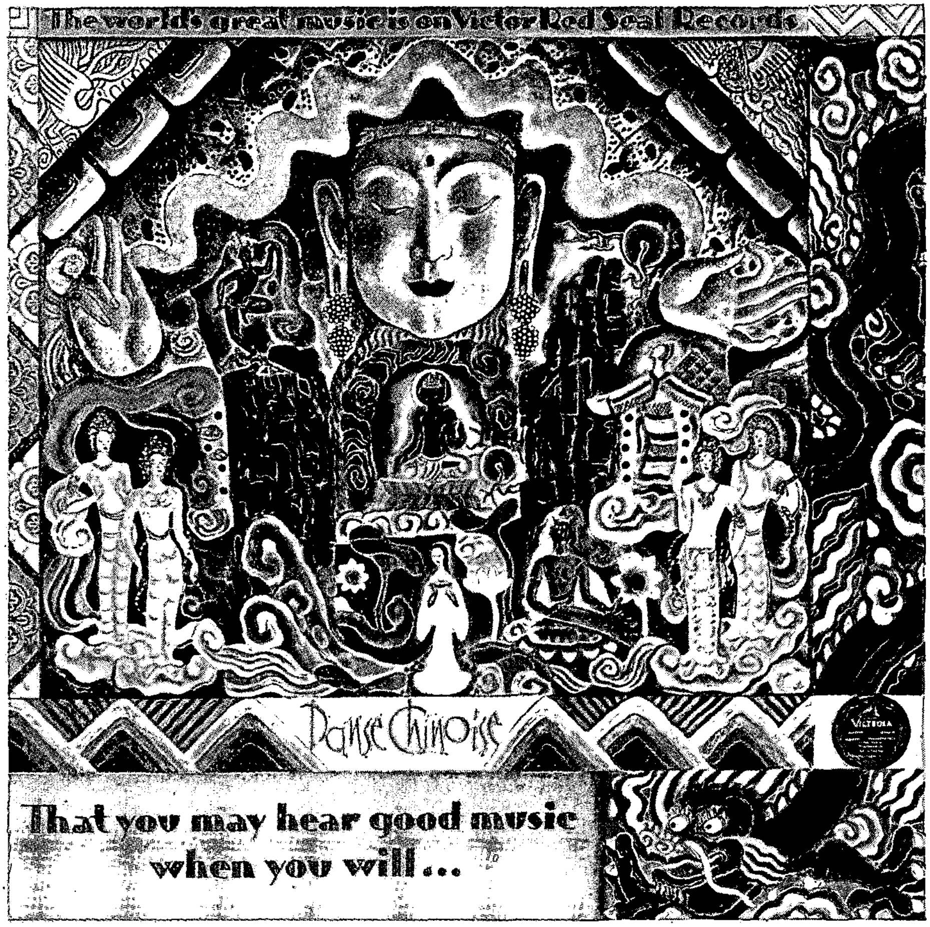
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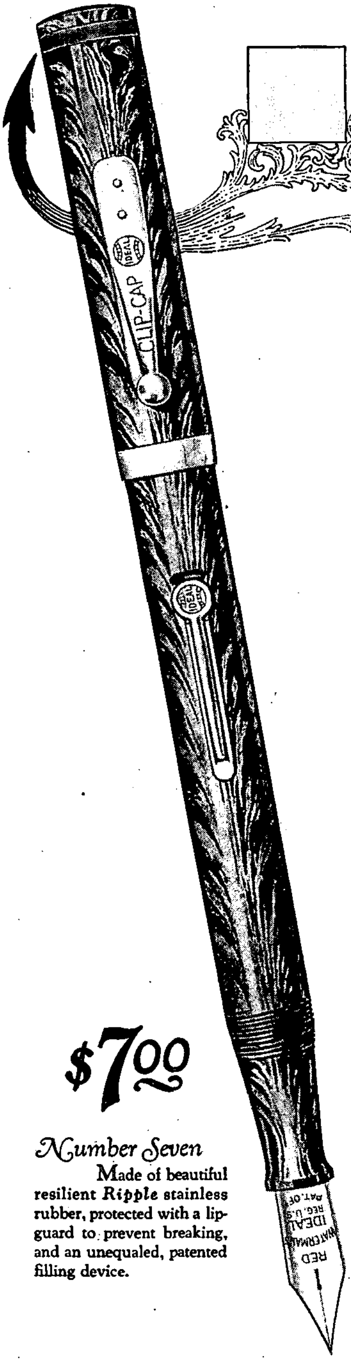

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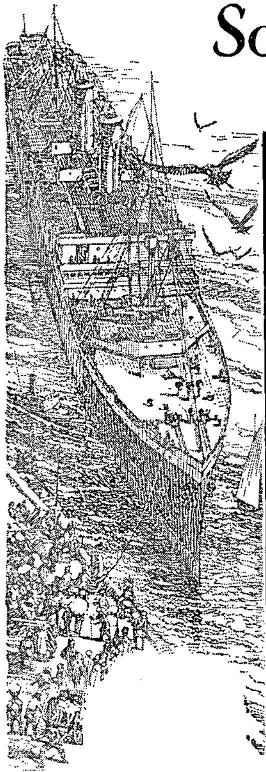

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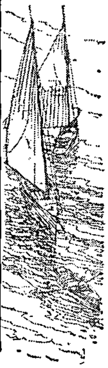

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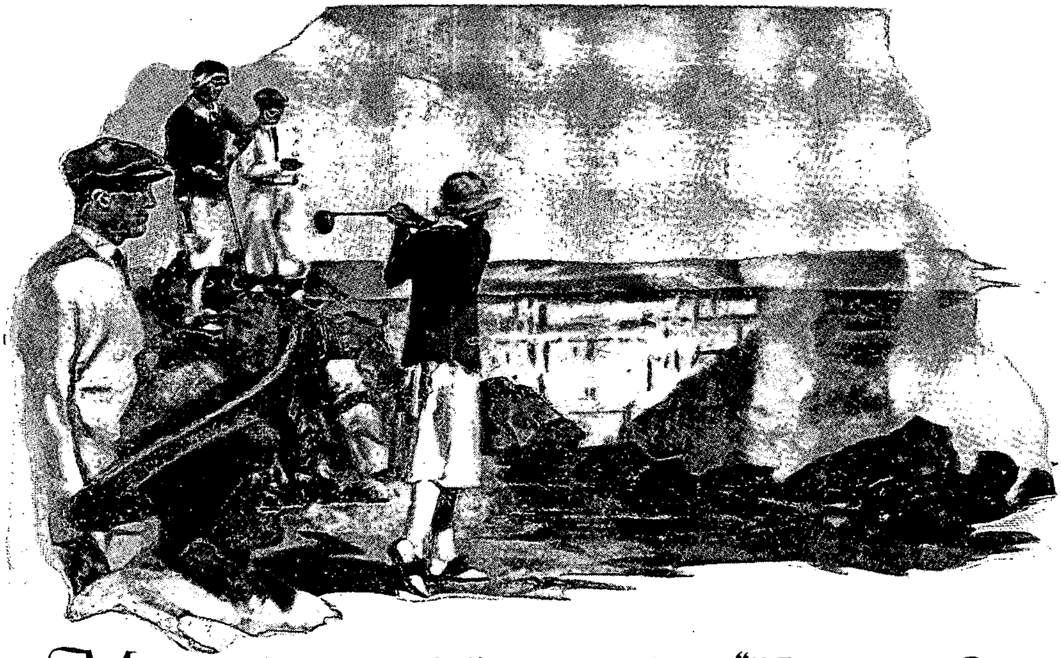

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(*Continued from page 16*)

THE FALLACY OF SINGEING HAIR

Among all the fallacies attaching to the care of the hair none is so persistent as the belief in the virtues of the so-called singe, recommended to overcome splitting at the ends and to prevent the falling out of the hair. The tonsorial artist avers that the burning of the tip will close the pores and keep the fluid in the hair. Actually, singeing merely substitutes a charred blunt end of fused horn for one tapering to a point or cut clean across. In fact, splitting of the ends is more easily controlled by greasing the hair lightly and supplying it with the fat that is lacking. Singeing the hair-ends in order to prevent the fluid from escaping is based on the misconception that the hair has a central cavity through which it is supplied with some sort of nourishing sap. The hair has no more sap than a buggy-whip; it is nourished only by the blood that reaches its root. Above the surface it is simply a spine of horn, which can be oiled from without.

The New Medical Follies. MORRIS FISHBEIN, M.D.

ASSASSINATION IN RELIGION'S NAME

Suddenly there was a disturbance. A petitioner tried to get through the little door. The soldiers crossed their swords in front of him but he went straight ahead, stretching his arm towards the king and screaming as though he were being cut to pieces:

"Defend, save, have mercy, Joy of the Sun!"

Not daring to kill a man before the king, the soldiers lifted their swords and the man, flattening himself on the ground and wriggling like an eel, crept between them and began crawling up the stairs.

Mahu rushed at him and seized him by the collar, but the man wriggled out and went on screaming and crawling toward the king.

Mahu made a sign to the lancers of the bodyguard who stood two in a row, along the stairs. They closed their ranks and lowered their spears. But the man crawled on.

At the same moment a frenzied scream was heard:

"Let him through! Let him through!"

The squealing, breathless scream like that of a woman in hysterics or of a child in a fit was so strange that Dio did not recognize the king's voice. With a distorted face he jumped up and stamped with both feet, as the little girls had done when they played blind-man's buff to the sound of the threshing song. And the ringing cry went on:

"Let him through! Let him through!"

Mahu made another sign to the lancers and they lifted their spears, making way. The man crawled between them and advanced almost as far as the top landing, where the king's tabernacle stood. He raised his head and Dio recognized the long red curls, the red goat's beard, the prominent ears, hooked nose, thick lips and burning eyes of Issachar, son of Hamuel.

The king was quiet now and, bending forward, looked straight into Issachar's eyes intently and, as it were, greedily, just as Issachar looked at him.

"Your servant has a secret message for you, sire!" Issachar whispered.

"Speak, I listen."

"No, for you, for you alone."

"Leave us alone," the king said to the dignitaries who stood on the landing.

All withdrew except Dio, who hid behind the corner of the tabernacle.

Some three or four steps separated Issachar from the king. "I know who you are! I know," he said, crawling up and looking straight into the king's eyes, with the same intent, eager look. "Sun's joy, Sun's Only Son, Akhnaton Uaenra, Son of the living God!"

Suddenly he jumped up and drew a knife from his belt. But before he had time to raise it Dio darted forward and seized him by the hand. He pushed her so that she fell on her knees but jumped up again, not letting go of his hand, and screening the king with her body. An unendurably burning chill pierced her shoulder. She heard shouts, saw people running and fell on the ground with the last thought: "he will kill him!"

Akhnaton, King of Egypt. DMITRI MEREZHKOVSKY.
(Translated from the Russian by Natalie A. Duddington.)

(*Continued on page 26*)

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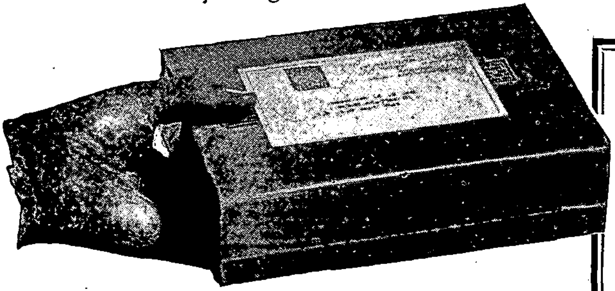

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(*Continued from page 24*)

POMEGRANATES

A pomegranate is the one thing that makes me understand what a pretty woman is to some men—the kind of prettiness that was Doña Ina's in the days when she danced *La Jota*. The flower of the pomegranate has the crumpled scarlet of lips that find their excuse in simply being scarlet and folded like the petals of a flower; and then the fruit, warm from the sunny wall, faintly odorous, duskily flushed! It is so tempting when broken open—that sort opens of its own accord if you leave it long enough on the bush—the rich heart color, and the pleasant, uncloying, subacid taste. One tastes and tastes—but when all is said and done there is nothing to a pomegranate except color and flavor. And at least, if it does not nourish, neither does it give you indigestion. There are so many men who would like to find a pretty woman always in the same category. When we sat together in the patio nibbling the rosy seeds, I could believe, even without the evidence of the ankles, that Doña Ina had had her pomegranate days. Only, of course, she would not have smelled so of musk and—there is no denying it—of garlic.

The Lands of the Sun. MARY AUSTIN.

FANUA MAIDS

The girls of Fanua always went about in bevies, and ever since his arrival they had pestered him with their attentions. He had but to put his nose into the village for a score of brown minxes to gather round him, entangling him in garlands and snatching at his hat. If he walked on the beach at sunset repeating to himself that sonnet of Wordsworth's:

"It is a beauteous evening, calm and free,
The holy time is quiet as a Nun
Breathless with adoration" . . .

long before he had got to: "Dear child, dear girl that walkest with me here" he was sure to be interrupted by sounds of laughter and splashing, and to find himself encompassed by yet another bevy, naked from the sea, cajoling him to go bathing with them.

If he fled to the woods they followed him, creeping softly in his tracks. When he thought himself safe and sat down to rest, a head and shoulders would be thrust through the greenery; soon there would be half a dozen of them watching him, commenting and surmising on his person, and egging each other on to approach nearer. If he got up to walk away they burst out after him and taking hands entrapped him in the centre of a dance, wanton enough to inflame a maypole.

Once these nymphs surprised him bathing. Fortunately the pool he was in was only large enough to hold one at a time, so while it continued to hold him he was tolerably safe. But it was tiresome to have them sitting all around gazing at him as though he might shortly turn into a satyr. He told them to go away, he even begged them to do so, for the water was cold and as modesty compelled him to sit with as much of his person in the water as possible he was growing cramped. But all was in vain; they sat there as expectant as a congregation, and for once sat in silence. His zeal told him that, tiresome as it all was, this opportunity for proselytizing should not be missed. Accordingly he began to preach to them with chattering teeth, only his shoulders appeared above the surface of the water, draped in a sort of ruff or boa of water-weed. He preached for an hour and twenty minutes, and then, seeing that they would neither be converted nor go, he reared up out of the pool, strode over the shoulder of the nearest girl and proceeded (the word is more dignified than walked), blue and indignant, toward his clothes.

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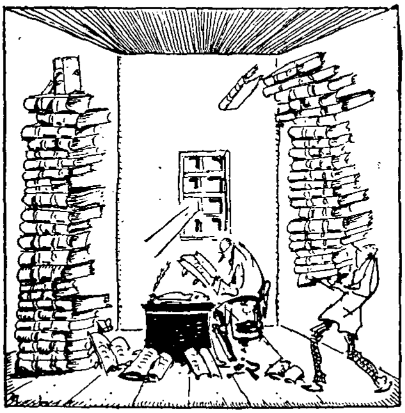

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White Man Against Native

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It was the native girl She put into his hand a revolver, his own revolver He gripped it in silence.

"Can you face four men with this?" she asked rapidly and very low. The man nodded, bewildered, blinking.

"You were to be set upon while you slept," the girl said. Then she moved swiftly out of the house. He followed her.

"Fly!" she said. "They are frightened now. They know you are awake. They know you are a big, strong, fearless—"

"If I am all that—" he began.

"Yes, tonight," she answered. "But what of tomorrow night?—of the next night?—of all the many, many nights? Can I be always watching?" A sobbing catch of her breath affected him beyond the power of words.

"Fly!" she repeated excitedly.

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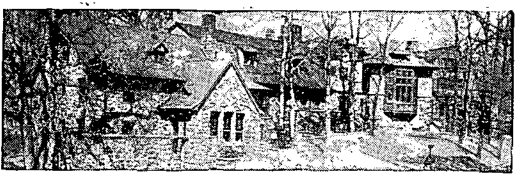

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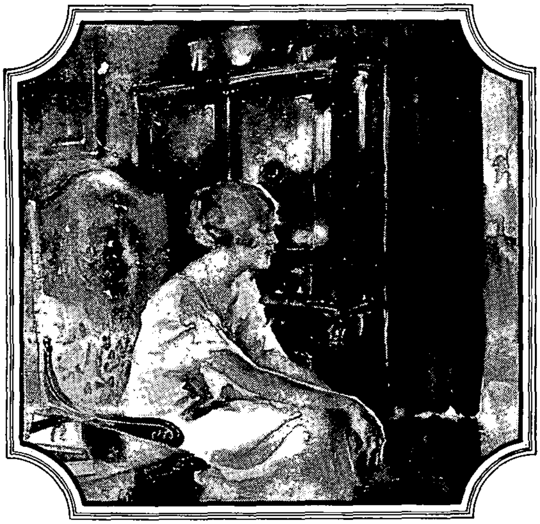
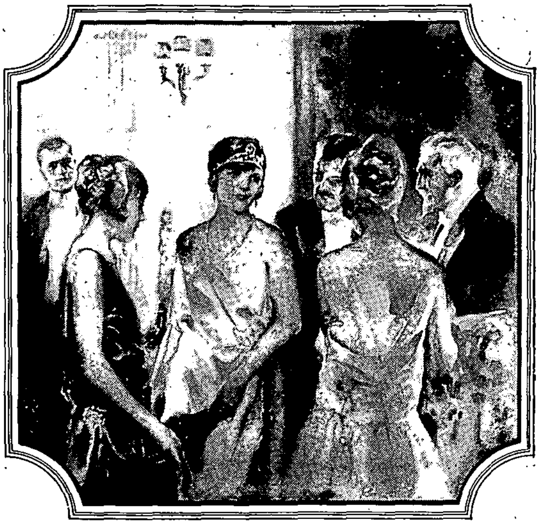


This woman is seldom invited to go out; she is lonely all day long—



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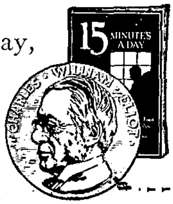

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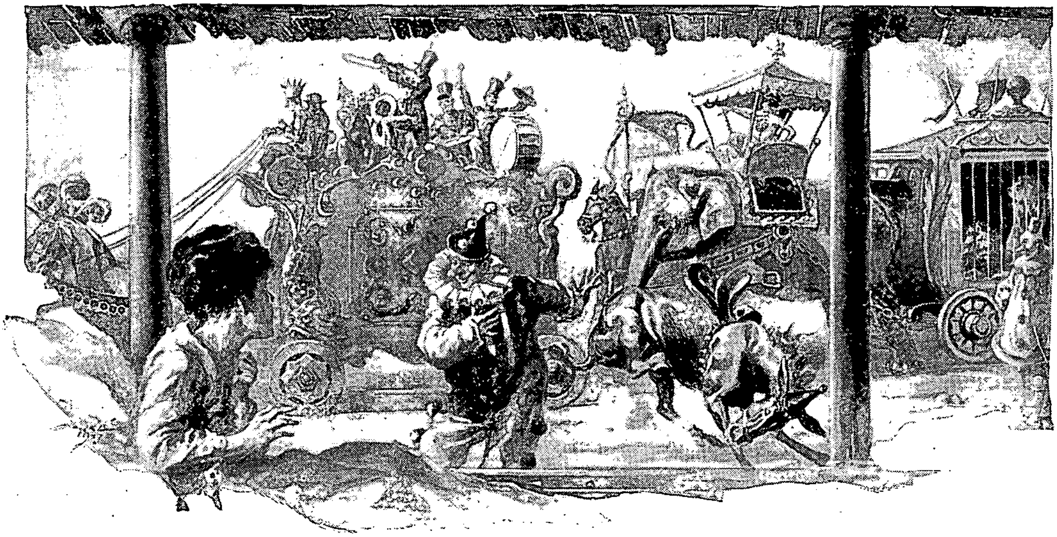

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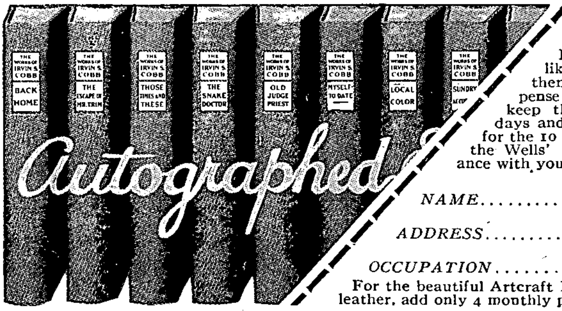
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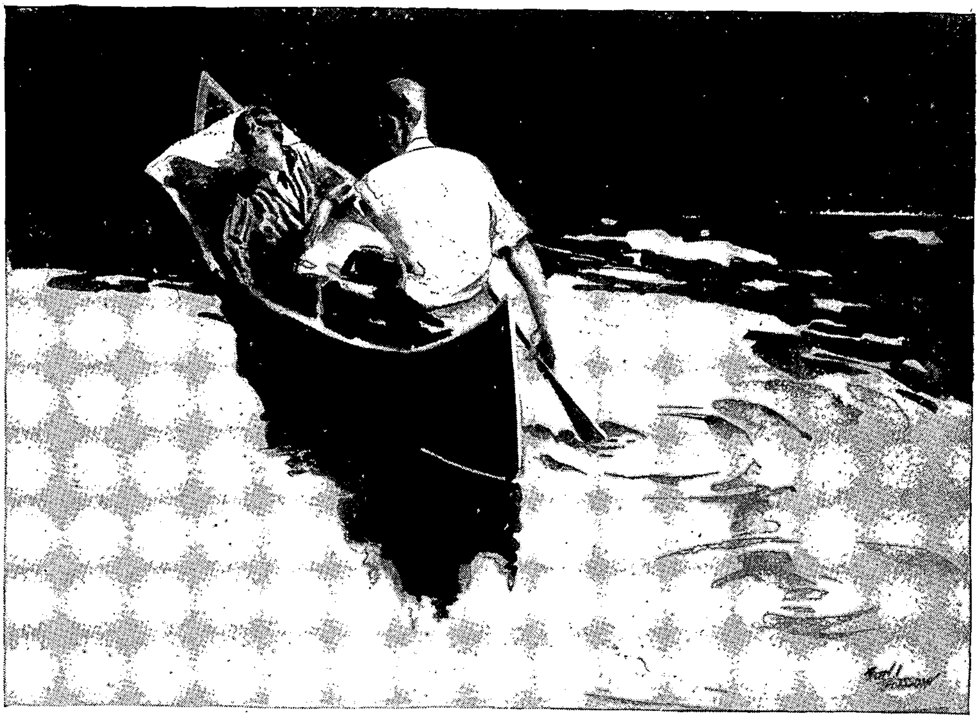

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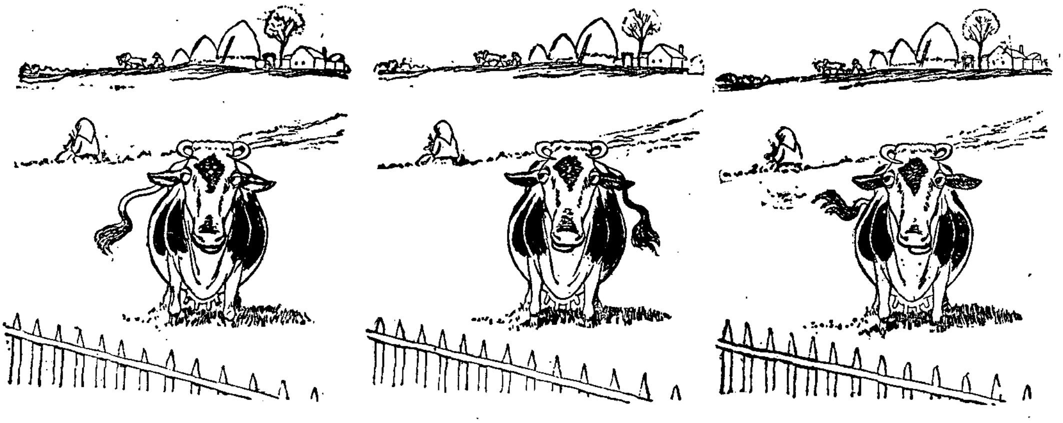

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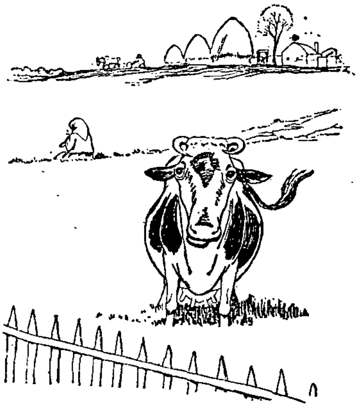

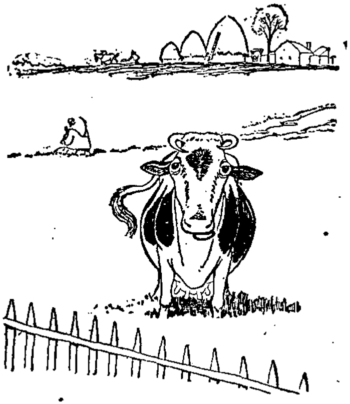

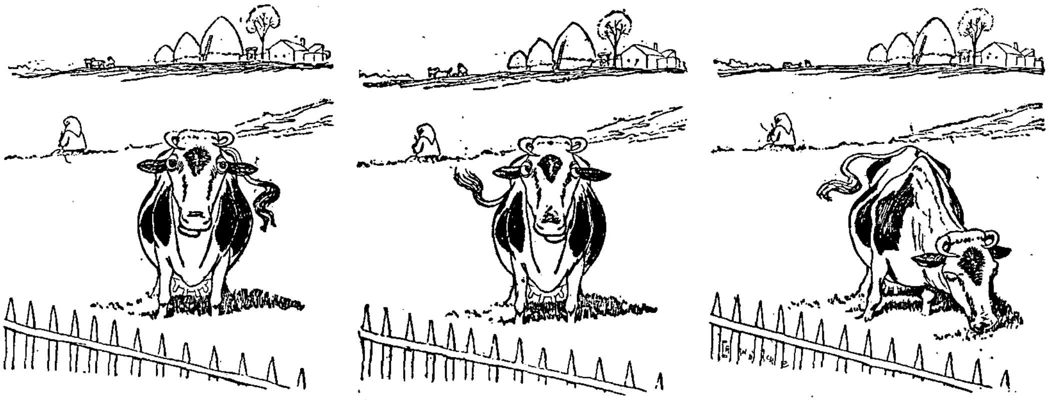

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"Caran d'Ache" (Emmanuel Poiré)

SEPTEMBER

A VAGUE sadness floats on the coast, extensive and solitary, when the tide lowers. The water of the Panama coast retires to a long distance, and the wharves appear lifted on their hundred thin legs of wood. The beach is covered with a mud bituminous and briny, where lumps jut out, laved with thin washes of spray, and oyster shells are seen closely bunched together. The ships, quiet, cast on one side, or with keels sunken into the mire, seem to await the flood-tide to free them from their paralysis. Far away is a black Venezuelan fishing smack resembling a long, rare, carapace, and on a great canoe, gathered in and tightened between the rigging-cords, is the main-topsail. There, grouped like a school of whales, red and dark, the huge launches are dozing. A mariner snores on his sloop. The agile one-masted vessels are awaiting the hour of the wind.

The boatmen arrange their boats and crude paddles. At the seashore a robust Chilean, with trousers rolled up over his knees and reclining on an oar, sings between his teeth a grotesque dance-song of the Indians of his country. Then the muffled, suave murmur of the tide which is coming in begins to be heard. The air, gently awakened, sounds like the faint, symphonic cadences of a muted fiddle.

The first bark which has received the caress of the wave lurches, awakens, again shakes, cured of the nostalgia of motion. There, whence came the Chinese fishermen, a light junk sallies forth with sail spread to the wind. Just as an enormous fabric unfolding itself, the tide advances, bringing to the beach its rush of foam and convulsive agitations. The sob of the sea increases and is like the passage of a river in the grove. It is a child-like sob in a dull tone, only changed by the silky, crystalline rending of the waves as they divide themselves and are routed by others.

Sing in a low voice; silence still more thy resonant organ, oh good wind of the afternoon. Sing for the sailor who will depart on a long voyage when the azure water rejoices in the harmonious vision of a flight of schooners. Sing for the fisherman who will hold the net; sing for the negro oarsman, so joyful in his great elastic gestures; sing for the Chinaman who goes to fish, still somnolent with the divine drowsiness of his powerful and subtile opiate. And sing, while the tide rises, for the travelers, for the wanderers, for the thinkers, for those who go with no fixed course—though their sails are spread—over the sea of life, as harsh, as profound, as bitter as the immense and mysterious ocean.

RUBÉN DARÍO. *Translated by* DALLAM FITTS.

1 Little nightingale of the woods,
Little wild nightingale,
Teach me your language,
Teach me to speak,
Teach me the way
Of making love. *Old French Song.*

2 "The twentieth century doesn't like the word Autocrat; and pretends that the thing does not exist. But it does: not in the old hereditary form; but Aristos, the Strong Man, invariably dominates. It's in the order of nature. And Demos likes him for it, only the silly thing won't say so." "BARON CORVO."

3 I dye my hair, but not—as you have said—
To heap youth's follies on an ageing head.
In time of grief men walk in sober black,
And I'm in mourning, since my youth is dead!
RUDAGI (TIETJENS).

4 Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?
Think not of them, thou hast thy music too—
While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
And touch the stubble plains with rosy hue. KEATS.

5 Women still remember the first kiss after men have forgotten the last. RÉMY DE GOURMONT.

6 So home, having called upon Doll, our pretty 'Change woman, for a pair of gloves trimmed with yellow ribbon, to match the petticoate my wife bought yesterday, which cost me 20*s*.; but she is so pretty that, God forgive me! I could not think it too much—which is a strange slavery that I stand in to beauty, that I value nothing near it. PEPYS.

7 Human speech is like a cracked tin kettle on which we hammer out tunes to make bears dance, when we long to move the stars. FLAUBERT.

8 Even while we speak, envious Time has sped. Reap the harvest of to-day, putting as little trust as may be in the morrow! HORACE (BENNETT).

9 "Why do you kill me?—What! do you not live on the other side of the stream, my friend? If you lived on this side I should be an assassin . . . but since you live on the other side, I am a brave soldier." PASCAL.

10 Youth, large, lusty, loving—youth full of grace, force, fascination,
Do you know that Old Age may come after you with equal grace, force, fascination?
Day, full-blown and splendid—day of the immense sun, action, ambitions, laughter,
The Night follows close with millions of suns, and sleep and restoring darkness.
WHITMAN.

11 Poverty is like rain. It drops down ceaselessly, disintegrating the finer tissues of man, his recent, delicate adjustments, and leaves nothing but the bleak and gaunt framework. DOUGLAS.

12 'Tis poverty alone, Diophantus, that awakens the arts; Poverty, the very teacher of labour. THEOCRITUS.

13 Once in every half-century, at longest, a family should be merged in the great, obscure mass of humanity, and forget all about its ancestors. HAWTHORNE.

14 Our love is made
Of the South Wind and the West Wind,
And the soft falling of rain,
Of white April evenings.
MAY SINCLAIR.

15 In wandering over the barren plains of inhospitable Denmark, through honest Sweden, frozen Lapland, rude and churlish Finland, unprincipled Russia, and the widespread regions of the wandering Tartar, if hungry, dry, cold, wet, or sick, woman has ever been friendly to me.

JOHN LEDYARD.

16 Here was a thing that cried
Upon a tree-top, sucking the shrill wind
To wail it back in a long whistling note . . .
Now shrill as flute, now soft as mandolin . . .
"What creature can this be?" "Cicada is its name."

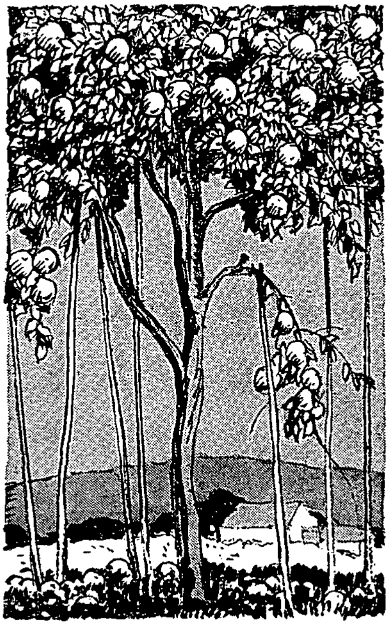
OU-YANG HSIU
(WALEY).

17 He had a curious green necktie and a very long neck; I am always meeting idealists with long necks. Perhaps it is that their eternal aspiration slowly lifts their heads nearer and nearer to the stars.

CHESTERTON.

18 "O, what a surprising man!" said Candide still to himself; "what a genius is this Pococurante! nothing can please him."

VOLTAIRE.



19 In a word, midday slumbers are golden; they make the body fat, the skin faire, the flesh plump, delicate and tender; they set a russet colour on the cheeks of young women, and make lusty courage to rise up in men; they make us thrifty . . . in preserving apparel; for while wee warm us in our beds, our clothes are not worne.

DEKKER.

20 "Why are your songs so short?" said one to the bird; "haven't you enough breath?"

"It is chiefly that I have many songs, and wish to sing them all." DAUDET.

21 "See there!" she said, "the lady Eve, born from a rib, how she talks to the serpent. It was a good idea of that painter to give the serpent the face and head of a man; it would have been still more subtle if he had ornamented the seducer's face with a military moustache." HEINE.

22 "I hold a mouses herte not worth a leek
That hath but oon hole for to sterte to,
And if that faille, thanne is al ydo."

CHAUCER.

23 If anyone grumbles, "Why, you're always going away," I shall answer with dignity, "Confound it! I'm always coming back." A. A. MILNE.

24 When you are an anvil, hold you still,
When you are a hammer, strike your fill. GEORGE HERBERT.

25 Such persons may properly be rated as fools for thinking that a lady is in love with them just because she is courteous, and speaks to some unfortunate fellow, and makes him happy and caresses him.

CHRÉTIEN DE TROYES
(COMFORT).

26 Use human Means as if there were no divine ones, and divine as if there were no human ones. GRACIÁN.

27 *Barrow:* Those who are quite satisfied, sit still and do nothing; those who are not quite satisfied, are the sole benefactors of the world. LANDOR.

28 Quoth she, There are no bargains driven
Nor marriages clapp'd up in heav'n;
And that's the reason, as some guess,
There is no heav'n in marriages.

Hudibras. BUTLER.

29 There are few artists whom I respect more than a first-class amateur, and few that I respect less than a second-class one. MENDELSSOHN.

30 *Apollo:* But what is poetry, and what is criticism, and what is life? Air. And what is air? Do you know? I don't. All is mystery, and all is gloom, and ever and anon from out the clouds a star breaks forth and glitters, and that star is Poetry.

DISRAELI.

The
Golden Book
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VOLUME VI SEPTEMBER, 1927 NUMBER 33

Eneas Africanus

By HARRY STILLWELL EDWARDS

Harry Stillwell Edwards

[EXTRACT FROM THE "ATLANTA CONSTITUTION" OF OCTOBER 12, 1872]

WHO HAS THIS CUP?

MAJOR GEORGE E. TOMMEY ADVERTISES FOR HIS SILVER CUP

EDITOR *Constitution*, Atlanta, Ga.

DEAR SIR: I am writing to invoke your kind assistance in tracing an old family negro of mine who disappeared in 1864, between my stock farm in Floyd County and my home place, locally known as Tommeysville, in Jefferson County. The negro's name was Eneas, a small gray-haired old fellow and very talkative. The unexpected movement of our army after the battle of Resaca placed my stock farm in line of the Federal advance and exposed my family to capture. My command, Tommey's Legion, passing within five miles of the place, I was enabled to give them warning, and they hurriedly boarded the last southbound train. They reached Jefferson County safely but without any baggage, as they did not have time to move a trunk. An effort was made to save the family silver, much of it very old and highly prized, especially a silver cup known in the family as the "Bride's Cup" for some six or eight generations and bearing the inscription:

Ye bryde whose lippes kysse myne
And taste ye water an no wyne
Shall happy live an hersel see
A happy grandchile on each knee.

These lines were surrounded with a wreath and surmounted by a knight's head, visor down, and the motto: "SEMPER FIDELIS."

This cup was hurriedly packed with other silver in a hair trunk and intrusted to Eneas with verbal instructions as to travel. He drove an old-fashioned, flea-bitten, blooded mare to a one-horse wagon full of forage, and carried all the Confederate money the family left, to pay his expenses. He was last

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seen, as I ascertained soon after the war from a wounded member of my command, about eight miles southeast of Atlanta, asleep in the wagon, the mare turning to the right instead of keeping the straight road to Macon. Eneas was a faithful negro, born and raised in the Tommey family, and our belief is he was murdered by army stragglers and robbed of the trunk. He had never been over the road he was traveling, as we always traveled to North Georgia by rail, shipping the horses likewise. His geographical knowledge consisted of a few names—places to which I had at different times taken him, and in the neighbourhood of my home, such as Macon, Sparta, Louisville, and the counties of Washington and Jefferson. If given a chance to talk he would probably confine himself to "Lady Chain," the mare he was driving; "Lightning," the noted four-mile stallion temporarily in my possession; the Tommey family and our settlement, "Tommeysville." On these topics he could talk eighteen hours a day.

I have no hope of ever seeing Eneas again, for if living he would have gotten back if he had to travel all over the South to do it, but there is a bare chance that the cup may be found, and I am writing to gratify my daughter, whose wedding day is approaching. All brides in the family, since 1670, have used this cup on their wedding days. If the cup was stolen, doubtless the thieves sold it, and if so, the holder may read these lines if they are given publicity. I am willing to waive any question of ownership and purchase the cup at the holder's valuation, if within my power; or, if unwilling to sell, he may loan the cup for a few days.

I shall be greatly obliged if you will publish this letter with a request that all Southern papers, daily and weekly, copy the same. Thanking you in advance and with all good wishes for your happiness and prosperity, I am, most respectfully,

Your obed't servant,
George E. Tommey,
Late Major, Tommey's Legion, C. S. A.,
P. O., Louisville, Ga.

Althea Lodge, Fayette Co., Ga.
October 15, 1872.

Maj. Geo. E. Tommey,
Louisville, Ga.

Dear Major Tommey: I read with deep interest and sympathy your letter in the *Atlanta Constitution* inquiring of a negro named Eneas. This man, I am sure, came to my house about twenty miles south of Atlanta in 1864. I remember the occasion perfectly, because he mentioned your name, and one of my boys was serving in your command. I gave him shelter for the night and food for himself and horse. He insisted on sleeping in his wagon. He told me that the mare was famous on the race track and very valuable and he was afraid to leave her. This struck me as singular, at the time, because she seemed old and broken down. I did not see any trunk, but his wagon was full of hay and fodder, and he may have had one hidden under it. Eneas asked me to put him on the road to Thomasville—or so I understood him—and I gave him explicit directions as far as Newnan, advising him to get more at that point. He was gone when I arose next morning. I do hope you will find the old man, as well as the cup. I took quite a fancy to him. He gave me a very vivid description of yourself—whom I had long wished to meet—and of your home, the twelve-room house, lawn with its three fountains, beautiful lake and your hundred negroes in their painted cottages, etc.

Excuse this rambling letter. Your name has stirred an old woman's memories.

Sincerely your friend,
Martha Horton.

P. S.—My son, William, who served in your command, married a Connecticut girl. Think of it, Major! But she proved to be a noble-hearted woman, and has influenced him to give up tobacco and stimulants in every form. He travels this territory for a New York house. His wife is well-connected, and one of her ancestors came over in the *Mayflower*. She is with me now and sends you her regards. Billy has convinced her that next to General Joseph Johnston, you were the bravest man in the Georgia armies. M. H.

Talbotton, Ga., Oct. 18, 1872.

Major George Tommey, Louisville, Ga.

Sir: Read your letter in the *Columbus Enquirer*. I kept a livery stable here in '64 and saw the man you are hunting about that time. He drove a broken down old speckled gray mare he called Lady Chain, now that you mention it, and claimed she was in foal to "Lightning," the great four-mile horse. I took this for a joke along with some of the fairy stories he gave me about the Tommeys, but he was so polite and humble that I let him stay over night in the stable. Offered to pay me next mornin and seemed like he had about a bushel of Confedrit money; but I was long on Confed myself and didn't let him put any more on me. Don't remember seein any trunk. He was on his way to Thomasville, so he said, and I giv him as much directions as he could carry.

Very truly,
William Peters.

Thomas County, Oct. 19, 1872.
Major George Tommey,
Louisville, Ga.

Dear Sir: My wife remembered your old nigger as soon as she read your letter in the paper, and so did I when she called it to my mind. He was a big talker all right, and sat on our back steps half the night talking about the Tommeys, their race horses, twenty-room house, yard with six fountains, and a whole tribe of niggers. We fed him and he slept in his wagon. Next day he wanted to pay me in Confederate money; was using a corn sack for a pocketbook, and it was most full. He moved on to Thomasville, about six miles from here, but I don't think it was the place he was looking for. I reckon it must have been "Tommeysville" he was looking for. Major, I took a good look at Lady Chain and you ain't lost much if you never get her back, but if you don't find the nigger, you've lost the champion liar of Georgia. I hope you get him back, but it's hardly possible a man talking like he did could last seven years on the public road.

Respectfully,
Abner Cumming.

Thomasville, Ga., Oct. 19, 1872.
Hon. Sir and Major:

Your man, Eneas, came to my home in Thomasville, in the winter of '65 or the fall of '64, in great distress. He said he had traveled a thousand miles to get to Thomasville, but it wasn't the right Thomasville. He had no idea of states, geography or direction. Claimed he had lived in Jefferson County next to Washington County, and as this describes two counties across the line in Florida, several people at different times had sent him over there. I gave him a letter to a friend over in Jefferson County near Tallahassee. He had an old gray mare he said was a famous race horse, but she didn't look it. Claimed she was in foal to the celebrated "Lightning," whose four-mile race in the mud at New Orleans I witnessed. I thought the old nigger was loose in the upper story. He had no trunk when here.

Very truly,
Andrew Loomis.

Tallahassee, Fla., Oct. 20, 1872.
Major Geo. E. Tommey, Tommeysville,
via Louisville, Ga.

My Dear Sir: Eneas, your old negro, whose name I had forgotten until I read your letter in a local paper, was on my plantation near here in '65. He came here very blue and utterly discouraged, from Thomasville, Ga. Said he was looking for a little Thomasville owned by Major George E. Tommey. He brought a letter from a friend of mine. There are no Tommeys in this county and no Thomasville, and not knowing what to do with him, I passed him along to Colonel Chairs, a friend in Washington County, which is on the Gulf coast. Chairs wrote me that he had had a great deal of fun out of Eneas. The Gulf astonished him. He declared solemnly that he knew he was in the wrong Washington, because there were no oranges, or scrub palmettoes, or big, green spiders (crabs) in his, and the water had no salt in it. Eneas talked a good deal of Macon and Louisville; and there being a county and town so named, besides another Thomasville, to the north in Alabama, Chairs started him up that way. I am truly sorry the old man came to grief. He was a harmless old fellow, though a picturesque liar, as are many old negroes when they talk of their white folks.

It is possible that Eneas had a trunk, but I have no recollection of seeing one in his possession.

Yours very truly,
Randolph Thomas.

Louisville, Ala., Oct. 28, 1872.
Major G. E. Tommey, Louisville, Ga.

Sir: A ole nigger name of enus come by hyar in the firs yer atter the war with er old mare and er colt he claim was by the lightnin. He was lokin for a tomusville an I tried to show him the way back to tomusville, in Georgia, but he got mad and wanted to fight me, and if he hadn't been er ole man I would have busted him open. Mr. tommy, you wont never see yo nigger no more less he mends his way of acktin when you are trying to help him.

Respectfull, sir, yours
Pompey Wiley (Colored).

He lef hyar for Macon County.

Barton, Washington County, Ala.
Major G. E. Tommey, Louisville, Ga.

Dear Sir: Your negro, Eneas, came to my place in this county in 1865, I think, from a little village named Thomasville to the northeast. He was very poor, and his pathetic story appealed to my sympathies. I let him have some rations and a piece of land, and he planted a cotton crop. He married a young mulatto woman on my place that year, and when he left here about Christmas, 1866, carried with him a young baby besides the old mare and her colt. The colt, by the way, was a beauty.

Eneas was a puzzle to me, though I have lived among negroes all my life. His stories of you and your place were marvels. But for the fact that he held the mare and colt in your name, refusing dozens of offers for the latter when in dire need, I should have put him down a reckless romancer. He began preaching here among the negroes and proved to be a most eloquent spiritual advocate. He claimed to be the pastor of a big congregation at home. I heard him on one occasion when he baptized forty converts, and was thrilled by his imagery and power.

Eneas knew nothing of geography beyond the names of a few towns and counties. Hearing of a Macon and Louisville over in Mississippi, he gathered his household goods into his wagon in December, '66. I do hope you will yet find him. Suppose you make inquiries through the African Methodist Church? He ought to be a bishop by this time.

Very respectfully,
James Tally,
Attorney-at-Law.

Sunshine Parsonage,
Washington County, Mississippi.
Major Geo. E. Tommey, Louisville, Ga.

My Dear Sir: I was greatly interested in your letter copied into our county paper from the *Atlanta Constitution*, concerning Eneas Tommey. He was here in 1868 or 1869 with a wife and several children. They came in a one-horse wagon drawn by an old gray mare he called Lady Chain and followed by a splendid young colt he declared was from celebrated racing stock. An almost worn-out pass from his mistress, Mrs. Tommey, though it bore no date or address, saved the old man from arrest. His story, that he was lost and on his way home, though remarkable, was possible, and he was not molested. The narrative of his wanderings interested me greatly. He came up the river—the Mississippi—from Jefferson County, trying to find a ford. He had heard of a Washington parish and a Thomasville in Louisiana, and was trying to reach them. He rented a piece of land near here and raised a crop, leaving in 1869 for Jefferson County, Alabama. I gave him a letter to a minister in that county.

Very truly,
(Rev.) John Simms.

P. S.—I regret to say that after leaving here, Eneas, though an active minister of the Gospel, suffered the young horse to be entered in a county race. I understand that he won about $75. Allowance, however, must be made for the old man's necessities and distress.
J. S.

Idlewilde, Jefferson County, Ala.
October 26, 1872.
Major Geo. E. Tommey, Louisville, Ga.

My Dear Sir: A Birmingham paper to-day gave me the explanation of a mystery that has puzzled my family for several years, when it reproduced your letter to the *Atlanta Constitution*. Eneas—or the Rev. Eneas Tommey as he called himself—came here in 1869 with a gray mare and a splendid young horse, which he claimed was of marvelous speed, and a letter from a friend of mine in Mississippi. He also brought a wife and two children. To the latter he added a third before leaving. My daughter was greatly interested in the old man's remarkable story and made an effort to help him. She took down a letter to you, which he dictated, made seven copies of it and sent one to every Thomasville in the South. They all came back to her. By good luck she retained one for her scrap book, and I enclose it that you may see how the faithful old fellow was trying to reach you. He stayed around here farming and preaching until 1870 when, hearing from a horse trader of a Macon and a Sparta in Tennessee, he moved on. He had no trunk with him, and I am afraid your cup is gone.

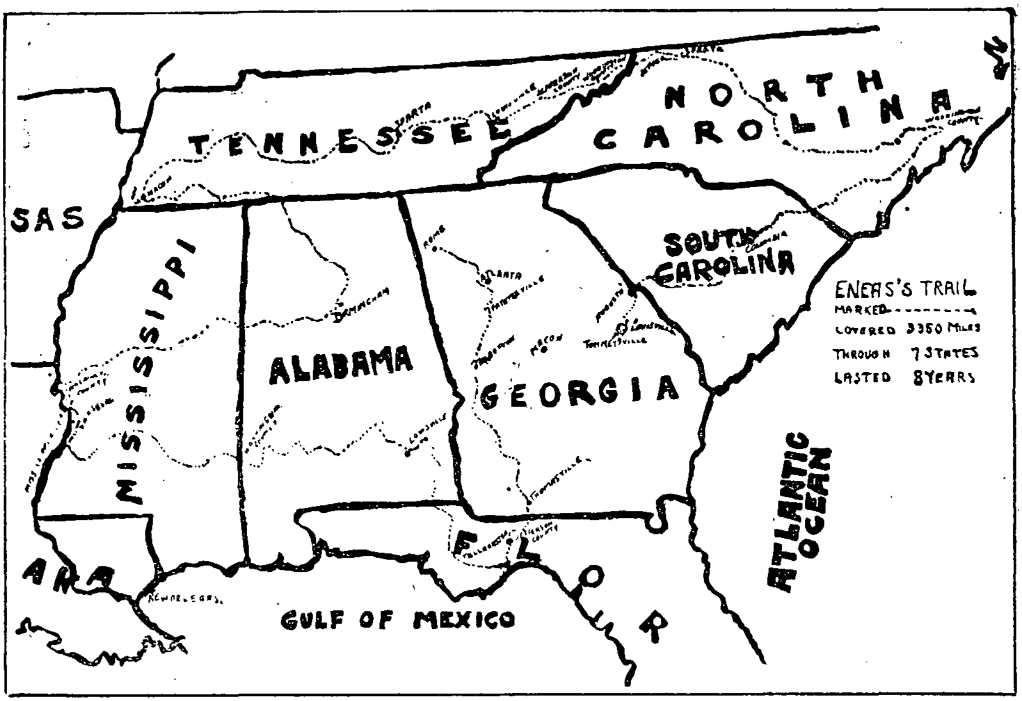
Very truly,
(Rev.) Amos Wells.

P. S.—I am informed that Eneas participated in a horse race in Birmingham after leaving here and won a great deal of money.
A. W.

The letter of Eneas enclosed in that of Rev. Mr. Wells:

Marse George: I am loss in er distric called Yellerhama, by a town name o' Burningham. Ef you knows whar Burningham is, fer God's sake come ter me fer I can't git ter you! Me and Lady Chain is plum wore out.

Marse George, I been ter firs one an' den ernuther Thomasville, year in an' year out, tell thar ain't no sense in hit. An' I ain't hit de right one yit. Evy yuther place is name Thomasville er Macon er Washington


TENNESSEE
NORTH CAROLINA
SAS
MISSISSIPPI
ALABAMA
GEORGIA
SOUTH CAROLINA
ENEAS'S TRAIL
MARKED
COVERED 3350 MILES
THROUGH 7 STATES
LASTED 8 YEARS
ATLANTIC OCEAN
ARA
FLOR
GULF OF MEXICO
NEW ORLEANS
ROME
ATLANTA
FAYETTEVILLE
MACON
AUGUSTA
LOUISVILLE
TOMMEYSVILLE
THOMASVILLE
JEFFERSON COUNTY
SPARTA

THE WANDERINGS OF ENEAS AFRICANUS

er Jefferson. Evybody knows whar I wanter go but me, an' shows me de road; but all I kin do is ter keep moving. De firs Thomasville I got to I got back fo' times. Hit was harder ter loose it than hit was ter find it!

Marse George, I come ter one pond I couldn't see ercross an' de water warn't no count. The last Thomasville was out most ter sundown an' I was headin' fer ernuther when I struck er creek a mile wide an' Lady Chain couldn't wade hit, so we turn back.

Marse George, Lady Chain's colt come, back in the secon' Jefferson, an' he sholy is old Lightnin's colt; long-legged, big-footed an' iron gray. I been tryin' him out hyar an' thar an' thar ain't nothin' kin tech him.

Marse George, I got ernuther wife down in de third Washington an' am bringin' her erlong. She weighs one hundred and sixty, an' picks fo' hundred pounds er cotton er day. She b'longs ter you, same as me an' Lady Chain an' de colt.

Marse George, er horse trader goin' by told me erbout some Macons an' Spartas an' Jeffersons an' Washingtons up de country fum hyar an' ef I don't get word fum you by nex' month, I'm gointer move erlong.

Marse George, ef you knows whar I is fum dis hyar letter an' can't come yo'self, sen' fer me. I'm sick o' de road an' wanter git home. Do somp'n an' do hit quick!

Yo' ole nigger,
ENEAS.

Macon, Tenn., Oct. 30, 1872.
Maj. George E. Tommey, Louisville, Ga.

MY DEAR SIR: Eneas was here in 1869 or 1870 and remained about a year preaching at Mt. Zion and other places in the county. I do not know when I ever met a more original and entertaining talker. His description of your colonial house with its forty rooms, white columns and splendid parks has aroused in me a strong desire to visit the place if I am ever able to come to Georgia. I know it must have suffered from the ravages of the war, but doubtless enough remains to show its former magnificence. I am especially anxious to see the great lake with its flock of swans, and the twelve fountains on your lawn. My mother is a Georgian and I have often heard her describe the natural beauties of the State. There is a feeling with us all that at last it is "home" and that some day we shall all assemble in dear old Monroe county where Grandpa was born.

Eneas brought with him to this place a gray mare that was, he said, a famous race horse, and that the father of her colt was the greatest horse in the world. I had forgotten their names until I read your letter. Eneas insisted that you lived at Thomasville next to Washington and Jefferson Counties, and near a town named Louisville. There are towns and counties of the same names in this State and he left to visit them. He seemed to have plenty of money. I hope you will hear from him yet, but I am afraid the trunk is gone. He had none when here.

Sincerely yours,
MARY ADKINS.

Louisville, Tenn., Oct. 27, 1872.

SIR: Don't you worry about old Eneas. He came here in or about '70 with a gray mare, a long-legged race horse; a young wife and three children, and give out that he was a minister of the Gospel. They stayed on my place and there were four children when they left. He was a preacher all right, 'cause I heard him time and again, but all the same he was the biggest liar in Tennessee at that time, and that's a great record for any man. Major, if half he said about you and your place is true, you ought to be President. You must have owned all the niggers in Georgia, and your home must be spread over all three of them counties he has been looking for ever since freedom. About that Lightning colt—he certainly looks it. Eneas slipped him into a free-for-all up here and him and a strange white man about busted the county. I offered him $500 for the colt, but he said your price was $20,000. Considering you had never seen him, I thought that a little high and him and me didn't trade. Next day he was gone. I was away from home when he left. He owed me twenty dollars I had advanced him, taking a lien note on the crop. He sent me word that if the crop didn't pay out to send you the bill. Said he had plenty of money to pay the note, but didn't have time to wait for it to come due. Oh, you Eneas! Say, Major, if he ever gets back, and he will for you can't lose that kind of man for good, better nail down everything movable—including them twelve fountains.

Yours,
TOM JOHNSON.

P. S.—I say; twelve fountains.

P. S. S.—Forty-four rooms! Gosh! is the Legion still with you?

Washington County, N. C., Oct. 20, 1872.
Maj. George E. Tommey, Louisville, Ga.

MY DEAR MAJOR: Your old negro has been on my plantation for about a year farming and preaching and romancing He came straight through Tennessee and North Carolina, touching Sparta, Louisville, Washington and Jefferson Counties in the former, and the towns of Jefferson, Sparta and Macon in this State before he found me. I am affectionately known all over this section of the State as "Major Tommy," and as the old negro was looking for "Major Tommey," somebody put him on my trail. He soon had me treed, but was greatly disappointed when he saw me. However, that did not keep him from paying me a year's visit. Eneas is a queer character—wisdom of the serpent and simplicity of a child. His story, probably growing with age like the stories of some of our veterans, has beguiled many a lonely hour for me, but not until I read your letter in the *Richmond Dispatch* did I give him credit for many facts in it. The young race horse is certainly a fine animal and should you decide to sell him I trust you will give me the refusal. Eneas won several purses up here in local races. It seems he has a new name for his horse everywhere he goes. He says it keeps him from getting "too common." When Eneas was not plowing or racing, his favourite occupation was preaching, his subject usually being the wandering of the Hebrews in the desert. He left here for Jefferson, S. C. I am sorry to say I heard no mention of your lost cup, and if he had any trunk I was not informed of it.

With regards for yourself and all good wishes for the young bride, I am,

Very sincerely yours,
THOMAS BAILEY.
(Late) Major 13th N. C. Volunteers, C. S. A.

EXTRACT FROM *Columbia* (S.C.) *Register*, October 27, 1872.

One of the surprises of yesterday's races came in the free-for-all two-mile dash, which was won by "Chainlightning," entered by an old negro man calling himself Eneas Tommey, who claims the horse was sired by the celebrated stallion Lightning, and that the dam, which he drives to a one-horse wagon on his way to Georgia, is "Lady Chain." She was certainly a tired-looking old lady. Eneas arrived late, and at once attracted attention by his unique appearance and his limitless faith in Chainlightning. His story and the splendid horse interested some stablemen, and after a private demonstration they succeeded in getting him entered and a rider engaged. In the get-off Chainlightning took the lead and gave a marvelous exhibition of speed. He led the bunch by a hundred yards at the end of the first mile and by nearly three hundred at the end of the second. He was then going strong and the efforts of the rider to stop him resulted in a runaway. When he came around the third time the crowd blocked the track and brought him to a standstill, but his rider was thrown. Eneas won $200. It is not known how his backers fared, but it is supposed that they cleaned up a good pile on the side. Eneas left yesterday, going toward Augusta, Ga. It was suggested afterwards that this may have been the man advertised for in the *Atlanta Constitution* by a Major Tommey, of Louisville, Ga., a few weeks ago. The matter will be brought to his attention. One reason for the sudden departure of the old negro, who had become quite a hero among members of his race, is said to be a movement to elect him to the State Senate.

Louisville, Ga.—(Correspondence *Macon Telegraph and Messenger*, Oct. 31, '72.)—Your correspondent on Thursday last was the favoured guest of Major George E. Tommey, the famous commander of the Tommey Legion, which rendered conspicuous service to the Confederacy as a part of Johnston's—afterwards Hood's—army, in the Tennessee and North Georgia campaigns. The Major lives about twelve miles from this place, at Tommeysville, as his plantation is called. His delightful residence is one of the old-fashioned, two-story houses with broad hall and verandahs and two large wings, and is situated in a beautiful grove of oak and hickory. The broad lawn in front abounds with roses, and among them is a tiny fountain with a spray. Beyond the house lie the barns and the negro quarters and a small artificial lake where ducks abound. Sherman's army missed the charming spot, and the only suggestion of the "late unpleasantness" is the Major's sword crossed with the colours of the Legion over the broad fireplace at the end of the hall.

The occasion of your correspondent's visit was the marriage of the Major's only daughter, Beauregarde Forrest, to Mirabeau Lamar Temple, of Dallas, Texas. The bride, a petite brunette of great beauty, entered life eighteen years ago, inheriting her mother's name, but by the act of the Georgia Legislature this was changed in honour of the two heroes of the Confederacy dear to the heart of her illustrious father. The groom bears the names of two Georgia families long ago transplanted to the Lone Star State, and is an attorney of great promise.

The wedding supper was charming in its simplicity and homeliness, using the word in its original sense. The broad back porch between the two wings was closed in with smilax, and the feast was spread on a great home-made table twenty feet in diameter. Seats were placed for forty. Such a display of delicacies and substantials has not been seen in this section since the good old days before the war. The low-growing ferns and cut flowers of the decorations—there by the hundreds—did not hide the guests' smiling faces. Wine, the famous scuppernong of the Major's own vintage, was the only stimulant visible, for the Major and his good lady are almost total abstainers. When the guests were seated a grace was pronounced by the Rev. Mr. Thigpen, and fun and merriment broke loose. Toast after toast was given, and sentiment and the poets were interspersed with songs from the family negroes assembled in the backyard by a gigantic bonfire. Some of the songs were of exquisite harmony and pathos. Freedom, so far, had brought but little of brightness into the lives of these humble people.

A dramatic situation that will one day enter into a story, came during the supper festivities. A sudden excitement among the negroes was followed by cries, some of merriment and some of fear, and by a stampede of the juniors. In the red light of the bonfire an old negro suddenly appeared, reining up a splendid gray horse. The old man was seated in a red-wheeled road cart, enveloped in a flapping linen duster, and wore a silk hat. His "Whoa, Chainlightnin'!" resounded all over the place. Then he stood up and began to shout about Moses and the Hebrew children being led out of Egypt into the promised land. Major Tommey listened for a brief instant and rushed out. The newcomer met him with an equal rush and their loud greetings floated back to us clear as the notes of a plantation bell: "Eneas, you black rascal, where have you been?"

"O! Lord, Marse George! Glory be ter God! Out o' de wilderness! De projekin son am back ergin!"

"It's Eneas!" screamed the little bride, gathering up her skirts and rushing out. In the strong light, as the wedding party hurriedly followed, we could see the old negro hanging to his master and filling the night with his weird cries. Catching the excitement, the negroes around began to moan and chant, taking their text from the old man's words.

"Where have you been, sir?" The Major was trying to free himself and choking with tears and laughter.

"All over de blessed worl', Marse George! but I'm home ergin!—You hyar me, niggers?—home ergin!—"

"Stop, sir!"

But suddenly the old man grew rigid in the grasp of a momentous thought. His voice sank to a whisper audible to only a few of us:

"Marse George, wha's Nancy?"

"Nancy is dead, Eneas," said the Major, sadly.

"Thank God!" said the old man fervently.

"Where is my trunk, Eneas?" The old negro was making a horn of his hands and giving the plantation halloo. With his eyes set on the banking shadows beyond the fire, he waited, an inscrutable smile on his wrinkled face. Presently into the circle of light came an old gray mare, drawing a wagon in which sat a yellow woman, hovering a small colony of children.

"I done brought you a whole bunch o' new Yellerhama, Burningham niggers, Marse George! Some folks tell me dey is free, but I know dey b'long ter Marse George Tommey, des like Lady Chain and her colt! Marse George, you oughter see dat horse—"

"Where is the trunk?" repeated the Major, laughing and wiping his eyes. "Where did you leave it, Eneas?"

"I ain't lef' hit," said Eneas indignantly. "Git out o' dat wagon, niggers, fo' I bus' somer you wide open!" The little colony fell over the wheels like cooters from a log, and drawing aside the hay that had held them, Eneas brought forth a time- and weather-defying hair trunk. He heaved a mighty sigh of relief as he dropped it on the ground:

"Dar 'tis, Marse George, an' I sho is glad to git shut o' dat ol' bunch o' hide an' ha'r!" The bride danced and clapped her tiny hands: "My cup! My cup! Get it! Quick! O, please somebody, open the trunk."

Major Tommey picked up an axe and with one blow sliced off the ancient lock. From its snug nest in cotton batting, the bride lifted a shining cup, the cup, Mr. Editor, advertised in your columns a few weeks ago. A bucket rattled down in a nearby well and the bridegroom came with a great gourd of water. Then he read aloud the quaint inscription:

Ye bryde whose lippes kysse myne
An taste ye water an no wyne
Shall happy live and hersel see
A happy granchile on each knee.

The little woman accepted the challenge with the cup, and smiling up to the face of her husband sipped of the crystal draught and handed him the cup. He, too, drank, but the slight flush on the bride's face was nothing to the fiery scarlet of his own when a storm of applause greeted the act.

Eneas had drawn the Major aside and produced an old strap pocketbook stuffed with bills.

"Marse George," he began, "de bag o' yaller war money what dey gimme warn't no good over yonner whar I been. Countin' de c'llections I tuck up in de church an' what I winned on de track wid Chain-lightnin' an' ain't spent——"

"Keep it, Eneas," said the Major, almost exploding with laughter, and patting the old man on the shoulder, "that bunch of Burningham Yellerhama niggers more than squares us."

Verses: Faiz Ulla

By LAURENCE HOPE

JUST in the hush before the dawn,
A little wistful wind is born.
A little chilly errant breeze,
That thrills the grasses, stirs the trees.
And, as it wanders on its way,
While yet the night is cool and dark,
Ere the first carol of the lark,—
Its plaintive murmurs seem to say,
"I wait the sorrows of the day."

The Silver Pencil

By ARTHUR SHERBURNE HARDY

INSPECTOR JOLY had always maintained that conclusions were more important than stability. Not to change one's opinion under the pressure of evidence was the proof of mediocrity. Yet, after voluntarily retiring from active service and acquiring that suburban retreat which had so long been a dream, not for worlds would he have admitted to Madame Joly that any disappointment lurked in the dream's realization.

Monrepos certainly was not responsible for the disappointment. The reality coincided in all respects with the dream. In one, as in the other, on opening the gate between the high inclosing walls, one saw a straight walk, freshly graveled and bordered with box, on one side of which was the fountain with the goldfish, and on the other the arbour where he was now sitting; and at the end of the walk that house, a little naked as yet, being fresh from the hands of the architect, to which he had looked forward as a very heaven of rest.

Surveying this heaven, M. Joly said to himself: "It appears one is happy only in remembering or in anticipating. That being the case, since I have nothing more to anticipate, I am like the moon, one side of which is in perpetual darkness—and the other," he added, with a sigh, "shines only by reflected light."

Sitting opposite him, the curé of Saint-Médard, who had come to spend the day and found Monrepos to his liking, was almost asleep. No master of ceremonies would have presented these two to each other with the idea that either could afford the other a moment of pleasure. It amazed M. Joly that so superior a woman as Madame Joly should have such a confessor. It also amused him—for what could a woman like Madame Joly possibly have to confess?

"Monsieur le curé," he said, abruptly, "after Paradise, what?"

"After Paradise," stammered the curé, rousing himself, "there is nothing. Paradise is the sum of all things, the realization of every dream."

"In that case," replied M. Joly, "I advise you on going there to hold a few dreams in reserve, lest even Paradise prove wearisome."

The curé relapsed into silence. To disturb his state of mental repose was for M. Joly an irresistible delight. He also dearly loved the curé's arguments, drawn from sources which reminded him how old was human thought. But the curé's eyes were closing again. M. Joly observed him a moment meditatively, then walked down the gravel path toward the gate.

Just within, among the vines on the wall, hung a bell. In the earlier days of his retirement, its call from the outer world had awakened in his breast emotions of curiosity and hope. But he had long since realized that the stream of life does not tarry to converse with what it has cast up on its banks. Observing this bell, hampered by encroaching vines and yellow with rust, M. Joly was muttering to himself. "A symbol of oblivion and decay!" when suddenly, as if in indignant denial, it began to ring violently.

"Come, now," he said ironically, "what joke are you up to?"

For answer the bell rang again, this time with a tone of imperious impatience. At this second summons he opened the gate, to find himself looking into a pair of blue eyes.

Instantly he dived down into the depths of memory and brought up two pictures: one of a woman crumbling bread to the fishes over the railing of the garden of the Hôtel d'Italie et d'Angleterre in Freyr, the other of this same woman ordering his breakfast on the terrace of Madame de Caraman's villa in Bourg-la-Reine.

"Madame de Wimpffen!" he exclaimed.

A smile of pleasure came into the blue eyes.

"I am so glad to find you, Monsieur Joly May I come in? You have not forgotten me in all these years?"

His thought was that no one could possibly forget her, but in his momentary embarrassment he said:—

"That is not to my credit, I have such a good memory."

She answered him with her bright, understanding smile as she stepped within the gate.

"Where may I speak with you?—here, on this seat by the wall? Shall we sit down here? Will you please tell the coachman to wait?" And when he had delivered the message and closed the gate, "Sit down, please, Monsieur Joly,"—making room for him;—"something has occurred which made me wish to consult you. You see, I, too, deserve no credit, having also a good memory."

He took the proffered seat, a little awkwardly, crossing his hands as usual over his waistcoat, experiencing at the same time that feeling of mingled admiration and intimacy which this woman had inspired once before.

"You remember the mysterious disappearance of my Cousin Célimène's necklace," began Diane, digging the tip of her parasol into the gravel. "Well, yesterday, on my return from Bourg-la-Reine, where my husband and I were making my cousin a visit, I found a little mystery of my own."

She paused a moment, and M. Joly leaned back against the wall to gain a fuller command of her face.

"Our apartment is on Boulevard Haussmann, number 190. During our absence some one has been searching it—I say searching," she repeated with emphasis, "because nothing was taken. On the contrary, something was left. Examine this, please. I found it among my lingerie, in my chiffonier."

He took the small silver pencil which she held out to him, and, turning it slowly over in his hand, read the words "L. Pichon, Inspecteur," engraved on the side. "What carelessness!" he thought. But he said nothing.

"Perhaps you will say," she went on, "that it does not follow because Monsieur Pichon's pencil is found in the drawer of my chiffonier that Monsieur Pichon himself left it there. But I have made inquiries. First, of the concierge, who says two men, workmen, came with a permit duly authorized by the police to inspect the electric installation in our rooms. But the electric company deny that any such inspection has been ordered. What I wish to know," she said, lifting her eyes to his, "is, what Monsieur Pichon was doing in my apartment. Naturally I thought to write my husband, who remained for a few days at Bourg-la-Reine. Then I said to myself: 'No, he will be furious—he will return at once, and his vacation will be spoiled. I will first consult that Monsieur Joly who found my Cousin Célimène's diamonds.' But it seems"—her eyes were still studying his face—"that you are no longer at the prefecture."

"That makes no difference," he said, with superb disregard for the Paradise of Monrepos.

"At first I was indignant. Then I reflected. When the police search, it is because some one is suspected. Who? Of what? I am consulting you professionally, Monsieur Joly."

He waited for her to go on.

"There is Valérie, my maid, who has been with me since I left the convent——"

"Madame," interrupted M. Joly protestingly, "I am not one of those persons who believe that to extinguish the lights is to make one's neighbour a thief. And in the case of a mystery, which so resembles darkness, I refuse to entertain suspicions whose only foundation is our own mystification. Let us begin by ascertaining what my friend Pichon has got into his head."

"Oh, you know Monsieur Pichon?"

"Intimately."

"And you will see him?"

He rose. "At once."

"How good you are!" she cried impetuously; "will you accept a seat in my carriage, Monsieur Joly?"

"I am afraid," he said, smiling, "madame drives too rapidly for an old tortoise who between here and the Boulevard du Palais must have time to reflect."

One foot on the step of the carriage, she turned: "You approve of my not writing my husband?"

"Absolutely."

"Wait"—as he closed the door—"my card."

"You forget the good memory. Boulevard Haussmann, 190."

She laughed, and he signed to the coachman.

He watched the carriage till it disappeared beyond the turn in the road, then stood gazing thoughtfully up the gravel path of Monrepos. The curé was still sleeping in the arbour. The bees were droning above the parterres. The goldfish, motionless, lay in the shadow of the stone coping.

"Come now, friend Pichon," he said,

closing the gate of Paradise behind him, "let us see about this pencil."

An hour later he descended from the omnibus on Boulevard du Palais. It was raining and he had no umbrella. Buttoning up his coat and lowering his head, he made a dash for the archway of the prefecture. Although the clock in the bureau of the prefect struck only three times, the lamp on the prefect's desk was burning, the sudden summer storm having enveloped the city in mid-afternoon darkness. Except for the circle of light under the green shade the room was in shadow. In this shadow, midway between the desk and the door, stood Pichon, lately promoted to the grade of inspector in place of Joly, resigned.

Pichon was often taciturn because he had so much to say. That his silence on this occasion was due to other causes was clear from his abject appearance. Under the gaze of the prefect his figure seemed to grow smaller and to retreat still further into the shadow.

"So, no progress."

The prefect's voice was cold, and Pichon remained silent. It was true, he had made no progress. The prefect went to the window. Through the veils of the falling rain lights were beginning to appear in the neighbouring buildings.

"What a pity Monsieur Joly took it into his head to retire. You used to work together so admirably."

Pichon winced. Watching the prefect's form dimly outlined against the window, he had the sensation of being slowly effaced, of no longer counting for anything.

"How often it happens that a good soldier makes a poor general."

Unable to dispute the truth of this aphorism, Pichon contented himself with shifting his weight uneasily from one foot to the other. At that moment the prefect, drumming absent-mindedly on the window-pane, in the flash of lighting which illumined the room for an instant saw a man, struggling with the storm, crossing Boulevard du Palais.

"The devil!" he exclaimed; "and to think there are people who refuse to credit miracles!"

Pichon, mystified, pricked up his ears. Any miracle which would put an end to his misery was welcome.

"Speaking of Monsieur Joly, be so good as to say I wish to speak to him."

Pichon's mystification changed to astonishment. One would think M. Joly was in the next room! He stared at the prefect in a sort of stupor.

"I will look for him, Monsieur le Préfet," he stammered, collecting himself.

"That is unnecessary. You will find him on the stairway or in the anteroom."

As he went softly out the door Pichon was aware that his chief was smiling, and the sense of effacement deepened. In the corridor at the head of the stairs, to his amazement he saw M. Joly, and from force of habit touched his hat.

"Monsieur le Préfet has sent for you," he said.

"Well, you see I am coming," replied M. Joly.

While standing before the prefect's desk, his hat in his hand, as he had so often stood before, M. Joly had the time to speculate a little. He reasoned that if he was sent for it was because he was wanted, and that if he was wanted it was because some one had failed—which accounted for the dejected countenance of Pichon. Well acquainted with the little mannerisms of his former chief, he waited patiently. Watching the quill pen traveling to and fro in the circle of light under the green shade, he said to himself, "At the end of the fifth line he will stop." But at the end of the fifth line the pen began a new journey. "Ah!" thought M. Joly, "it is something serious."

At last the pen paused and M. Levigne looked up.

"It is you, Monsieur Joly? So the prodigal returns."

M. Joly was silent.

"It was not by chance, I suppose, that of all the doorways in Paris you should choose that of the prefecture to escape the rain."

"Monsieur le Préfet, if I sought shelter within the walls of the prefecture it was not because I expected to find there a fatted calf."

M. Levigne moved the lamp to the edge of the table and leaned back in his chair.

"What a lucky dog you are, Monsieur Joly! Here am I beset with perplexities, while you can pass your days in repose without a care. You call it Monrepos, do you not? An excellent name."

"He will continue in this manner two minutes yet," thought M. Joly, "then he will come to the point."

"But what astonishes me is that a man who possesses such advantages should be wandering about the streets of Paris like a dog without a home."

"It is not necessary to remind Monsieur le Préfet that a dog is the most faithful of animals."

The prefect lifted the green shade from the lamp, which now cast its light full on their faces. "Good!" said M. Joly to himself, "we shall now know something."

"Monsieur Joly, there is a wineshop on the corner of Rue de la Colombe which has a room where one may converse quietly with a friend. I recommend you to go there and to take with you Pichon—who is in need of advice."

M. Joly did not move.

"Well," said the prefect.

"Monsieur le Préfet, there is a condition."

"Ah, there is a condition?"

"That I have *carte blanche.*"

"Come, come," replied M. Levigne, pushing toward him on the table the sheet on which he had been writing, "that goes without saying."

M. Joly folded the precious paper tranquilly, deposited it carefully in the pocket of his waistcoat, then, seeing the prefect's pen beginning its travels again, stole noiselessly from the room.

Tormented with anxiety, Pichon was pacing the corridor.

"It is such a pleasure to see you again, old friend!" cried M. Joly, linking his arm in his. "How goes it? You are well? Really, to see you is like a draught of old wine. What do you say, shall we have a little chat together as formerly in the café on Rue de la Colombe? We see each other so rarely."

"Then you do not remain with us?" said Pichon, as they went down the stairs.

"I, remain? What an idea! To risk my skin a hundred times a year for nine hundred francs! You are joking, Pichon."

"That is true," admitted Pichon, his anxiety somewhat appeased. "Nine hundred francs is very little."

"It is worse than nothing. If you are not paid at all, you receive a gold medal for a fine action. But if this action is paid for, you are not even noticed. It is impossible to be a hero when one is a mercenary."

"I had not thought of that," said Pichon; "but not every man's wife," he added mournfully, "is so fortunate as to receive a legacy like Madame Joly."

"That is what the prefect said to me. 'Monsieur Joly,' he said, 'you are a lucky dog.'"

As they crossed the open space before Notre Dame, Pichon's anxiety returned.

"I do not deny," continued M. Joly, "that sometimes, when I remember—we have had some interesting quarter-hours together, eh, Pichon? Tell me"—entering the Café de l'Espérance and pushing open the door to the room in the rear—"tell me, is there anything interesting going on at this moment?"

"There is always something interesting going on," Pichon replied moodily. "Not ten minutes ago the prefect said to me it was a pity you had resigned."

"Really," exclaimed M. Joly, leading the way to a quiet corner, "he said that? You amaze me."

Pichon sank into a chair. "But since these things interest you no longer—" he said, plunging his hands into the deep pockets of his loose trousers.

"Messieurs?" inquired the waiter.

"Ah, Joseph, it is you? A *sirop de groseille*, if you please. And you, Pichon, a *fine champagne*, as formerly?"

Pichon nodded.

"What you say is quite true," resumed M. Joly when they were alone again; "these things interest me no longer. Do you remember that little girl they called Dorante whom we found at the Restaurant des Tournelles in that affair of the Bank of France? She has become my own flesh and blood. I am teaching her the history of France. In the month of May we go into the woods for primroses. A small hand slips into yours and you break with the habits of a lifetime. No, my friend,"—shaking his head,—"it is finished."

Moving his glass uneasily to and fro over the table, Pichon observed him doubtfully. Distrust of himself, the longing to profit by the experience of a superior intelligence, and a sudden resurgence of loyalty were working in his brain. Against this tide he struggled for a moment, then set his glass down sharply.

"Comrade," he said abruptly, "I am in a fix."

"You need money, Pichon?" asked M. Joly sympathetically.

Pichon dismissed the suggestion with a wave of his hand.

"A document has disappeared from the Ministry of War"—he paused in order that this fact might have time to sink into the mind of his listener—"an important document which has to do with the mobilization of the army. This document was deposited in the safe in a room occupied by Colonel de Wimpffen, a safe of which he only"—another pause—"and General Texier, of the staff, possessed the combination. On the morning of August 13, Colonel de Wimpffen and his wife go to Bourg-la-Reine to pass a few days with a cousin. On the

14th, General Texier takes it into his head to consult this document. He opens the safe. The document in question has taken wing. He sends for the prefect. The prefect sends for me—and where we began, there we are now."

He stopped, took a turn up and down the room, shrugged his shoulders, and dropped into his chair.

"But you have a theory," said M. Joly; "develop your theory, Pichon."

"There is but one theory," replied Pichon testily. "Two men possess the key to a combination. One is above suspicion. There remains the other."

"What a devil of a logician you are, Pichon! You subtract one from two and one remains."

Pichon shook his head. "Logic is a fine thing, Monsieur Joly, but sentiment is still finer. This de Wimpffen is a friend of General Texier, who knows him from childhood. He served with him in Africa. He is the soul of honour! We have heard such arguments before." And Pichon shrugged his shoulders again disdainfully.

"In the operation of subtracting one from two," observed M. Joly thoughtfully, "there is always the question which of the two is the remainder."

"Oh, of that there is no doubt. Think of it! A general of the staff!"

"In that case, since this remainder is the soul of honour—one consults a man of honour."

"*Parbleu!* They have sent for him. He arrives to-morrow."

M. Joly's hands clasped over his waistcoat. "And you, Pichon, what have *you* done?"

Pichon took another turn in the room, then planted himself squarely before his companion.

"To consult an innocent man is to learn nothing. A guilty man denies. Why, then, consult him at all?"

M. Joly nodded approvingly. "I understand. So you put this soul of honour under your microscope. Tell us what you have discovered, Pichon."

"Nothing. His correspondence?—he has none. His friends?—irreproachable. His desk, his apartment?—not a straw."

"And then?" pursued M. Joly encouragingly.

Pichon hesitated.

"I will tell you," he replied, the desire to prove his adroitness overcoming his caution: "when a man is not suspected, he becomes careless. This man is *not* careless. But when a man knows that he is suspected, he becomes troubled—that is, he makes mistakes. I learned that Madame de Wimpffen was to return to Paris alone, and I had an idea." M. Joly's hands tightened. "I said: 'I will leave my tracks in the den of the fox—I will make them so plain that even a woman can see them—and this woman, alarmed, perplexed, will hasten to show them to her husband—and this husband, seeing that the hounds are on the trail, will betray himself.'"

"Really, Pichon, I had no idea you were capable of such cleverness."

Pichon's face wore a smile of self-satisfaction. "To-morrow," he said significantly—"to-morrow we shall see something."

"Has it occurred to you," said M. Joly, after a pause, "that a man, distrustful of his memory—figures are so elusive—should make a note of a combination?—a note which falls into the hands of another?"

"Why?" retorted Pichon obstinately; "to what end? Two men do not forget, or, if that be so, which is improbable, in an emergency a safe can always be broken open."

"Forgive me, another question: no one occupied this room with Monsieur de Wimpffen?"

"Yes, a clerk, one Bulow—an old man whose nose is in his papers from morning till night. He lives on Rue Monge, No. 176. Be easy, I forget nothing. He is under surveillance."

Studying the bottom of his now empty glass, M. Joly appeared lost in thought. "Pichon," he said, at length, "if you should carry off from the Galerie d'Apollon in the Louvre the crown of Napoleon, what would you do with it?"

"*Dame!* one is not so naïve as to offer the crown of Napoleon for sale. I would demand a ransom."

"But if you preferred the document on the mobilization of the army to the crown of Napoleon?"

Pichon reflected. "I would make a copy, and I would return the original before its loss was discovered."

"Doubtless that has already occurred to you."

"Certainly, certainly," said Pichon, in an offhand manner.

M. Joly took out his watch.

"Heavens!" he cried, "five o'clock—I must be off." And, rapping on the table, he called for the score.

"You approve of what I have done?"

"How can you ask such a question?" said

M. Joly playfully. "Have times changed so that nowadays one asks for approval before one has succeeded?"

"Even afterward one is not sure of it," grumbled Pichon. And, the score being settled, they passed out into the street.

"To whom is this affair known?" asked M. Joly as they neared the corner.

"Except to those I have mentioned, to no one—General Texier, the prefect, myself, and you."

"And Monsieur Bulow."

"Not at all. When Colonel de Wimpffen went to Bourg-la-Reine he said to him: 'I am going into the country—I give you a holiday. On my return I will send for you.' Consequently he knows nothing."

An omnibus drawn by three white horses was approaching.

"Pichon," said M. Joly, "you almost make me regret that there are such things as legacies—what you tell me is so interesting. I am dying to hear what Madame de Wimpffen will do when she finds—" His words were lost in the rumble of the wheels.

Pichon, on tiptoe, shouted in his ear, "If you will come to-morrow, at this hour——"

"That was what I was about to propose to you. Good-night, Pichon. Good luck to you."

"After all," thought Pichon, gazing after the retreating omnibus, "he did not tell me why he came to the prefecture."

Retracing his steps, he went over in his mind the conversation in the Café de l'Espérance. M. Joly was certainly right. One's first endeavour would be to replace the paper before its absence was discovered. But Colonel de Wimpffen was still at Bourg-la-Reine and had intended to remain there. Clearly he had had no opportunity, nor was he in any haste, to put back the stolen document. This thought troubled Pichon, for it threatened his theory. What if the document was already back in its place! He rejected this idea as preposterous. A general of the staff! The alternative was inconceivable. Yet this idea, having once found a lodgment in his brain, returned with a disquieting persistence.

Meanwhile, M. Joly, descending from the omnibus at Place de la Concorde, was following Boulevard Saint-Germain to the Ministry of War. He passed in unnoticed, but at the head of the stairs an usher asked what he wanted.

"The room of Colonel de Wimpffen."

"Colonel de Wimpffen is in the country."

"I did not ask for Colonel de Wimpffen. I asked for his room," replied M. Joly blandly.

"Since Colonel de Wimpffen is not in town, naturally his room is closed."

"Very well, then, I will see General Texier."

The usher eyed him superciliously.

"Your card, if you please. It is the order."

"My card? I have none. Say to him that I come from the prefecture."

"It makes no difference where you come from," said the usher, losing patience; "to see General Texier a card is necessary."

"I have something better," smiled M. Joly, "but since a card is necessary I will make one."

He tore a leaf from his notebook, wrote his name in pencil, and while waiting in the corridor remarked to himself, "It seems that in the Ministry of War it is easier to penetrate a safe than to penetrate to a general."

When, fifteen minutes later, he emerged from General Texier's office, he was accompanied by a secretary.

"You will take your instructions," said the latter, calling the usher and indicating M. Joly, "from this gentleman. Monsieur, here are the keys."

"The room of Colonel de Wimpffen, if you please," repeated M. Joly politely, slipping the bunch of keys into his pocket.

Reaching at last the door, he took out his watch. "At what hour does the Ministry close?" he asked.

"At six o'clock, monsieur."

"It is now twenty minutes of six. For carrying out your orders so faithfully I present you with these twenty minutes." Saying which he unlocked the door and went in.

He first relocked the door and removed the key; then he looked about him. Midway along the side wall stood a mahogany desk, behind which hung portières. Behind these portières he expected to find a door, but on drawing them aside he perceived an arch, within whose recess appeared the partition wall. Evidently, he thought, this room once formed part of a larger one which in the interests of economy has been divided. Opposite the desk was a door on either side of which were shelves filled with books and pasteboard pockets. Pushing a chair in front of this door, he sat down and took out the bunch of keys. After one or two trials this door opened, disclosing a safe let into the wall. Without hesitation he took hold of the dial, turned it successively to the right and left, till the massive front door swung on its hinges. Between the pigeonholes another smaller door confronted him. Selecting once more a key, he surmounted this last barrier, and, thrusting in his hand, pulled out a heavy blue envelope sealed with three seals bearing the words "Ministère de la Guerre." On the face of the envelope was the word "Mobilization."

At this instant a quick step resounded in the corridor. Replacing the envelope, he closed the safe and stood up, listening. Some one was about to enter. He had barely reached the portières when the door was opened, shut, and locked again. Motionless, holding his breath, he waited. A few steps—then silence. He parted the curtains gently—and saw the back of Pichon!

Seated in the chair before the safe, Pichon was repeating one by one the maneuvers of his predecessor. Finally he, too, thrust his hand into the inner vault and pulled out the blue envelope.

"Thunder of heaven!" he exclaimed, "I have made the wrong subtraction."

After astonishment came reflection. Firmly wedded to his theory, he found himself forced to suspect one so high in the hierarchy that his spirit of subordination revolted. To impart this suspicion to any one seemed to him impossible. Yet in his own mind it took the form of a conviction. Closing the safe mechanically, he left the room.

Shortly after six o'clock M. Joly had finished his investigation. The hall was filled with employees hurrying homeward. The expression on his face indicated that some problem more difficult than Pichon's subtraction was troubling him. "But why," he muttered, "if he is deaf—" Mingling with the throng, he descended the stairs slowly. At the entrance he accosted the porter.

"Monsieur," he asked, "this Bulow, the deaf clerk of Monsieur de Wimpffen——"

"Bulow?" replied the porter; "he is no more deaf than I am."

"But why, then, since he is not deaf——"

The porter thought he had to do with a crazy man.

"*Nom de Dieu!*" he retorted angrily, "go about your business. If you want a deaf man you will find a number of them in the Asylum on Rue Saint-Jacques—we do not keep them in the Ministry."

"Thank you," said M. Joly; "I have been misinformed."

At the corner of the street he found a commissionaire, and, tearing a second leaf from his note-book, sent the following message to Monrepos:—

"I am detained in Paris for the night. Say to Dorante that she may read on as far as the battle at Vouille, where Clovis defeated the Visigoths under Alaric II."

Then, hailing a cab, he gave the direction, "Rue Monge."

"What number?" asked the driver.

"Any number which pleases you," replied M. Joly.

As he anticipated, the cab drew up at No. 1. He paid the fare and continued on foot. Just before reaching No. 176 he saw on the opposite side of the street a café. The sky had cleared and the tables on the sidewalk were already crowded. At one of these tables a man was seated before a tall glass of black coffee. Seeing M. Joly approaching, this man rose with a gesture of surprise.

"Do not disturb yourself, Meneval," said M. Joly, taking the vacant chair at the same table. "We are in the same business."

"You are one of us again, Monsieur Joly?" asked Meneval respectfully.

"You used to take orders from me without asking questions, Meneval. Are you alone?"

"Yes, I am alone."

"Well, go and tell Pichon I wish to speak with him; and in order that your conscience may not suffer, I permit you to read this."

M. Joly took from his pocket the paper given him by the prefect.

"It is not necessary," replied Meneval, recognizing the prefect's signature. "I am going."

"But first tell me," said M. Joly, deliberately tearing the paper into small pieces, "what manner of man this Bulow is."

Meneval described him. "There is a light in his window now, the third above the thread-shop."

"Good. Tell Pichon to bring with him what is necessary. You have your pistol? Slip it into my pocket, Meneval. You will take a cab." Saying which M. Joly ordered another *sirop* and the *Figaro*.

The light was still burning in the third-story window when Pichon arrived with two agents. His face still wore the expression of surprise and anxiety with which he had received the message delivered by Meneval.

"Sit down, Pichon," said M. Joly in his

quietest manner. "Tell me, did you notice anything in particular this afternoon when you opened the safe at the Ministry?"

Pichon's small eyes opened to their widest capacity.

"You know, then,——"

"What I know is not the question. In fact, as yet I know nothing. So you did not notice anything?"

Pichon shook his head blankly.

"Nevertheless," said M. Joly, "it is worth thinking of. If agreeable to you we will consult Monsieur Bulow. Will you accompany me?"

Pichon followed him across the street into the doorway of No. 176 without a word.

"Pichon," said M. Joly at the foot of the stairs, "you remember that you said to me, 'I am in a fix.' It is therefore at your request that I interfere in your affairs. But if you wish—will you go first?"

"After you, master," said Pichon.

At the door on the third landing M. Joly knocked gently. A moment of silence intervened, then a voice said: "Come in."

M. Joly took off his hat.

"Have I the pleasure of addressing Monsieur Bulow?" he asked.

"That is my name. What do you want of me?"

"I?" replied M. Joly—"I want nothing. I come on behalf of my friend here, Monsieur Pichon. It is he who wishes to consult you on a matter of importance."

Pichon glanced at his friend appealingly.

"Be seated, gentlemen," said M. Bulow.

"You are very good to receive a stranger so affably," replied M. Joly. "The truth is my position is a delicate one. Monsieur Pichon is afflicted with an insatiable curiosity. He wishes to know why a man who is not deaf provides himself with one of those instruments called audiphones—or, if he be deaf, why he leaves it at the Ministry instead of carrying it on his person. Keep your seat, Monsieur Bulow," continued M. Joly, taking the pistol from his pocket and laying it on his knee. "I understand your feelings—do not move, please. I admit the question is an impertinent one. I admit even that I have no authority to ask impertinent questions of any one. For that reason, as you perceive,—" His hand closed over the handle on his knee.

Suddenly regaining his composure, the man burst into a boisterous laugh of affected gayety.

"What joke is this you are perpetrating?" he exclaimed.

"Monsieur Bulow," said M. Joly, "it is plain that you are saying to yourself that the blue envelope, with its seals affixed, is reposing safely in the vault at the Ministry. But there are cases in which a copy is of more value than the original—quick! Pichon!"

Of all this conversation Pichon understood nothing. But if his brain moved sluggishly his hands deserved no such reproach. He had seen the crisis approaching and was ready, ending the brief struggle by transferring the handcuffs in his pocket to the wrists of his assailant.

M. Joly went to the window and made a sign. The two agents appeared, breathless.

"One of you call a cab," said M. Joly, "and you, Pichon, go down with Meneval and Monsieur Bulow."

When, at the end of a few minutes, Pichon returned, he found M. Joly also ready to leave. "This fellow," he was saying, "is a simpleton. Here is the stamp whose impression you doubtless observed on the three wax seals, and here under this portfolio is the copy. I give them to you, Pichon."

"But I understand nothing," cried Pichon.

"Pichon," said M. Joly, "I once read in a book—one of those books in which we are held up to ridicule—of a man with an ear so acute that he could hear the tumblers of a lock fall into their places. I did not believe it. I do not believe it yet. Nevertheless, given a lock of a certain age and an audiphone—do you know what an audiphone is, Pichon? You will find one under the loose papers of the third drawer in Monsieur Bulow's desk at the Ministry—given these things, and it is possible."

"I am disgraced," cried Pichon.

"You disgraced, my friend! Why do you say so?"

"I have left that damned pencil in the lingerie of Madame de Wimpffen."

"Oh, as to that," replied M. Joly, "be tranquil. Here is your pencil, Pichon."

On reaching Monrepos late that evening M. Joly said to his wife:—

"Marie, I have to make a confession. Passing this afternoon before the prefecture, I was like a boy at the door of the pastry-cook, and I went in."

"I know it," she said.

"You know it!" exclaimed M. Joly in astonishment.

"Do you think I have observed nothing all these weeks?" said Madame Joly, smiling.

M. Joly made no reply. After all, Paradise also had its attractions.

Jetsam

By JOHN RUSSELL

John Russell

IT IS likely that at some time in his extreme youth Junius Peabody was introduced to those single-minded creatures, the ant and the bee. Doubtless he was instructed in the highly moral lessons they are supposed to illustrate to the inquiring mind of childhood. But it is certain he never profited by the acquaintance—indeed, the contemplation of such tenacious industry must have afflicted his infant consciousness with utter repugnance. By the time he was twenty-seven the only living thing that could be said to have served him as a model was the jellyfish.

Now, the jellyfish pursues a most amiable theory of life, being harmless, humorous, and decorative. It derives much enjoyment from drifting along through the glitter and froth, as chance may direct. It does no work to speak of. It never needs to get anywhere. And it never, never has to go thirsty. But some day it may get itself stranded, and then the poor jellyfish becomes an object quite worthless and fit only to be shoveled out of sight as soon as possible—because it lacks the use of its legs.

Thus it was with Junius Peabody, who awoke one morning of his twenty-eighth year on the roaring coral beach at Fufuti, below Bendemeer's place, to find that all the chances had run out and that the glitter had faded finally from a prospect as drab as the dawn spread over a butternut sea before him. . . .

Mr. Peabody sat up and looked about from under a corrugated brow, and yawned and shivered. His nerves had been reduced to shreds, and even the fiercest heat of tropic suns seemed never to warm him, a symptom familiar enough to brandy drunkards. But he had had such awakenings before, many of them, and the chill that struck through him on this particular morning was worse than any hang-over. It was the soul of Junius Peabody that felt cold and sick, and when he fumbled through his pockets—the subtle relation between the pockets and the soul is a point sadly neglected by our best little psychologists—he uncovered a very definite reason. His last penny was gone.

Under the shock of conviction Mr. Peabody sought to cast up the mental log, in the hope of determining where he was and how he came to be there.

The entries were badly blurred, but he could trace himself down through Port Said, Colombo, Singapore—his recollections here were limited to a woman's face in a balcony and the cloying aroma of anisette. He remembered a stop at Sydney, where he made the remarkable discovery that the Circular Quay was completely circular and could be circumnavigated in a night. After that he had a sketchy impression of the Shanghai race meeting and a mad sort of trip in a private yacht full of Australian sheep-something—kings, perhaps; tremendous fellows, anyway, of amazing capacity. And then Manila, of course, the place where he hired an ocean-going tug to urge a broken date on the coy ingénue of a traveling Spanish opera company. And then Macao, where he found and lost her again, as coy as ever, together with his wallet. And after that the hectic session when he and a Norwegian schooner captain hit the bank at fan-tan and swore eternal friendship amid the champagne baskets on the schooner's decks under a complicated moon. It was this same captain who had landed him finally—the baskets having been emptied—at the point of a boot on the strand where now he sat. So much was still quite clear and recent, within range of days.

Always through the maze of these memoirs ran one consistent and tragic motive—a dwindling letter of credit, the fag end of his considerable patrimony. It had expired painlessly at last, the night before if he could trust his head, for there had been a noble wake. He recalled the inscrutable face of the tall white man behind the bar who had cashed it for him after a rate of exchange of his own grim devising. And he recalled, too, a waif bit of their conversation as he signed the ultimate coupon.

"You can date it Fufuti," suggested Bendemeer, and spelled the name for him.

"And where—where the devil is Fufuti?" he asked.

"Three thousand miles from the next pub," said Bendemeer, with excessively dry significance.

The phrase came back to him now. . . .

"In that case," decided Junius Peabody, aloud, "—in that case there's no use trying to borrow car-fare, and it's too far to walk. I'm stuck."

Some one sniffed beside him, and he turned to stare into a face that might have been a distortion of his own yellow, haggard image.

"Hello," he said—and then, by natural sequence: "Say, you don't happen to have a flask anywhere handy about you—what?"

His neighbour scowled aggrievedly.

"Do I *look* like I 'ad a flask?"

The belligerent whine was enough to renew the identity of the mangy little larrikin whose couch on the sand he had shared. The Sydney Duck, they called him: a descriptive title which served as well as any. Junius did not like him very well, but he had lived in his company nearly a week and he had long forgotten to make effective distinctions. Brandy is a great democrat.

"It's my notion I'm going to have the fantods," explained Junius. "I need a bracer."

"My word, I could do with a nip meself just now," agreed Sydney. "'In't y' got no more credit with Bendemeer?"

Peabody made an effort.

"Seems to me I was thrown out of Bendemeer's last night. Is that right?"

"You was, and so was me and that big Dutchman, Willems—all thrown out. But it was your fault. You started playin' chuck farthin' among his bottles with a bunch of copper spikes. . . . I never see a man 'old his liquor worse."

"Well, I paid for it, didn't I?" inquired Junius, without heat. "And I believe you had your share. But what I'm getting at is—if he threw me out, the credit must be gone."

This was simple logic and unanswerable. "Maybe y' got something else he'll tyke for th' price," suggested Sydney. "Damn 'im—'e's keen enough to drive a tryde!"

Junius went through the form of searching, but without any great enthusiasm, nor was Sydney himself notably expectant—a fact that might have seemed to argue a rather sinister familiarity with the probable result.

"I did have some cuff links and things," said Peabody vaguely. "I wonder what's become of them."

"I wonder," echoed Sydney. As if some last possible claim upon his regard had been dissipated, he let his lips writhe in mockery. "Ah, and that's a pity too. You got to learn now what it means bein' on the beach and doin' *without* drinks—'cept as you kin cadge them off'n 'alf-caste Chinymen and such. You won't like it, you won't."

"Do you?" asked Junius.

"Me? I'm used to it. But, Lord, look at them 'ands! I'll lay you never did a day's work in your life."

"Did you?" inquired Junius Peabody equably.

"Garn!" retorted Sydney with a peculiarly unlovely sneer. "W'y, you don't know yet what you've come to, you don't. 'Jaimes, fetch me me mornin' drawft!'—that's your style. Only there 'in't no Jaimes no more, and no drawfts to be 'ad. Ho! . . . . You're only a beachcomber now, mytey. A lousy beachcomber! And you needn't expect me to do none of your beggin' for you, for I won't—no fear!"

Junius observed him with attention, with rather more attention than he could remember having bestowed upon any specific object for a long time. He examined the features of the Sydney Duck, the undue prominence of nose and upper lip, the singularly sharp ridge of the whole front face—whittled, as it might have been; the thin, pink ears and the jutting teeth that gave him something of the feeble ferocity of a rat. And with new perception he saw Sydney Duck, not only as an unpleasant individual but as a type, the fitting comrade and associate for such as he.

"It's a fact," said Junius Peabody; "I've fallen pretty low. . . ."

He looked out again upon that unprofitable dawning. To right and left stretched the flat, dim monotony of the beach, lined in misty surf and hedged with slim palms like a tufted palisade. From behind drifted the smokes from scores of homely hearths. Down by Tenbow Head the first pearling luggers were putting out under silver clouds of sail. Sea and land stirred once more with the accustomed affairs of busy men, but here between land and sea was the fringe of things, the deserted domain of wreckage and cast-off remnants. Here lay a broken spar half buried in the sand, part of the complex fabric that once enabled some fair ship to skim the waves. And here among the kelp and the bodies of marine animals he saw the loosened staves of a barrel limply spread and upthrust like the fingers of some dead giant, with an empty bottle near by as if fallen from that slack grip. And here, lastly, he was aware of Junius Peabody, also on the beach, washed up at the far edge of the world like any other useless bit of jetsam: to stay and to rot.

"Pretty low," said Junius Peabody.

But Sydney took no offense, and seemed, on the contrary, to extract a certain degree of pleasure from the other's recognition of his lot.

"Oh, it 'in't so bad," he declared, with a quite human impulse to reverse the picture. "There's easy pickin' if you know 'ow. Nobody starves 'ere anyw'y, that's one thing. No nigger will let a man starve—a soft lot of flats that w'y, the niggers. Often you fall in with a weddin' or a birthday or somethin'; they're always 'avin' a feast, and *they* don't care who comes—they 'in't proud. Then you got nobody aharryin' of you up and down and askin' you wot for, that's a comfort—my word! And once in a while there's sure to be a new chum come along with a bit of brass—some flat who's willin' to stand the drinks."

"Like me," suggested Junius.

"Oh, there's plenty like you," nodded the Sydney Duck. "It's the pearlin' brings 'em, though it 'in't so soft as maybe they think, you see. When they're stony they mostly tyke a job till they find a chance to get aw'y again—that's if they're able to do anything at all."

For the first time in his life, probably, Junius Peabody considered his accomplishments with a view to estimating their value in the open market.

"I once won the fancy diving event at Travers Island," he said. "And I used to swim the four-forty in a trifle over six minutes."

"That must 'a' been several seasons back," grinned Sydney.

"Not so many," said Junius slowly. "I forgot to add that I was also an excellent judge of French brandy."

He got to his feet and began to divest himself of the spotted remains of an expensive white silk suit.

"What's the gyme now?"

"Morning bath. Have you had yours yet?"

The Sydney Duck laughed, laughter that was strangely unmirthful and so convulsive that Junius blinked at him, fearing a fit of some kind.

"You're a rare 'un," gasped the Sydney Duck. "I seen a good few, I 'ave, but none as rare as you. Mornin' bawth—and 'ave I 'ad mine yet! . . . On the beach at Fufuti!" He waggled his hands.

"Well, if it seems so queer as all that why not blow yourself?" offered Junius with perfect good nature. "You can't tell, you might like it. Come along."

"Garn!" snarled the other.

So Junius turned away and walked down the strand alone. Outward the ground swell broke and came rushing in with long-spaced undulations, and as he stood at the verge, shrinking in his nakedness, the east flamed suddenly through its great red archway and turned all the world to tinted glory. Fair across to him was flung a shining path. It seemed as if he had only to step out along that straight way of escape, and for an instant he had a yearning to try. Never in his life had he followed a single course to a definite end, and what could be better now than to choose one at last, to follow, to go on following—and not to return?

He looked down at his body and saw as a revelation the pitiful wasting of his strength—how scrawny he was of limb, how bloated about the middle, and his skin how soft and leprous white. He made an ugly figure under the clear light of the morning, like the decaying things around him, where the carrion flies were beginning to swarm in the sun. And there came upon him then a sudden physical loathing of himself, a final sense of disaster and defeat.

"If I could only begin again—" thought Junius Peabody, and stopped and laughed aloud at the wish, which is old as folly and futile as sin. But he had no relief from laughter either, for it was the same he had just heard from the Sydney Duck, a sort of hiccup. So he stopped that too, and strode forthright into the wash. . . .

Something flung against his shin and tripped him. He sprawled awkwardly from a singular impact, soft though quite solid. He could see the object floating on the next wave and was curious enough to catch it up. It was a rough lump of some substance, a dirty grayish-brown in colour, the size of a boy's football. The touch of it was rather greasy.

Junius stayed with the trove in his hands and the tingling of an odd excitement in his mind. His first instinct rejected the evidence. He had a natural suspicion that events do not happen so. But while he brought to bear such knowledge as he owned, facts read or heard, he found himself still thrilled.

There was a sound from the shore and the Sydney Duck hurried up behind him to the edge of the water, both hands clawed, his little eyes distended.

"You've got it!" He took two steps after a retreating wave, but the next drove him hopping. It was strange to see the fellow drawn by a frantic eagerness and chased again by the merest flicker of foam, lifting his feet as gingerly as a cat.

"What have I got?" asked Junius, standing at mid-thigh where the surf creamed in between them.

"It's the stuff! Chuck it over—wha-i-i!" Sydney's voice rose to a squeal as a frothing ripple caught his toes.

Junius came wading shoreward, but he did not relinquish the lump when the other felt and paddled it feverishly, babbling.

"Look at that—look at that! All smooth an' soft—an' kind of slimy, like. Oh, no, we 'in't struck it fair rich this time, nor nothin'—oh, *now!* . . . Mytey, I tell you—by Gaw', I tell you it's the real stuff!"

"But oughtn't there be an odour—a perfume?"

"Not yet—not while it's fresh. That comes after. And any'ow, what else could it be—'ey?"

Junius shook his head.

"'Ere, I'll show you, you poor flat!" The larrikin raged about like a man in a strong temper. "Where's a nail? Gimme a nail, a long nail, or a piece of wire—'ell, I'll show you!"

He snatched up a strip of planking from the sand and wrenched a rusty spike from it. With swift jerky gestures he gathered a few dry chips and splinters, whipped a match, and set them alight. In this brief blaze he heated the spike and then applied it to the lump. It sank smoothly, leaving a little melted ring around the hole.

"Ambergris!" he yelped. "Worth near two pound an ounce, right 'ere in Fufuti. . . . And the 'arf of it's mine," he added, with a startling shift to the most brazen impudence.

Junius regarded him, incredulous.

"What? That's wot! Wasn't I here? 'In't I been pallin' along of you? It's a fair divvy. W'y, damn your soul," he screamed in a sudden febrile blast of fury, "you don't think you're goin' to 'og my 'arf an' all!"

"*Your* half!" repeated Junius. "Huh—nothing small about you, is there? Why, you weren't anywhere near when I found it. Didn't you pass up the swim?"

Just here the Sydney Duck made his mistake. Had he proceeded with any finesse, with any understanding of his man, he might have done about as he pleased, and it is likely that little of moment would have transpired on Fufuti beach that morning. But he acted by his lights, which were narrow and direct, and he hit Junius Peabody suddenly in the smiling face of him and knocked him reeling backward. The next instant he was running for the nearest palms with the prize tucked under one arm.

Junius sat on the sand and blinked, and at first he felt rather hurt, for he was not used to being treated so, at least not while he was sober. And thereafter he grinned, for such was his way of turning aside a casual unpleasantness, and the thing undeniably had its humorous aspect. But finally came the throb of a strange new emotion, as if some one had planted a small, hot coal in his breast.

It is a fact worthy of note that never before had Junius Peabody known the sting of a living anger. But never before had Junius Peabody been reduced to a naked Junius Peabody, dot and carry nothing—penniless, desperate, and now cheated of a last hope. That made the difference.

"Hey!" he protested. "See here, you know—Dammit!"

He struggled up and climbed anyhow into trousers, coat, and shoes, and set off at a shambling trot, with no clear notion of what he meant to do, but keeping the larrikin in sight.

Sydney dodged in among the trees, found them too scant for cover, paused to fling a yellow snarl over his shoulder, and swung up the shore. He turned, questing here and there, shouting as he ran, and presently raised an answering shout from a hollow whence another figure started up to join him, a bearded, heavy-set rogue, whose abnormally long arms dangled like an ape's out of his sleeveless shirt. Junius recognized Willems, the third of their party the night before, and he knew where the interest of that sullen big Hollander would lie. He had a coalition of thievery against him now. The two beachcombers ran on together, footing briskly past the long boat sheds and the high white veranda of Bendemeer's place. . . .

Under this iron thatch stood the man Bendemeer himself, cool and lathy in spotless ducks, planted there, as was his morning custom, to oversee and command all his little capital. And in truth it was a kingdom's capital, the center of a trading monopoly of the old type, and chief seat of as strange and absolute a tyrant as the world still offers room for; rich, powerful, independent, fearing nothing between heaven and hell, and at once the best-loved and the best-hated individual in his sphere of influence.

Bendemeer, trader, philanthropist, and purveyor of rotgut, was one of those unclassed growths of the South Seas that almost constitute a new racial type. Nobody could have placed his nationality or his caste or his accent. His name was of a piece with the grim self-sufficiency that gave nothing and asked nothing: an obvious jest, borrowed from the Persian song of an Irish poet, but the one touch of fancy about him. Somewhere, somehow, he had taken a cynic twist or a rankling wound that had turned his white man's blood once for all. They tell stories of such cases up and down the islands, and mostly the stories are very ugly and discreditable indeed. But not so concerning Bendemeer; against whom was no scandal; only curses and bitterness. For his peculiarity took the especially irritating form of fair dealings with some thousands of brown-skinned natives and no dealings at all with any man of his own colour—except to beat him at strict business and then to sell him as much villainous liquor as he could at the highest possible price. As he leaned there indolently in his doorway, with arms folded and cheroot between his thin lips, he could measure his own land as far as he could see on either side, a small part of his holdings in plantations and trading stations throughout the archipelago. Offshore, behind the only good strip of barrier reef and near the only navigable channel on the south coast, lay anchored his *Likely Jane*, flagship of a smart little navy. His gang of boys was hustling cargo out of her in surfboats, and both boys and boats were the handiest and ablest that could be found anywhere for that ticklish work. He had only to turn his head to view the satisfactory bulk of his sheds and dependencies, solid, new-painted. The house at his back was trim, broad, and comfortable, and in the storeroom underneath lay thousands of dollars' worth of assorted trade goods, all of which would eventually become copra and great wealth.

This was the man, decidedly in possession of his own legs and able to stand and to navigate on the same, to whom Junius Peabody appealed in his wretched need. . . .

Junius stumbled up to the steps. The burst had marrow-drawn him, his lungs laboured pitifully as if he were breathing cotton wool. It was hot, for the sun had sprung wide like an opened furnace gate, but he had not started a pore.

"I've been robbed," he wheezed, and pointed a wavering hand. "Those chaps there—robbed——!"

Bendemeer glanced aside up the strand after the disappearing ruffians and then down at the complainant, but otherwise he did not move, only stayed considering from his lean, leathery mask, with still eyes, outward-looking.

"What do you care?" he said idly. "You'll be dead in a month anyhow."

Junius gaped toward him dizzily. The fellow was the local authority, and besides had taken his money. He could not believe that he had heard aright. "But, say—they've stolen my property!"

Bendemeer shot a blue ring of smoke into the sunshine. "In that case you've lost it. They're heading for the Rocks, and once they've gone to earth there you never could find them—you'd be torn to pieces if you did."

He flicked the ash of his cheroot in a pause. "I suppose you mean I might help you," he continued. "I might, but I won't. I've seen a good many of your kind before, drift stuff that gets washed up on the beach. You're not worth it. And now, since you have no further business with me, I'd be obliged if you'd kindly get the hell out of my front yard. You're interfering with the view. . . ."

Junius Peabody found himself groping away through the sunlight on Fufuti beach once more. A dead calm held the air. Under the steady, low organ note of the reef he could hear only the drag of his own steps, the curious, unforgettable "shr-ring" of boot leather on coral.

It was borne upon him then that he had just acquired a liberal education, that he had learned more essential facts within the last hour than he had ever gained before in his twenty-odd years—a tabloid of life—and too late to be of any use. Such abstractions are sometimes valuable to a man, but they are not the sort that brings a lump in his throat and a winking in his eyes. The thing, the sheerly heartfelt thing that Junius Peabody said to himself, sniffling, was this: "And he didn't—didn't even offer me a drink!"

There was nothing to draw him any farther—no help, no promise of success, not even a single witness to shame with a grin or to urge with an expectant stare—nothing outside himself. Fufuti beach lay stark and aching white before him. The two thieves had long since lost themselves among the palms. Down by the water's edge a couple of Bendemeer's boat boys were salvaging odds and ends lost overboard in an upset in yesterday's heavy surf. They did not waste a thought or a look on him. He was many degrees less important than a lot of other rubbish around there. He might just as well, he might much better, slump down in a sodden heap amid the rest of the jetsam. And yet he did not. . . . And he did go on. For some obscure, irrational human reason, he did go on. Perhaps because of the tiny coal in his breast, blown red by Bendemeer's blasting contempt. Perhaps because, after all, no man ever quite achieves complete resemblance to a jellyfish.

On the southern tip of Fufuti stands Tenbow Head, the end of a rough little jut of land known locally as the Rocks. To speak by the book, there is neither rock nor head, but the abyss turned in its sleep once, and shouldered half a mile of Fufuti's shore line to a height of thirty feet—enough for a mountain in this sea of humble atolls. Incidentally it smashed the elevated reefs like chalk in a mortar. Tenbow is a wreck of shattered coral terraces, clad in the eager growths which profit by its trifling rise and which alone do profit. For the rest it remains the island jungle, a section apart and untouched, almost impenetrable.

Junius Peabody began his exploration of this cheerful region by falling on his face in a gully and bruising his nose very grievously. He found no trail to guide him up the slope. It was pitted like slag, deceitful as old honeycomb. The footing crumbled; tempting beds of moss and fern slipped away at his clutch; twisting lianas caught his ankles and sent him asprawl. The very ground seemed armed against him with a malignant life of its own. He had to creep among jagged teeth that sliced his flimsy garments and his putty-soft flesh. And when a loosened mass slid gently over at a touch and caught and crushed an arm he scarcely wondered whether any personal power had directed. It was all the same.

For a long time he lay looking at his pulped fingers and the driven drops of blood from the quick of his nails, sensing the exquisite pain almost as a luxury, hugging it to him. But at length he stirred and began to wriggle forward again.

"If I'm going to die anyway," said Junius Peabody, "I'm going to die doing this." Which was an extraordinary remark on all accounts. . . .

And so by dint of following something, and still following with unlimited purpose over a limited terrain, he ran it down in the end and came to the hiding place he sought.

A rooted instinct of the potentially criminal, which prompts them to be ready to flee though no man pursueth, had moved the beachcombers of Fufuti long since to prepare their snug retreat in the heart of the Rocks. On the inward shore of the promontory they had found a level bit of shelf screened by lush vegetation, with the green-stained cliff for wall and the sapphire waters of the lagoon below for forecourt. Hither they repaired in the intervals of lesser lawbreaking and free entertainment, always secure of hearth and shelter where the broad pandanus spread its shingles. And hither, straight as merry men to their shaw, they had brought the great treasure of the morning.

A truly homelike scene was that on which Junius Peabody peered from ambush above. . . .

From the convenient branch of a tree the Sydney Duck had suspended by its middle a single stout stick. At one end of the stick he had slung the stolen lump in a fiber net. At the other he had attached a battered tin can of the kind that the beneficent enterprise of an American oil company had spread to most of the dark parts of the earth. On this balance of an ancient and primitive design he was engaged in weighing his ill-gotten gains, squatting to the task.

"A gallon of water weighs a good eight pound," he declared. "I figger five quarts an' a 'arf. And five is ten and the 'arf is one——"

Willems stood beside him in an attitude of stolid skepticism. There was no mistaking the breed of this big derelict. He had managed to assert it on a Pacific isle by fashioning himself somehow a pipe with a clay bowl and a long stem of the true drooping line. He looked quite domestic and almost paternal as he shuffled his broad feet and towered over the little larrikin. But the fists he carried in the pockets of his dungarees bulged like coconuts, and his hairy arms were looped brown cables. A tough man for an argument was Mynheer Willems.

"Yaw," he was saying. "But how you know you got five quarts and a half?"

"W'y, any fool could guess near enough!" cried Sydney, with the superfluous violence that was his caste mark. "And you—y' big Dutchman—'in't you swilled enough beer in your time to judge? Besides, the bally can 'olds three gallon—bound to. There's one sure measure. . . . I say we got, anyw'y, eleven pounds of this stuff, and I 'appen to know that Bendemeer's fair crazy after it. He'll pay big. We ought to 'ave two thousands dollars Chile to split. . . . Two thousands silver dibs!"

It was a cue to friendly feeling, that luscious phrase. The two men beamed upon it as Sydney dumped the balance and swung the fiber net. But it was also a cue of another kind, for it brought Junius Peabody on stage. He arrived by the simple process of sliding on a bundle over the brow of the cliff.

"That's mine," he announced.

The beachcombers stayed stricken, which was pardonable. Surely there never showed a less heroic figure or a stranger defiance than that of Mr. Peabody, torn, bedraggled, and besmeared. There was nothing muscular or threatening about him. He took no pose. He offered no weapon. He came on at them limping, with quivering lip and empty hands, even with open hands. And yet the incredible fact remained that he did come on at them and continued to come.

"It's mine," repeated Junius. "All mine, and I'm going to have it—all!"

Amazement held them motionless for as long as it took him to cross the ledge—pleased amazement, as they knew him better. There are few things more congenial to certain gentlemen than a chance to maul an easy victim. And here was the easiest victim that either of these gentlemen had seen in many a day. He was no match for them, could be no possible match. Since he would have it so, they accepted joyously, closed in upon him from either side and started to drag him down as a preliminary to trampling the lights out of him. . . .

But they counted without the absolute simplicity of a man who has found an objective for the first time in his life and has set himself to reach it, regardless. Mr. Peabody did not pause to fight or to wrestle. He let them get a good grip on him and then took the unexpected way by keeping right on—and, pinioning their arms, merely walking them over the edge into space.

For an instant the three seemed to hang suspended, interlocked amid smashing vines and taut creepers, and then toppled toward the lagoon.

Even before they struck, Sydney's despairing yell rang out. Their plunge drowned it and gave way to the cries of startled sea birds, knifing the air in flung white crescents and circling about the troubled spot that boiled like blue champagne. But when he came up again the unfortunate larrikin loosed shriek after bubbling shriek and floundered madly for shore, all else forgotten in his dominant terror.

Willems was made of sterner metal. He grappled Peabody as they rose and sought to use his long arms, reaching for the throat. He learned better presently, however, and he learned, too, how much chance he had against a man who had once won a fancy diving title at Travers Island. Junius took him down by the feet and held him down until there was no spring and no temper left to him, only a large and limp and very badly frightened Hollander who wanted to get out of the wet. He was quite willing to paddle after the Sydney Duck. Meanwhile Junius gathered up an object in a fiber net that was floating near by and swam on to follow his purpose. . . .

The man Bendemeer was standing behind his little zinc bar when a shadow sifted in through the doorway, and, looking up, he took a backward step that nearly cost him his stock of glassware. The man Bendemeer was not used to stepping back from anything, but the red and dripping ruin that confronted him was beyond usage of any kind. Junius Peabody looked as if he had been run through a mangle. His dress was fragmentary. Most of the skin had been flayed from the more prominent curves of his anatomy. His left arm hung useless. He crawled in and propped himself to keep from falling, and called for brandy in a voice scarcely recognizable. "Peabody—is it?" demanded Bendemeer, incredulous.

"Will you keep a customer waiting?" rasped Junius. "You needn't stare." He laughed weakly. "You can't order me off now, Bendemeer. I'm a paying customer again."

"As how?"

Junius lifted a fist and dropped the sopping net on the bar. "Ambergris—eleven pounds of it. My property."

Bendemeer inspected the brownish lump, and as he understood, his thin lips pleated and his glance quickened. "Oh, ho!" he said. "Was it *this* they robbed you of?"

Peabody nodded.

"You got it back from them—yourself?"

"There's the stuff."

"So I see. But I'm asking—did you take it away from those two cutthroats alone, without any help?"

"I did. And now I've come to talk business. It's a good proposition, Bendemeer."

The tall, grim white man studied him with a narrow regard glinting like a probe and equally cool, detached, and impersonal. He had the air of a surgeon who approaches a clinical experiment. "I'm inclined to think it may be," he decided. "Yes—a sporting risk; though I'm certain enough of the result, Peabody, mind that. I believe I might make a bit of a gamble with myself, just to see that I'm right. Come now—what do you want?"

"A thousand silver," said Junius.

"I haven't so much about me. Suppose we say a standing credit for a thousand drinks instead."

Junius stiffened against the bar.

"It amounts to the same thing, doesn't it?" continued Bendemeer: "Why should you trouble about dollars—mere tokens? You can't get away from Fufuti. The *Jane* out there, she's due to sail this morning on a round of my plantations. She's the only ship clearing for a month at least. . . . By the time you'd drunk yourself to death I'd simply have the money back again."

Peabody stared, and a streak of crimson leaped into his cheek as if a whiplash had been laid across it.

"Damn you—!" he cried shakily. "Give me that brandy—I'll pay for it. Here's the stuff. It's mine. I went after it and I got it. I earned it myself, and fairly!"

"To what end?" Bendemeer cut in. "So you can pickle yourself before burial?"

Junius Peabody writhed. "What's it to you how I spend it afterward? I'm a free agent. I can do as I like."

"That," said Bendemeer with quiet emphasis, "is a lie."

Holding his quivering subject, impaled on his glance as it seemed, he reached a black, square bottle. He shoved a glass in front of Junius Peabody and poured a generous measure. With one hand he kept the glass covered and with the other pointed out through the doorway.

"I'll say you lie, and I'll demonstrate:

"You see my schooner out there? That's her boat on the beach. She leaves in half an hour; her captain's come now for final orders. She goes first from here to an island of mine a hundred miles away. I planted it with coconuts five years ago, and left a population of maybe a dozen Kanakas to tend them—it's going to be worth money some day. Nukava, they call it, and it's the edge of the earth, the farthest corner, and the loneliest and the driest. There's not a drop of anything on the place except water, scant and brackish at that. But a white man could live there, if he were fit to live at all, and wanted to badly enough.

"Now I'll make you an offer. I'll buy this lump of stuff from you, and I'll buy it either of two ways. A half interest in Nukava and you go there at once to take charge as agent. . . . Or else—here's your brandy and I'll keep you perpetually drunk as long as you last."

Junius swayed on his feet. "Agent?" he stammered. "To go away——?"

"Now. And once there you can't escape. You're stuck for a year on a coral gridiron, Peabody, to sit and fry."

"What for? You—! What for?"

Bendemeer shrugged.

"Because it amuses me. Because I please. Because—I know what you'll do. I've been watching men of your sort all my life, and I know what they're worth—drift on the beaches, scraps, trash, jetsam. Regeneration, eh? Rot and drivel! You can't save yourself any more than you could lift yourself by your own boot straps. It suits me to prove it to you this way."

He lifted his hand away from the glass. Peabody's stare dropped from that cryptic regard to the waiting brandy before him, the red liquor, odorous and maddening. Peabody's lips moved, and he wet them with the tip of his tongue and gripped the bar with straining white fingers.

"You're wrong," he breathed. "You lose, Bendemeer. I can do it—I've just learned I can do it. And, by God," he added, prayerfully, "I will."

Bendemeer took up the netted lump.

"Very well," he said, offhand. "Just a moment, while I chuck this stuff in the storeroom."

He turned and tramped out through the

rear without a glance behind him—and left Junius Peabody there alone before the bar.

He was gone perhaps five minutes, quite as much as that, an ample space of time. When he came back there was no glass in sight. It had vanished, and the room reeked with the fumes of a very flagrant distillation of French brandy. He looked his customer up and down and his lids lowered a trifle.

"Well, how did you like the flavour?"

The face of Junius Peabody was like a death's-head, but the eyes in his sockets blazed with a light all their own, and, standing there erect, standing square on his two legs with his feet braced apart, he swore—somewhat inexpertly, it was true, but still quite heartily; good, crisp profanity such as one able man may use with another—until Bendemeer's puzzled gaze caught the sparkle of broken glass lying in a great splash of liquid in a corner of the floor. "I'm going to Nukava!" cried Junius Peabody. "And you see—you see there are some scraps thrown up on the beach that are worth something after all, and be damned to you, Bendemeer!"

Bendemeer's grip shot out as if against his volition, and after an instant's hesitation Peabody took it. He did not yet know all the trader had done for him, perhaps would never know, but on the inscrutable front of that remarkable man was a faint glow curiously unlike a loser's chagrin.

"So it seems," acknowledged Bendemeer. "So it seems"—and smiled a little, rather oddly. . . .

Bendemeer was still smiling that way, all by himself, an hour or so later when he had watched the *Likely Jane* lay her course for Nukava with the new agent on board and had gone down into his storeroom to put the place to rights. There was a clutter of odds and ends of cargo that had been spilled from an upset surfboat the day before. Most of it had been salvaged by his Kanaka boys along shore, but a certain broken tub containing tallow had lost part of its contents. However, he was able now to restore a large lump weighing perhaps eleven pounds or so, which made the tally nearly good.

When I Die

Translated from the Aztec by John Hubert Cornyn

[*This little lyric, the authorship of which has been attributed to the famous poet king of Texcoco, Nezahualcoyotl, who ruled nearly five centuries ago, is still sung in the valley of Mexico today:*]

No-nantzin icuac ni-miquiz,
mo-tlecuilpan xi-nech-toca;
huan cuac tiaz ti-qui- tlaxcalchihuaz
ompan no-pampa xi-choca
ihuan intla acah mitz-tlahtlaniz:
"Zoapilli tleca ti-mo-choca,"
ti-quiluiz: "Xoxouhqui in cahuitl,
nech choctia ica huel popoca." J. H. C.

Oh, my mother, when I die,
Bury me beneath the hearth.
When you go to make the bread,
There is where you'll cry for me;

And if any one should ask:
"Noble lady, wherefore cry you?"
You will answer: "Green the wood is;
Much it smokes and makes me cry."

Pegasus, the Winged

[According to Greek myth, the Winged Horse sprang into life from the body of Medusa, "the Queen," she whom Perseus slew, only mortal of the three dread Gorgons. Most beautiful, swift and marvelous of all horses was he. When Mt. Helicon, the Bœotian abode of the Muses, quivered at their song and trembled upwards, as if to rise to the skies, it was Pegasus who stamped upon its surface and restored its firmness; and where his shapely hoof struck, there gushed forth "the true, the blissful" Hippocrene, fountain of the Muses from that time on.

This incomparable steed Bellerophon captured at the Peirene spring, on the rocky slope of the citadel of his native Corinth—with the aid of the golden bridle furnished by Athene; upon him he conquered the Chimæra and the Amazons; but when he attempted to scale Olympos, Zeus sent a gadfly whose stings caused Pegasus to throw his rider. The winged charger continued on, and thenceforth served the Father of the Gods, bringing him the thunder and the lightning. And still his glory blazes in the September sky, between Andromeda and Aquarius.

The earliest stories did not contain the modern symbolization, identifying Pegasus with the poetic muse. But the Britannica *makes one of its rare errors in stating that the first such attribution is in the "Orlando innamorato" of Boiardo—as Reinach has pointed out. Ausonius certainly has such a connection in mind, in the fourth century B. C.; Ovid also, in a "Letter to Perilla." Our common symbol has the sanction of at least a couple of thousand years.* H.W.L.]

* * *

Whither fliest thou, mad heart? There is no escape. Fly as far as Tanais; Love will hunt thee down. Thou shalt not escape though thou be borne aloft on the back of Pegasus, nor though the pinions of Perseus wing thy feet. PROPERTIUS.

THE BIRTH OF PEGASUS

"Now, most valiant Perseus, tell us, I beseech thee, with how great valour and by what arts thou didst cut off the head all hairy with serpents." The descendant of Abas tells them that there is a spot situate beneath cold Atlas, safe in his bulwark of a solid mass; that, in the entrance of this, dwelt the two sisters, the daughters of Phorcys, who shared the use of a single eye; that he stealthily, by sly craft, while it was being handed over, obtained possession of this by putting his hand in the way; and that through rocks far remote, and pathless, and bristling with woods on their craggy sides, he had arrived at the abodes of the Gorgons, and saw everywhere, along the fields and the roads, statues of men and wild beasts turned into stone, from their natural form, at the sight of Medusa; yet that he himself, from the reflection on the brass of the shield which his left hand bore, beheld the visage of the horrible Medusa; and that, while a sound sleep held her and her serpents entranced, he struck the head from off the neck; and that Pegasus and his brother (Chrysaor), fleet with wings, were produced from the blood of her, their mother. OVID.

It was with Medusa that the azure-haired god lay in the soft meadow, and amid the flowers of spring. From her too when, as the tale is, Perseus had cut off the head, up sprang huge Chrysaor and the steed Pegasus. To the latter came his name because I wot he was born near the springs of Ocean. . . . And he indeed, winging his flight away, left Earth, the mother of flocks, and came to the immortals; in Jove's house he dwells, bearing to counsellor Jove thunder and lightning. HESIOD.

Both were beloved of a water-spring, for the one drank at Pegasus' fountain and the other got him drink of Arethusa; and the one sang of the lovely daughter of Tyndareus, and of the great son of Thetis . . . but this other's singing was neither of wars nor tears but of Pan . . . he taught the lore of kisses, he made a fosterling of Love, he roused and stirred the passion of Aphrodite. MOSCHUS.

ATHENE REVISITS THE SCENE

And where the way seems shortest over the sea, she makes for Thebes and Helicon, frequented by the virgin Muses; having reached which mountain she stops, and thus addresses the learned sisters: "The fame of the new fountain has reached my ears, which the hard hoof of the winged steed sprung from the blood of Medusa has opened. That is the cause of my coming. I wished to see this wondrous prodigy; I saw him spring from the blood of his mother." Urania replies, "Whatever, Goddess, is the cause of thy visiting these abodes, thou art most acceptable to our feelings. However, the report is true, and Pegasus is the originator of this spring;" and then she conducts Pallas to the sacred streams.

Metamorphoses. OVID (RILEY).

On the corselet his bosom encompassing
The fire-breathing lioness rushed, up-glaring
At the winged steed trapped by Peirene's spring. EURIPIDES.

BRIDLE MAGIC

And Glaucus, who had come from Lycia, was dreaded by the Danai. To them Bellerophon declared that in the city of Peirene his father held rule, with a rich portion of land and a palace; that hero who once, in his eager desire to harness the offspring of the snaky Gorgon, Pegasus, at Peirene's spring, endured many trials, till at last the maiden Pallas brought him a bridle with a frontlet of gold; and from a dream forthwith it proved a reality. For she called to him and said, "Sleepest thou, Æolid king? Come, take this horse-charm, and show it to your sire, Poseidon the horse-breaker, with the sacrifice of a white bull."

Such were the words which the maid of the sable ægis seemed to say to him as he slumbered in the dark. And up he sprang on feet erect, and seizing the divine gift that lay by him, he found to his delight a seer residing in the land, and showed to him, the son of Cœranus, the whole issue of the affair; how he had slept on the altar of the goddess at night from his prophetic warning, and how the daughter of Zeus, lancer of the thunderbolt, had with her own hands given him the spirit-taming gold. The seer bade him at once comply with the dream; and that when he should have slaughtered a horny-hoofed bull to the widely-ruling holder of Earth, he should forthwith set up an altar to the equestrian goddess Athene. The power of a god brings about an easy accomplishment beyond one's oath or even one's hope. So in truth did the sturdy Bellerophon with eager haste take captive the winged steed by tying the gentle remedy round his jaw; and at once he mounted him, and disported himself in full brazen armour. With him too on one occasion he smote and slew, from the bosom of the cold desert air, the female host of Amazon archers, the fire-breathing Chimæra, and the Solymi. Of his fate I will say nothing; but the steed found an abode in the ancient stalls of Zeus in Olympus. PINDAR (PALEY).

Pegasus himself had lent thee his subject wings and been glad to carry thee and, now that a mightier rider bestrode him, had turned in proud disdain from Bellerophon's bridle.

CLAUDIAN.

That which is called the Acrocorinthus is a lofty mountain. . . . There, it is said, Pegasus was taken by Bellerophon, while drinking; this was a winged horse, which sprung from the neck of Medusa when the head of the Gorgon was severed from the body. This was the horse, it is said, which caused the Hippocrene, or Horse's Fountain, to spring up in Helicon by striking the rock with its hoof. STRABO.

If 'tis truly told that Hippocrene gushed forth at the hoof-beat of the impatient courser, thou, begotten in the very fount of Pegasus, wast first to link new rhythmic feet, and, while the nine holy Muses sang in harmony, didst urge the lord of Delos to slaughter of the dragon.

AUSONIUS.

LETTER TO PERILLA

Go, greet Perilla, quickly written letter, and be the trusty servant of my speech . . . Say that I live, but in such wise that I would not live; that my misfortunes have not been lightened by the lapse of so long a time, that nevertheless I am returning to the Muses despite their injury, forcing words to fit alternating measures. Say to her, "Art thou too still devoted to our common pursuit of singing learned verse, though not in thy father's fashion? For with thy life nature has bestowed upon thee modest ways and a rare dower of native wit. This I was the first to guide to the stream of Pegasus, lest the rill of fertile water unhappily be lost. I was the first to discern this in the tender years of thy girlhood when, as a father to his daughter, I was thy guide and comrade." OVID.

All that the rising sun and all that the setting knows, all that the ocean laves with its blue waters, twice ebbing and twice flowing, time with the pace of Pegasus shall gather in. SENECA.

WHEN PEGASUS CARRIED DOUBLE

The hero was forced to go into exile from Corinth in consequence of an unintentional murder. He took refuge with Proteus, king of Tiryns. Endowed with grace and beauty and courage he inspired the queen, Sthenebœa, with a guilty love. But the youth repelled her advances. Scorned, she went to Proteus and told him that Bellerophon had affronted her. The king was not willing to shed the blood of a guest; so he bade the youth bear to Sthenebœa's father, king of Lycia, a message, which was a sentence of death. The hero came out of his conflict with the Chimæra victorious, and then returned to Tiryns, where he persuaded Sthenebœa that his feelings towards her had changed, and that he would take her to wife, if she were willing to follow him. Both mounted Pegasus and flew from Tiryns over the eastern Peloponnesus, and when they were come to the open sea, not far from Melos, Bellerophon turned round, seized his companion and hurled her into the waves. He then flew back to Tiryns to tell Proteus what he had done and to justify his deed.

Scholium. GREGORY OF CORINTH.

We know that the winged Pegasus threw his master Bellerophon when he wanted to reach the stations in heaven to join the goodly company of Zeus. A most bitter end awaits unlawful pleasures. PINDAR.

Then entered a person called Reaport, sitting on a flying horse, with wynges and feet of gold, called Pegasus. *Chronicle of Henry VIII (1548).* HALL.

The favour of Princes is no more.
Malherbe, in this brutal age
Pegasus is a horse who draws
Poets to hospital. MAYNARD.

Calliope never deigned to speak with them,
And Pegasus for them refused to fly. BOILEAU (1665).

A HORSE THAT BUT ONE MAY BRIDLE

Pindar is copious about Pegasus: that noble animal. The peculiarly gifted horse, hard to bridle, is common property of "fairy tales." Usually some friendly person tells the adventurous lad to use a peculiar bridle without which the steed is untamable. The boy can always sell the horse, but keep the bridle; the purchaser returns the nag, and the hero keeps the money. In Pindar's Fourth Pythian Ode, Athene is the benevolent person of the *Märchen.* Bellerophon, wanting to break in Pegasus, sleeps in her temple; she presents him with the magical golden bit and head-stall. Dropping Pegasus, magical bridle and all, Homer says only that the gods "gave Bellerophon friendly convoy to Lycia."

ANDREW LANG.

Going Into Society

By CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Dickens

AT ONE period of its reverses, the House fell into the occupation of a Showman. He was found registered as its occupier, on the parish books of the time when he rented the House, and there was therefore no need of any clue to his name. But, he himself was less easy to be found; for, he had led a wandering life, and settled people had lost sight of him, and people who plumed themselves on being respectable were shy of admitting that they had ever known anything of him. At last, among the marsh lands near the river's level, that lie about Deptford and the neighbouring market-gardens, a Grizzled Personage in velveteen, with a face so cut up by varieties of weather that he looked as if he had been tattooed, was found smoking a pipe at the door of a wooden house on wheels. The wooden house was laid up in ordinary for the winter, near the mouth of a muddy creek; and everything near it, the foggy river, the misty marshes, and the steaming market-gardens, smoked in company with the grizzled man. In the midst of this smoking party, the funnel-chimney of the wooden house on wheels was not remiss, but took its pipe with the rest in a companionable manner.

On being asked if it were he who had once rented the House to Let, Grizzled Velveteen looked surprised, and said yes. Then his name was Magsman? That was it, Toby Magsman—which lawfully christened Robert; but called in the line, from a infant, Toby. There was nothing agin Toby Magsman, he believed? If there was suspicion of such—mention it!

There was no suspicion of such, he might rest assured. But, some inquiries were making about that House, and would he object to say why he left it?

Not at all; why should he? He left it, along of a Dwarf.

Along of a Dwarf?

Mr. Magsman repeated, deliberately, and emphatically, Along of a Dwarf.

Might it be compatible with Mr. Magsman's inclination and convenience to enter, as a favour, into a few particulars?

Mr. Magsman entered into the following particulars.

It was a long time ago, to begin with;—afore lotteries and a deal more was done away with. Mr. Magsman was looking about for a good pitch, and he see that house, and he says to himself, "I'll have you, if you're to be had. If money'll get you, I'll have you."

The neighbours cut up rough, and made complaints; but Mr. Magsman don't know what they *would* have had. It was a lovely thing. First of all, there was the canvass, representin the picter of the Giant, in Spanish trunks and a ruff, who was himself half the heighth of the house, and was run up with a line and pulley to a pole on the roof, so that his Ed was coeval with the parapet. Then, there was the canvass, representin the picter of the Albina lady, showing her white air to the Army and Navy in correct uniform. Then, there was the canvass, representin the picter of the Wild Indian a scalpin a member of some foreign nation. Then, there was the canvass, representin the picter of a child of a British Planter, seized by two Boa Constrictors—not that *we* never had no child, nor no Constrictors neither. Similarly, there was the canvass, representin the picter of the Wild Ass of the Prairies—not that *we* never had no wild asses, nor wouldn't have had 'em at a gift. Last, there was the canvass, representin the picter of the Dwarf, and like him too (considerin), with George the Fourth in such a state of astonishment at him as His Majesty couldn't with his utmost politeness and stoutness express. The front of the House was so covered with canvasses, that there wasn't a spark of daylight ever visible on that side. "MAGSMAN'S AMUSEMENTS," fifteen foot long by two foot high, ran over the front door and parlour winders. The passage was a Arbour of green baize and gardenstuff. A barrel-organ performed there unceasing. And as to respectability,—if threepence ain't respectable, what is?

But, the Dwarf is the principal article at present, and he was worth the money. He was wrote up as MAJOR TPSCHOFFKI, OF THE IMPERIAL BULGRADERIAN BRIGADE. Nobody couldn't pronounce the name, and it never was intended anybody should. The public always turned it, as a regular rule, into Chopski. In the line he was called Chops; partly on that account, and partly because his real name, if he ever had any real name (which was very dubious), was Stakes.

He was a un-common small man, he really was. Certainly not so small as he was made out to be, but where *is* your Dwarf as is? He was a most uncommon small man, with a most uncommon large Ed; and what he had inside that Ed, nobody never knowed but himself: even supposin himself to have ever took stock of it, which it would have been a stiff job for even him to do.

The kindest little man as never growed! Spirited, but not proud. When he travelled with the Spotted Baby—though he knowed himself to be a nat'ral Dwarf, and knowed the Baby's spots to be put upon him artificial, he nursed that Baby like a mother. You never heerd him give a ill-name to a Giant. He *did* allow himself to break out into strong language respectin the Fat Lady from Norfolk; but that was an affair of the 'art; and when a man's 'art has been trifled with by a lady, and the preference giv to a Indian, he ain't master of his actions.

He was always in love, of course; every human nat'ral phenomenon is. And he was always in love with a large woman; *I* never knowed the Dwarf as could be got to love a small one. Which helps to keep 'em the Curiosities they are.

One sing'ler idea he had in that Ed of his, which must have meant something, or it wouldn't have been there. It was always his opinion that he was entitled to property. He never would put his name to anything. He had been taught to write, by the young man without arms, who got his living with his toes (quite a writing master *he* was, and taught scores in the line), but Chops would have starved to death, afore he'd have gained a bit of bread by putting his hand to a paper. This is the more curious to bear in mind, because HE had no property, nor hope of property, except his house and a sarser. When I say his house, I mean the box, painted and got up outside like a reg'lar six-roomer, that he used to creep into, with a diamond ring (or quite as good to look at) on his forefinger, and ring a little bell out of what the Public believed to be the Drawing-room winder. And when I say a sarser, I mean a Chaney sarser in which he made a collection for himself at the end of every Entertainment. His cue for that, he took from me; "Ladies and gentlemen, the little man will now walk three times round the Cairawan, and retire behind the curtain." When he said anything important, in private life, he mostly wound it up with this form of words, and they was generally the last thing he said to me at night afore he went to bed.

He had what I consider a fine mind—a poetic mind. His ideas respectin his property never come upon him so strong as when he sat upon a barrel-organ and had the handle turned. Arter the wibration had run through him a little time, he would screech out, "Toby, I feel my property coming—grind away! I'm counting my guineas by thousands, Toby—grind away! Toby, I shall be a man of fortun! I feel the Mint a jingling in me, Toby, and I'm swelling out into the Bank of England!" Such is the influence of music on a poetic mind. Not that he was partial to any other music but a barrel-organ; on the contrairy, hated it.

He had a kind of a everlasting grudge agin the Public: which is a thing you may notice in many phenomenons that get their living out of it. What riled him most in the nater of his occupation was, that it kep him out of Society. He was continiwally saying, "Toby, my ambition is, to go into Society. The curse of my position towards the Public is, that it keeps me hout of Society. This don't signify to a low beast of a Indian; he an't formed for Society. This don't signify to a Spotted Baby; *he* an't formed for Society.—I am."

Nobody never could make out what Chops done with his money. He had a good salary, down on the drum every Saturday as the day come round, besides having the run of his teeth—and he was a Woodpecker to eat—but all Dwarfs are. The sarser was a little income, bringing him in so many halfpence that he'd carry 'em for a week together, tied up in a pocket-handkercher. And yet he never had money. And it couldn't be the Fat Lady from Norfolk, as was once supposed; because it stands to reason that when you have a animosity towards a Indian, which makes you grind your teeth at him to his face, and which can hardly hold you from Goosing him audible when he's going through his War-Dance—it stands to reason you wouldn't under them circumstances deprive yourself, to support that Indian in the lap of luxury.

Most unexpected, the mystery come out one day at Egham Races. The Public was shy of bein pulled in, and Chops was ringin his little bell out of his drawing-room winder, and was snarlin to me over his shoulder as he kneeled down with his legs out at the back-door—for he couldn't be shoved into his house without kneeling down, and the premises wouldn't accommodate his legs—was snarlin, "Here's a precious Public for you; why the Devil don't they tumble up?" when a man in the crowd holds up a carrier-pigeon, and cries out, "If there's any person here as has got a ticket, the Lottery's just drawed, and the number as has come up for the great prize is three, seven, forty-two! Three, seven, forty-two!" I was givin the man to the Furies myself, for calling off the Public's attention—for the Public will turn away, at any time, to look at anything in preference to the thing showed 'em; and if you doubt it, get 'em together for any indiwidual purpose on the face of the earth, and send only two people in late, and see if the whole company an't far more interested in takin particular notice of them two than of you—I say, I wasn't best pleased with the man for callin out, and wasn't blessin him in my own mind, when I see Chops's little bell fly out of winder at a old lady, and he gets up and kicks his box over, exposin the whole secret, and he catches hold of the calves of my legs and he says to me, "Carry me into the wan, Toby, and throw a pail of water over me or I'm a dead man, for I've come into my property!"

Twelve thousand odd hundred pound, was Chops's winnins. He had bought a half-ticket for the twenty-five thousand prize, and it had come up. The first use he made of his property, was, to offer to fight the Wild Indian for five hundred pound a side, him with a poisoned darnin-needle and the Indian with a club; but the Indian being in want of backers to that amount, it went no further.

Arter he had been mad for a week—in a state of mind, in short, in which, if I had let him sit on the organ for only two minutes, I believe he would have bust—but we kep the organ from him—Mr. Chops come round, and behaved liberal and beautiful to all. He then sent for a young man he knowed, as had a wery genteel appearance and was a Bonnet at a gaming-booth (most respectable brought up, father havin been imminent in the livery stable line but unfort'nate in a commercial crisis, through paintin a old gray, ginger-bay, and sellin him with a Pedigree), and Mr. Chops said to this Bonnet, who said his name was Normandy, which it wasn't:

"Normandy, I'm a going into Society. Will you go with me?"

Says Normandy: "Do I understand you, Mr. Chops, to hintimate that the 'ole of the expenses of that move will be borne by yourself?"

"Correct," says Mr. Chops. "And you shall have a Princely allowance too."

The Bonnet lifted Mr. Chops upon a chair, to shake hands with him, and replied in poetry, with his eyes seemingly full of tears

"My boat is on the shore,
And my bark is on the sea,
And I do not ask for more,
But I'll Go:—along with thee."

They went into Society, in a chay and four grays with silk jackets. They took lodgings in Pall Mall, London, and they blazed away.

In consequence of a note that was brought to Bartlemy Fair in the autumn of next year by a servant, most wonderful got up in milk-white cords and tops, I cleaned myself and went to Pall Mall, one evening appinted. The gentlemen was at their wine arter dinner, and Mr. Chops's eyes was more fixed in that Ed of his than I thought good for him. There was three of 'em (in company, I mean), and I knowed the third well. When last met, he had on a white Roman shirt, and a bishop's mitre covered with leopard-skin, and played the clarionet all wrong, in a band at a Wild Beast Show.

This gent took on not to know me, and Mr. Chops said: "Gentlemen, this is a old friend of former days": and Normandy looked at me through a eye-glass, and said, "Magsman, glad to see you!"—which I'll take my oath he wasn't. Mr. Chops, to git him convenient to the table, had his chair on a throne (much of the form of George the Fourth's in the canvass), but he hardly appeared to me to be King there in any other pint of view, for his two gentlemen ordered about like Emperors. They was all dressed like May-Day—gorgeous!—and as to Wine, they swam in all sorts.

I made the round of the bottles, first separate (to say I had done it), and then mixed 'em all together (to say I had done it), and then tried two of 'em as half-and-half, and then t'other two. Altogether, I passed a pleasin evenin, but with a tendency to feel muddled, until I considered it good manners to get up and say, "Mr. Chops, the best of friends must part, I thank you for the wariety of foreign drains you have stood so 'ansome, I looks towards you in red wine, and I takes my leave." Mr. Chops replied, "If you'll just hitch me out of this over your right arm, Magsman, and carry me downstairs, I'll see you out." I said I couldn't think of such a thing, but he would have it, so I lifted him off his throne. He smelt strong of Maideary, and I couldn't help thinking as I carried him down that it was like carrying a large bottle full of wine, with a rayther ugly stopper, a good deal out of proportion.

When I set him on the door-mat in the hall, he kep me close to him by holding on to my coat-collar, and he whispers:

"I ain't 'appy, Magsman."

"What's on your mind, Mr. Chops?"

"They don't use me well. They an't grateful to me. They puts me on the mantel-piece when I won't have in more Champagne-wine, and they locks me in the sideboard when I won't give up my property."

"Get rid of 'em, Mr. Chops."

"I can't. We're in Society together, and what would Society say?"

"Come out of Society!" says I.

"I can't. You don't know what you're talking about. When you have once gone into Society, you mustn't come out of it."

"Then if you'll excuse the freedom, Mr. Chops," were my remark, shaking my head grave, "I think it's a pity you ever went in."

Mr. Chops shook that deep Ed of his, to a surprisin extent, and slapped it half a dozen times with his hand, and with more Wice than I thought were in him. Then, he says, "You're a good fellow, but you don't understand. Good-night, go along. Magsman, the little man will now walk three times round the Cairawan, and retire behind the curtain." The last I see of him on that occasion was his tryin, on the extremest werge of insensibility, to climb up the stairs, one by one, with his hands and knees. They'd have been much too steep for him, if he had been sober; but he wouldn't be helped.

It warn't long after that, that I read in the newspaper of Mr. Chops's being presented at court. It was printed, "It will be recollected"—and I've noticed in my life, that it is sure to be printed that it *will* be recollected, whenever it won't—"that Mr. Chops is the individual of small stature, whose brilliant success in the last State Lottery attracted so much attention." Well, I says to myself, Such is Life! He has been and done it in earnest at last! He has astonished George the Fourth!

(On account of which, I had that canvass new-painted, him with a bag of money in his hand, a presentin it to George the Fourth, and a lady in Ostrich Feathers fallin in love with him in a bag-wig, sword, and buckles correct.)

I took the House as is the subject of present inquiries—though not the honour of bein acquainted—and I run Magsman's Amusements in it thirteen months—sometimes one thing, sometimes another, sometimes nothin particular, but always all the canvasses outside. One night, when we had played the last company out, which was a shy company, through its raining Heavens hard, I was takin a pipe in the one pair back along with the young man with the toes which I had taken on for a month (though he never drawed—except on paper), and I heard a kickin at the street door. "Halloa!" I says to the young man, "what's up!" He rubs his eyebrows with his toes, and he says, "I can't imagine, Mr. Magsman"—which he never could imagine nothin, and was monotonous company.

The noise not leavin off, I laid down my pipe, and I took up a candle, and I went down and opened the door. I looked out into the street; but nothin could I see, and nothin was I aware of, until I turned round quick, because some creetur run between my legs into the passage. There was Mr. Chops!

"Magsman," he says, "take me, on the old terms, and you've got me; if it's done, say done!"

I was all of a maze, but I said, "Done, sir."

"Done to your done, and double done!" says he. "Have you got a bit of supper in the house?"

Bearin in mind them sparklin warieties of foreign drains as we'd guzzled away at in Pall Mall, I was ashamed to offer him cold sassages and gin-and-water; but he took 'em both and took 'em free; havin a chair for his table, and sittin down at it on a stool, like hold times. I, all of a maze all the while.

It was arter he had made a clean sweep of the sassages (beef, and to the best of my calculations two pound and a quarter), that the wisdom as was in that little man began to come out of him like perspiration.

"Magsman," he says, "look upon me! You see afore you, One as has both gone into Society and come out."

"O! You *are* out of it, Mr. Chops? How did you get out, sir?"

"SOLD OUT!" says he. You never saw the like of the wisdom as his Ed expressed, when he made use of them two words.

"My friend Magsman, I'll impart to you a discovery I've made. It's wallable; it's cost twelve thousand five hundred pound; it may do you good in life.—The secret of this matter is, that it ain't so much that a person goes into Society, as that Society goes into a person."

Not exactly keeping up with his meanin, I shook my head, put on a deep look, and said, "You're right there, Mr. Chops."

"Magsman," he says, twitchin me by the leg, "Society has gone into me, to the tune of every penny of my property."

I felt that I went pale, and though nat'rally a bold speaker, I couldn't hardly say, "Where's Normandy?"

"Bolted. With the plate," said Mr. Chops.

"And t'other one?" meaning him as formerly wore the bishop's mitre.

"Bolted. With the jewels," said Mr. Chops.

I sat down and looked at him, and he stood up and looked at me.

"Magsman," he says, and he seemed to myself to get wiser as he got hoarser; "Society, taken in the lump, is all dwarfs. At the court of St. James's, they was all a doing my old business—all a goin three times round the Cairawan, in the hold court-suits and properties. Elsewheres, they was most of 'em ringin their little bells out of make-believes. Everywheres, the sarser was a goin round. Magsman, the sarser is the uniwersal Institution!"

I perceived, you understand, that he was soured by his misfortuns, and I felt for Mr. Chops.

"As to Fat Ladies," says he, giving his head a tremendious one again the wall, "there's lots of *them* in Society, and worse than the original. *Hers* was a outrage upon Taste—simply a outrage upon Taste—awakenin contempt—carryin its own punishment in the form of a Indian!" Here he giv himself another tremendious one. "But *theirs*, Magsman, *theirs* is mercenary outrages. Lay in Cashmeer shawls, buy bracelets, strew 'em and a lot of 'andsome fans and things about your rooms, let it be known that you give away like water to all as come to admire, and the Fat Ladies that don't exhibit for so much down upon the drum, will come from all the pints of the compass to flock about you, whatever you are. They'll drill holes in your 'art, Magsman, like a Cullender. And when you've no more left to give, they'll laugh at you to your face, and leave you to have your bones picked dry by Wulturs, like the dead Wild Ass of the Prairies that you deserve to be!" Here he giv himself the most tremendious one of all, and dropped.

I thought he was gone. His Ed was so heavy, and he knocked it so hard, and he fell so stoney, and the sassagerial disturbance in him must have been so immense, that I thought he was gone. But, he soon come round with care, and he sat up on the floor, and he said to me, with wisdom comin out of his eyes, if ever it come:

"Magsman! The most material difference between the two states of existence through which your unhappy friend has passed"; he reached out his poor little hand, and his tears dropped down on the moustachio which it was a credit to him to have done his best to grow, but it is not in mortals to command success,—"the difference is this. When I was out of Society, I was paid light for being seen. When I went into Society, I paid heavy for being seen. I prefer the former, even if I wasn't forced upon it. Give me out through the trumpet, in the hold way, to-morrow."

Arter that, he slid into the line again as easy as if he had been iled all over. But the organ was kep from him, and no allusions was ever made, when a company was in, to his property. He got wiser every day; his views of Society and the Public was luminous, bewilderin, awful; and his Ed got bigger and bigger as his Wisdom expanded it.

He took well, and pulled 'em in most excellent for nine weeks. At the expiration of that period, when his Ed was a sight, he expressed one evenin, the last Company havin been turned out, and the door shut, a wish to have a little music.

"Mr. Chops," I said (I never dropped the "Mr." with him; the world might do it, but not me); "Mr. Chops, are you sure as you are in a state of mind and body to sit upon the organ?"

His answer was this: "Toby, when next met with on the tramp, I forgive her and the Indian. And I am."

It was with fear and trembling that I began to turn the handle; but he sat like a lamb. It will be my belief to my dying day, that I see his Ed expand as he sat; you may therefore judge how great his thoughts was. He sat out all the changes, and then he come off.

"Toby," he says, with a quiet smile, "the little man will now walk three times round the Cairawan, and retire behind the curtain."

When we called him in the morning, we found him gone into a much better Society than mine or Pall Mall's. I giv Mr. Chops as comfortable a funeral as lay in my power, followed myself as Chief, and had the George the Fourth canvass carried first, in the form of a banner. But, the House was so dismal arterwards, that I giv it up, and took to the Wan again.

The Pigeon-Scarer

By JOHN V. A. WEAVER

EVERY mornin' I useta watch and wonder,
While all them pigeons was flyin' around his head,
What was he doin' with that, now, fishin'-pole,
Funny and black-like, and the sky all red.

After a while, I thought he must be crazy:
Didn't he know they don't catch birds that way?
But still he done it, and I finely goes
Inta the bird-store, and I asts 'em, "Say,

"That dizzy gink there, 'way up on the roof,
What is he doin'? What's he tryin' to prove?"
They says he was a reg'lar pigeon-scarer,
And has to keep them pigeons on the move.

A pigeon is a lazy thing, you see?
They like to set around, and hate to fly;
But if you let 'em, then they clean forget
How flyin' is, and so get sick, and die.

Now ain't that funny? But I got to thinkin'
How Life is like that. And, you know, it seems
Troubles and things like those is pigeon-scarers,
And pigeons is your soul, or elset your dreams.

If everything goes right, they get all lazy,
And fat, and crawl around all weak and slack;
So then old pigeon-scarer comes along,
And pokes 'em up. And all the stren'th comes back

Into your dream-wings or your soul-wings—see?—
And—whish!—they leave the lazy parts of you
Down on the ground; and up, 'way up they go,
Up where it's clean, and beautiful, and blue. . . .

But here's the sad part, when you come to think:
They sneak back to the place he chased 'em from.
Always they get back to the lazy ways—
Always the pigeon-scarer has to come. . . .

The Marriage

By DOUGLAS HYDE

An Craoibín Aoibin̄

Translated from the original Gaelic by Lady Gregory

CHARACTERS

Martin, *a young man.*
Mary, *his newly-married wife.*
A Blind Fiddler.
Neighbours.

SCENE—*A cottage kitchen. A table poorly set out, with two cups, a jug of milk, and a cake of bread.* Martin *and* Mary *sitting down to it.*

Martin—This is a poor wedding dinner I have for you, Mary; and a poor house I brought you to. I wish it was seven thousand times better, for your sake.

Mary—Only we have to part again, there wouldn't be in the world a pair happier than myself and yourself; but where's the good of fretting when there's no help for it?

Martin—If I had but a couple of pounds, I could buy a little ass and earn a share of money bringing turf to the big town; or I could job at the fairs. But, my grief, we haven't it, or ten shillings.

Mary—And if I could get but a few hens, and what would feed them, I could be selling eggs or rearing chickens. But unless God would work a miracle for us, there's no chance of that itself. (*She wipes her eyes with her apron.*)

Martin—Don't be crying, Mary. You belong to me now; am I not rich so long as you belong to me? Whatever place I will go to I will know you are thinking of me.

Mary—That is a true word you say, Martin; I will never be poor so long as I know you to be thinking of me. No riches at all would be so good as that. There's a line my poor father used to be saying:

"Cattle and gold, store and goods,
They pass away like the high floods."

It was Raftery, the blind man, said that. I never saw him; but my father used to be talking of him.

Martin—I don't care what he said. I wish we had goods and store. He said the exact contrary another time:

"Brogues in the fashion, a good house,
Are better than the bare sky over us."

Mary—Poor Raftery! he'd give us all that if he had the chance. He was always a good friend to the poor. I heard them saying the other day he was lying in his sickness at some place near Killeenan, and near his death. The Lord have mercy on him!

Martin—The Lord have mercy on him, indeed. Come now, Mary, eat the first bit in your own house. I'll take the eggs off the fire. (*He gets up and goes to the fire. There is a knock at the half-door, and an old ragged, patched* Fiddler *puts in his head.*)

Fiddler—God save all here!

Mary (*standing up*)—Aurah, the poor man, bring him in.

Martin—Let there be sense on you, Mary; we have not anything at all to give him. I will tell him the way to the Brennans' house; there will be plenty to find there.

Mary—Indeed and surely I will not put him from this door. This is the first time I ever had a house of my own, and I will not send anyone at all from my own door this day.

Martin—Do as you think well yourself. (Mary *goes to the door and opens it.*) Come in, honest man, and sit down, and a hundred welcomes before you. (*The* OLD MAN *comes in, feeling about him as if blind.*)

MARY—O Martin, he is blind. May God preserve him.

OLD MAN—That is so, acushla; I am in my blindness; and it is a tired, vexed, blind man I am. I am going and ever going since morning, and I never found a bit to eat since I rose.

MARY—You did not find a bit to eat since morning! Are you starving?

OLD MAN—Oh, indeed, there was food to be got if I would take it; but the bit that does not come from a willing heart, there would be no taste on it; and that is what I did not get since morning; but people putting a potato or a bit of bread out of the door to me, as if I was a dog, with the hope I would not stop, but would go away.

MARY—Oh, sit down with us now, and eat with us. Bring him to the table, Martin. (MARTIN *gives his hand to the* OLD MAN, *and gives him a chair, and puts him sitting at the table with themselves. He makes two halves of the cake, and gives a half to the blind man, and one of the eggs. The* OLD MAN *eats eagerly.*)

OLD MAN—I leave my seven hundred thousand blessings on the people of this house. The blessing of God and Mary on them.

MARY—That it may be well with you. O Martin, that is the first blessing I got in my own house. That blessing is better to me than gold.

OLD MAN—Aurah, is it not beautiful for people to have a house of their own, and to have eyes to look about with?

MARTIN—May God preserve you, right man; it is likely it is a poor thing to be without sight.

OLD MAN—You do not understand, nor any person that has his sight, what it is to be blind and dark the way I am. Not to have before you and behind you but the night. Oh, darkness, darkness! No shape or form in anything; not to see the bird you hear singing in the tree over your head; nor the flower you smell on the bush, or the child, and he laughing in his mother's breast. The morning and the evening, the day and the night, only the same thing to you. Oh, it is a poor thing to be blind. (MARTIN *puts over the other half of the cake and the egg to* MARY, *and makes a sign to her to eat. She makes a sign to him to take a share of them. The* BLIND MAN *stretches his hand over the table to try for a crumb of bread, for he has eaten his own share, and he gets hold of the other half cake and takes it.*)

MARY—Eat that, poor man, it is likely there is hunger on you. Here is another egg for you. (*She puts the other egg in his hand.*)

BLIND MAN—The blessing of the Only Son and of the Holy Mother on the hand that gives it. (MARTIN *puts up his two hands as if dissatisfied; and he is going to say something when* MARY *takes the words from his mouth, laughing at his gloomy face.*)

BLIND MAN—Maisead, my blessing on the mouth that laughter came from, and my blessing on the light heart that let it out of the mouth.

MARTIN—A light heart, is it! There is not a light heart with Mary to-night, my grief!

BLIND MAN—Mary is your wife?

MARTIN—She is: I made her my wife three hours ago.

BLIND MAN—Three hours ago?

MARTIN (*bitterly*)—That is so. We were married to-day; and it is at our wedding dinner you are sitting.

BLIND MAN—Your wedding dinner! Do not be mocking me! There is no company here.

MARY—Oh, he is not mocking you; he would not do a thing like that. There is no company here; for we have nothing in the house to give them.

BLIND MAN—But you gave it to me! Is it the truth you are speaking? Am I the only person that was asked to your wedding?

MARY—You are. But that is to the honour of God; and we would never have told you that, but Martin let slip the word from his mouth.

BLIND MAN—Oh, and I eat your little feast on you, and without knowing it.

MARY—It is not without a welcome you eat it.

MARTIN—I am well pleased you came in; you were more in want of it than ourselves. If we have a bare house now, we might have a full house yet; and a good dinner on the table to share with those in need of it. I'd be better off now; but all the little money I had I laid it out on the house, and the little patch of land. I thought I was wise at the time; but now we have the house, and we haven't what will keep us alive in it. I have the potatoes set in the garden; but I haven't so much as a potato to eat. We are left bare, and I am guilty of it.

MARY—If there is any fault, it is on me it is; coming maybe to be a drag on Martin, where I have no fortune at all. The little money I gained in service, I lost it all on my poor father, when he took sick. And I went back into service; and the mistress I had was a cross woman; and when Martin saw the way she was treating me, he wouldn't let me stop with her any more, but he made me his wife. And now I will have great courage, when I have to go out to service again.

BLIND MAN—Will you have to be parted again?

MARTIN—We will, indeed; I must go as a spailpin fanac, to reap and to dig the harvest in some other place. But Mary and myself have it settled, we'll meet again at this house on a certain day, with the blessing of God. I'll have the key in my pocket; and we'll come in, with a better chance of stopping in it. You'll have your own cows yet, Mary; and your calves and your firkins of butter, with the help of God.

MARY—I think I hear carts on the road. (*She gets up, and goes to the door.*)

MARTIN—It's the people coming back from the fair. Shut the door, Mary; I wouldn't like them to see how bare the house is; and I'll put a smear of ashes on the window, the way they won't see we're here at all.

BLIND MAN (*raising his head suddenly*)—Do not do that; but open the door wide, and let the blessing of God come in on you. (MARY *opens the door again. He takes up his fiddle and begins to play on it. A little* BOY *puts in his head at the door; and then another head is seen, and another with that again.*)

BLIND MAN—Who is that at the door?

MARY—Little boys that came to listen to you.

BLIND MAN—Come in, boys. (*Three or four come inside.*)

BLIND MAN—Boys, I am listening to the carts coming home from the fair. Let you go out, and stop the people; tell them they must come in: there is a wedding-dance here this evening.

BOY—The people are going home. They wouldn't stop for us.

BLIND MAN—Tell them to come in; and there will be as fine a dance as ever they saw. But they must all give a present to the man and woman that are newly married.

ANOTHER BOY—Why would they come in? They can have a dance of their own at any time. There is a piper in the big town.

BLIND MAN—Say to them that I myself tell them to come in; and to bring every one a present to the newly-married woman.

BOY—And who are you yourself?

BLIND MAN—Tell them it is Raftery the poet is here, and that is calling to them. (*The boys run out, tumbling over one another.*)

MARTIN—Are you Raftery, the great poet I heard talk of since I was born! (*Taking his hand.*) Seven hundred thousand welcomes before you; and it is a great honour to us for you to be here.

MARY—Raftery the poet! Now there is luck on us! The first man that brought us his blessing, and that eat food in my own house, he to be Raftery the poet! And I hearing the other day you were sick and near your death. And I see no sign of sickness on you now.

BLIND MAN—I am well, I am well now, the Lord be praised for it.

MARTIN—I heard talk of you as often as there are fingers on my hands, and toes on my feet. But indeed I never thought to have the luck of seeing you.

MARY—And it is you that made *County Mayo*, and the *Repentance*, and *The Weaver*, and the *Shining Flower*. It is often I thought there should be no woman in the world so proud as Mary Hynes, with the way you praised her.

BLIND MAN—O my poor Mary Hynes, without luck! (*They hear the wheels of a cart outside the house, and an* OLD FARMER *comes in, a frieze coat on him.*)

OLD FARMER—God save you, Martin; and is this your wife? God be with you, woman of the house! And, O Raftery, seven hundred thousand welcomes before you to this country. I would sooner see you than King George. When they told me you were here, I said to myself I would not go past without seeing you, if I didn't get home till morning.

BLIND MAN—But didn't you get my message?

OLD FARMER—What message is that?

BLIND MAN—Didn't they tell you to bring a present to the new-married woman and her husband. What have you got for them?

OLD FARMER—Wait till I see; I have something in the cart. (*He goes out.*)

MARTIN—O Raftery, you see now what a great name you have here. (*The* OLD FARMER *comes in again with a bag of meal on his shoulders. He throws it on the floor.*)

OLD FARMER—Four bags of meal I was bringing from the mill; and there is one of them for the woman of the house.

MARY—A thousand thanks to God and you. (MARTIN *carries the bag to other side of table.*)

Blind Man—Now don't forget the fiddler. (*He takes a plate and holds it out.*)

Old Farmer—I'll not break my word, Raftery, the first time you came to this country. There is two shillings for you in the plate. (*He throws the money into it.*)

Blind Man—

This is a man has love to God,
Opening his hand to give out food;
Better a small house filled with wheat,
Than a big house that's bare of meat.

Old Farmer—Maisead, long life to you, Raftery.

Blind Man—Are you there, boy?

Boy—I am.

Blind Man— I hear more wheels coming. Go out, and tell the people Raftery will let no person come in here without a present for the woman of the house

Boy—I am going. (*He goes out.*)

Old Farmer—They say there was not the like of you for a poet in Connacht these three hundred years back. (*A middle-aged* Woman *comes in, a pound of tea and a parcel of sugar in her hand.*)

Woman—God save all here! I heard Raftery the poet was in it; and I brought this little present to the woman of the house. (*Puts them into* Mary's *hands.*) I would sooner see Raftery than be out there in the cart.

Blind Man—Don't forget the fiddler, O right woman.

Woman—And are you Raftery?

Blind Man—

I am Raftery the poet,
  Full of gentleness and love;
With eyes without light,
  With quietness, without misery.

Woman—Good man.

Blind Man—

Quick, quick, quick, for no man
Need speak twice to a handy woman;
I'll praise you when I hear the clatter
Of your shilling on my platter.

(*A* Young Man *comes in with a side of bacon in his arms, and stands waiting.*)

Woman—Indeed, I would not begrudge it to you if it was a piece of gold I had. (*Puts shilling in plate*). The *Repentance* you made is at the end of my fingers. Here's another customer for you now. (*The* Young Man *comes forward, and gives the bacon to* Martin, *who puts it with the meal.*)

Mary—I thank you kindly. Oh, it's like the miracle worked for Saint Colman, sending him his dinner in the bare hills!

Blind Man—

May that young man with yellow hair
Find yellow money everywhere!

Fair Young Man—I heard the world and his wife were stopping at the door to give a welcome to Raftery, and I thought I would not be behindhand. And here is something for the fiddler. (*Puts money in the plate.*) I would sooner see that fiddler than any other fiddler in the world.

Blind Man—

May that young man with yellow hair
Buy cheap, sell dear, in every fair.

Fair Young Man (*to* Martin)—How does he know I have yellow hair and he blind? How does he know that?

Martin—Hush, my head is going round with the wonder is on me.

Mary—No wonder at all in that. Maybe it is dreaming we all are. (*A* Gray-haired Man *and two* Girls *come in.*)

Gray-haired Man (*laying down a sack*)—The blessing of God here! I heard Raftery was here in the wedding-house, and that he would let no one in without a present. There was nothing in the cart with us but a sack of potatoes, and there it is for you, ma'am.

Mary—Oh, it's too good you all are to me. Whether it's asleep or awake I am, I thank you kindly.

Blind Man—Don't forget the fiddler.

Gray-haired Man—Are you Raftery?

Blind Man—

Who will give Raftery a shilling?
Here is his platter; who is willing?
Who will give honour to the poet?
Here is his platter: show it, show it.

Gray-haired Farmer—You're welcome; you're welcome! That is Raftery, anyhow! (*Puts money in the plate.*)

Blind Man—

Come hither, girls, give what you can
To the poor old traveling man.

Gray-haired Man—Aurah, Susan; aurah, Oona, are you looking at who is before you, the greatest poet in Ireland? That is Raftery himself. It is often you heard talk of the girl that got a husband with the praises he gave her. If he gives you the same, maybe you'll get husbands with it.

First Girl—I often heard talk of Raftery.

Other Girl—There was always a great name on Raftery. (*They put some money in the plate, shyly.*)

Blind Man—

Before you go, give what you can
To this young girl and this young man.

First Girl (*to* Mary)—Here's a couple of dozen of eggs, and welcome.

Other Girl—O woman of the house! I have nothing with me here; but I have a good clucking hen at home, and I'll bring her to you to-morrow; our house is close by.

MARY—Indeed, that's good news to me; such nice neighbours to be at hand. (*Several men and women come into the house together, every one of them carrying something.*)

SEVERAL (*together*)—Welcome, Raftery!

BLIND MAN—

If ye have hearts are worth a mouse,
Welcome the bride into her house.

(*They laugh and greet* MARY, *and put down gifts—a roll of butter, rolls of woollen yarn, and many other things.*)

OLD FARMER—Ha, ha! That's right. They are coming in now. Now, Raftery, isn't it generous and open-minded and liberal this country is? Isn't it better than the County Mayo?

BLIND MAN—

I'd say all Galway was rich land,
If I'd your shillings in my hand.

(*Holds out his plate to them.*)

OLD FARMER (*laughing*)—Now, neighbours, down with it! My conscience! Raftery knows how to get hold of the money.

A MAN OF THEM—Maisead, he doesn't own much riches; and there is pride on us all to see him in this country. (*Puts money in the plate, and all the others do the same. A lean old man comes in.*)

MARTIN (*to* MARY)—That is John the Miser, or Seagan na Stucaire, as they call him. That is the man that is hardest in this country. He never gave a penny to any person since he was born.

MISER—God save all here! Oh, is that Raftery? Ho, ho! God save you, Raftery, and a hundred thousand welcomes before you to this country. There is pride on us all to see you. There is gladness on the whole country, you to be here in our midst. If you will believe me, neighbours, I saw with my own eyes the bush Raftery put his curse on; and as sure as I'm living, it was withered away. There is nothing of it but a couple of old twigs now.

BLIND MAN—

I've heard a voice like his before,
And liked some little voice the more;
I'd sooner have, if I'd my choice,
A big heart and a small voice.

MISER—Ho! ho! Raftery, making poems as usual. Well, there is great joy on us, indeed, to see you in our midst.

BLIND MAN—What is the present you have brought to the new-married woman?

MISER—What is the present I brought? O maisead! the times are too bad on a poor man. I brought a few fleeces of wool I had to the market to-day, and I couldn't sell it; I had to bring it home again. And calves I had there. I couldn't get any buyer for them at all. There is misfortune on these times.

BLIND MAN—Every person that came in brought his own present with him There is the new-married woman, and let you put down a good present.

MISER—O maisead, much good may it do her! (*He takes out of his pocket a small parcel of snuff; takes a piece of paper from the floor, and pours into it, slowly and carefully, a little of the snuff, and puts it on the table.*)

BLIND MAN—

Look at the gifts of every kind
Were given with a willing mind;
After all this, it's not enough
From the man of cows—a pinch of snuff!

OLD FARMER—Maisead, long life to you, Raftery, that your tongue may never lose its edge. That is a man of cows certainly; I myself am a man of sheep.

BLIND MAN—A bag of meal from the man of sheep.

FAIR YOUNG MAN—And I am a man of pigs.

BLIND MAN—A side of meat from the man of pigs.

MARTIN—Don't forget the woman of hens.

BLIND MAN—

A pound of tea from the woman of hens.
After all this, it's not enough
From the man of cows—a pinch of snuff!

ALL—

After all this, it's not enough
From the man of cows—a pinch of snuff!

OLD FARMER—The devil the like of such fun have we had this year!

MISER—Oh, indeed, I was only keeping a little grain for myself; but it's likely they may want it all. (*He takes the paper out, and lays it on the table.*)

BLIND MAN—A bag of meal from the man of sheep.

ALL—

After all this, it's not enough
From the man of cows—a half-ounce of snuff!

(*One of the girls hands the snuff around; they laugh and sneeze, taking pinches of it.*)

OLD FARMER—My soul to the devil, Seagan, do the thing decently. Give out one of those fleeces you have in the cart with you.

MISER—I never saw the like of you for fools since I was born. Is it mad you are?

ALL—From the man of cows, a half-ounce of snuff!

MISER—Oh, maisead, if there must be

a present put down, take the fleece, and my share of misfortune on you. (*Three or four of the* BOYS *run out.*)

OLD FARMER—Aurah, Seagan, what is your opinion of Raftery now? He has you destroyed worse than the bush! (*The* BOYS *come back, a fleece with them.*)

BOY—Here is the fleece, and it's very heavy it is. (*They put it down, and there falls a little bag out of it that bursts and scatters the money here and there on the floor.*)

MISER—Ub-ub-bu! That is my share of money scattered on me that I got for my calves. (*He stoops down to gather it together. All the people burst out laughing again.*)

OLD FARMER—Maisead, Seagan, where did you get the money? You told us you didn't sell your share of calves.

BLIND MAN—

He that got good gold
For calves he never sold
Must put good money down
With a laugh, without a frown;
Or I'll destroy that man
With a bone-breaking rann.
I'll rhyme him by the book
To a blue-watery look.

MISER—Oh, Raftery, don't do that. I tasted enough of your ranns just now, and I don't want another taste of them. There's threepence for you. (*He puts three pennies in the plate.*)

BLIND MAN—

I'll put a new name upon
This strong farmer, of Thrippeny John.
He'll be called, without a doubt,
Thrippeny John from this time out.
Put your sovereign on my plate,
Or that and worse will be your fate.

MISER—Oh, in the name of God, Raftery, stop your mouth and let me go! Here is the sovereign for you; and indeed it's not with my blessing I give it.

(BLIND MAN *plays on the fiddle. They all stand up and dance but* SEAGAN NA STUCAIRE, *who shakes his fist in* BLIND MAN'S *face and goes out. When they have danced for a minute or two,* BLIND MAN *stops fiddling and stands up.*)

BLIND MAN—I was near forgetting: I am the only person here gave nothing to the woman of the house. (*Hands the plate of money to* MARY.) Take that and my seven hundred blessings along with it, and that you may be as well as I wish you to the end of life and time. Count the money now, and see what the neighbours did for you.

MARY—That is too much indeed.

MARTIN—You have too much done for us already.

BLIND MAN—Count it, count it; while I go over and try can I hear what sort of blessings Seagan na Stucaire is leaving after him. (NEIGHBOURS *all crowd around counting the money.* BLIND MAN *goes to the door, looks back with a sigh, and goes quietly out.*)

OLD FARMER—Well, you have enough to set you up altogether, Martin. You'll be buying us all up within the next six months.

MARTIN—Indeed I don't think I'll be going digging potatoes for other men this year, but to be working for myself at home. (*The sound of horses' steps are heard. A* YOUNG MAN *comes into the house.*)

YOUNG MAN—What is going on here at all? All the cars in the country gathered at the door, and Seagan na Stucaire going swearing down the road.

OLD FARMER—Oh, this is the great wedding was made by Raftery. Where is Raftery? Where is he gone?

MARTIN (*going to the door*)—He's not here. I don't see him on the road. (*Turns to* YOUNG MAN.) Did you meet a blind fiddler going out the door—the poet Raftery?

YOUNG MAN—The poet Raftery? I did not; but I stood by his grave at Killeenan three days ago.

MARY—His grave? Oh, Martin, it was a dead man was in it!

MARTIN—Whoever it was, it was a man sent by God was in it.

CURTAIN

To Death, of His Lady—

By FRANÇOIS VILLON
Translated by Dante Gabriel Rossetti

DEATH, of thee do I make my moan,
Who hadst my lady away from me,
Nor wilt assuage thine enmity
Till with her life thou hast mine own;
For since that hour my strength has flown.
Lo! What wrong was her life to thee,
Death?

Two we were, and the heart was one;
Which now being dead, dead I must be,
Or seem alive as lifelessly
As in the choir the painted stone,
Death!

So They Say

Lya de Putti: *Imported German film star, when lunch was announced while she was before the camera in a Hollywood studio*	"When you have hungry in the stomach, you can't loving."
Harris Dickson: *Mississippi author, when asked how the negroes met the emergency of the flood*	"No sane coloured person ever meets trouble. None of them plans to meet a trouble. They start out hunting for happiness and meet plenty of that, head on. But if a negro comes in contact with trouble, it's only because he gets bumped in a rear-end collision."
Roscoe C. Edlund: *General Director of the Cleanliness Institute*	"There are children even in cities like New York and Chicago who come to school 'sewed in for the winter,' and whose undergarments are changed but once or twice a season."
King Albert of Belgium: *to the assembled pilgrims of the Rotary Clubs*	"I am a Rotarian myself."
Coloured Butler: *complaining to his Northern employer of overwork*	"My mistress down south always kept a general eternity man."
Owen D. Young: *at dedication of the new buildings erected under the George F. Baker Foundation for the Harvard Business School*	"We are learning that productivity of labour is not measured alone by the hours of work, nor even by the test of physical fatigue in a particular job. What we need to deal with are not the limits to which men may go without physical exhaustion, but the limits within which they may work with zest and spirit and pride of accomplishment."
Andreas Kurdi: *of Budapest, Hungary, who impersonated his son in order to be sentenced to prison for three months*	"For years I have been puzzling my head to determine how I might escape for a little while from the terrible place my wife has made of my home for twenty-five years. In prison I had a fine rest."
Rose C. Feld: *in "Colliers"*	"Twenty years ago skirts were long, sleeves, except for dinner, were long, and hair was long. Marriages too were long."
Elliott White Springs: *a former War-Bird, and writer of aviation war-stories*	"I can teach any normal individual between sixteen and sixty to fly a plane in ten hours of good weather."
Lord Winterton: *whose father was one of the first to export Sussex cattle to South Africa, speaking at Loxwood cattle show, Sussex*	"I hope the time will come when cattle will be taken to South Africa, the other dominions, and the Argentine by aeroplane."
Anonymous Writer: *in "Harper's"*	"Nothing that women have won, in any society, whether it be chivalrous homage, or financial irresponsibility, or the vote itself, has been won except because men let them win it."

Michael Arlen: *author*	"Stupid people have an uncanny way of hitting the right nail on the head with the wrong hammer."
Lord Burnham: *English Baron, writer, and President of Empire Press Union*	"I regard insurance as the earthly Providence of modern times."
Felix Valyi: *editor of "The Review of Nations"*	"The habit of regarding a man of the race of Buddha or Confucius, however cultivated he may be, as unworthy of comparison with a white man, although the latter may be a booby, has done more harm than all the economic methods by means of which European powers have placed their foot upon the neck of oriental peoples."
Georges Clémenceau: *"The Tiger" of France, forbears to write his memoirs*	"I never read war books—they are untrue, all of them. Besides, why should I read what some other man has to say about the war, when I probably know more about it than he does?"
F. E. Wynne: *English professor*	"The bottle-of-medicine habit is nothing but a form of medieval fetish worship."
L. W. Barnard: *President of American Bible Training School*	"This whole outbreaking of 'Pentecostalism' in high places is to many of us a sign that Satan is doing his utmost to pervert the Church before the Lord's return."
King George V: *of England*	"I do not like at all such trimming of a horse's tail. It reminds me of a woman with bobbed hair."
Field Marshal Earl Haig: *Commander-in-Chief of the British expeditionary forces in France and Flanders from 1915 to 1919*	"If America had not come in, we might not, perhaps, have forced the enemy to surrender in 1918."
Lieut. Bernt Balchen: *describes the landing of the Byrd plane on the French coast, under his pilotage*	"I stuck to the wheel until I felt the plane strike bottom. We were in about ten feet of water at the time. When the plane struck bottom, I thought it was time to crawl out."
R. T. Stokes: *of N. Y., Secretary of the Biscuit Bakers of the U. S., when the new, round, crumbless cracker with no sharp corners, that can be eaten in bed, is announced*	"There's an appropriate cracker for every time of day and night."
A Small Girl: *of seven, warned by her grandmother against swimming in a polluted river*	"But Granny, I never swallow any of the dirty water. Once in a while I get a mouthful, but it's always by mistake."
Elsie Ferguson: *(Mrs. Thomas B. Clarke, Jr.), distinguished actress since her début in 1901*	"It is not enough to be physically beautiful to-day. It is the vitality of people's relation to life that matters."
Captain Charles Nungesser: *French aviator, before he was lost on his transatlantic flight*	"He who dies, dies once; but he who fears death dies a thousand times."
Havelock Ellis: *on the future of marriage*	"Marriage, indeed any love relationship, must always be a discipline; but it is also an art."
Hsuan Tsung: *former "Boy Emperor" of China*	"I am sure the time will come when there again will be an Emperor in United China, but it must be somebody greater than I."
Benjamin M. Anderson: *economist of the Chase National Bank*	"I have no fear that Communism may be successful, but rather that it will breed reaction and increase the difficulties of moderate men who are trying piecemeal, by legal methods, to bring about needed social reforms."

La Mere Gènot: *"Mother Genot" to her English following, caters only to people of quality in her famous little restaurant in Paris*	"I will not serve truffles in December because they aren't ripe at that season. Nor will I allow my gentlemen clients to smoke between courses."
Upton Sinclair: *fights barring of his book "Oil" as immoral, in Boston*	"My first wife, during our divorce trial, herself termed me 'an essential monogamist.'"
Hendrik Willem Van Loon: *writer, lecturer, editor, and newspaper correspondent*	"We are a great nation, but not a great people."
Kentucky Court of Appeals: *rules the Jefferson County election of November, 1925, invalid, ousting 49 city, and 9 county, officials*	Because of a scheme "concerted by an inner circle of 'practical' men in the organization to get into the ballot boxes a sufficient number of ballots to insure the seating of the Republican candidates, no matter what might be the result of the ballots lawfully cast."
Frances Warfield: *who graduated from college in 1923 and lives in New York, in "Scribner's"*	"Let no one think that I learned nothing in college. I learned to use the best brands of canned chicken, sports clothes, and cosmetics. I learned to pluck my eyebrows. I learned the ear-marks of culture—a well-modulated voice, well-regulated enthusiasms, the attentive strained rapture of intelligent listening which renders vacuity impregnable."
Mary Pickford: *perpetual ingénue of the movies, is weary of child rôles*	"I wanted to do something tragic, something that palpitated with drama. Even now, I have a secret yearning to be a vampire."
"San Diego Union":	"When we are able to see over the telephone we may get a lot of pleasure out of calling wrong numbers."
Dr. George A. Dorsey: *anthropologist and author*	"Give me a newborn child, and in ten years I can have him so scared he'll never dare lift his voice above a whisper, or so brave that he'll fear nothing."
Cardinal Maffi: *bewailing immodest costumes in athletics*	"Every new sport which is adopted takes away a little bit of clothing."
St. John Ervine: *English writer*	"The male in all species is always infinitely the more beautiful."
Herbert Hoover: *Secretary of Commerce*	"It will be a matter of only a few years until planes will be making regular flights across the Atlantic and Pacific in commercial service."
"The Panel": *official organ of the Association of Grand Jurors of New York County*	"In spite of the adequacy of existing laws, prohibiting and punishing such acts as perjury, knowingly receiving stolen property, conspiracy, fraud, extortion, blackmail and loitering, which is so prevalent about our courts and prisons, their enforcement is problematical, due largely to the bold opposition of certain lawyers."
Lord Dewar: *English distiller, bachelor, sportsman, author and wit*	"If the League of Nations would only agree not to have another war until the last one is paid for, everlasting peace would be assured."
"El Paso Times":	"An American's life is now worth as little on the streets of Shanghai as on the streets of Chicago."
Lionell Morette: *Australia's "Little Samson," says diet is the secret of his power. He eats nothing but carrots*	"It is not my purpose to compete with the men of medicine. I merely want to coöperate with them, and help them produce a race of men like gods."

A Critic of "Reduction": *in a letter to the Italian Press*	"If Phryne had been as lean as some ladies of Rome to-day, who resemble hatracks, the judges would have given her at least a year's imprisonment."
George F. Baker: *New York financier, who endowed the Harvard Business School*	"My life has been given to business, and I should like to found the first graduate school to give a fresh start to better business standards."
Mrs. Annie Blake: *companion of Arthur Barry, who, to shield her, admitted a million dollars' worth of jewel robberies in and around New York*	"He is the sweetest boy in the world. They didn't make but just one Art!"
Miss Helen Garrett: *who has worked with Dr. Grenfell in Newfoundland and Labrador*	"There is little or no milk in the Labrador country. As a general rule a babe is weaned on weak tea. They believe that the tongue of a woodpecker, worn about the neck, is a sure preventive of toothache."
George Bernard Shaw: *who once wrote a novel of a pugilist, "Cashel Byron's Profession"*	"There is something in pugilism that appeals irresistibly to the romantic cowardice which is in all writers of fiction."
"Margot" Asquith: *Countess of Oxford and Asquith*	"Women, like cats, are the only domestic animals impossible to train."
Mrs. "Bud" Fisher: *when asked if her divorced husband had made any payments to her*	"He's a cartoonist, but his hand was never steady enough to sign a check for me."
Louis Pruden: *of Orange, N. J., stood on the track and commanded a railway train to halt in "test" of faith; he was struck, and barely escaped death*	"Listen, boys, I came down here to see if the Lord would look after me. I expected Him to protect me. But He didn't. You can see that for yourselves. . . . Still. I'm not faultin' Him. He did pretty well to keep me alive at all."
Hedwig Courths-Hahler: *60 years old, who has written more than 100 novels, of which 25,000,000 copies have been sold in Germany*	"I have no literary ambitions. I write my stuff for the 'low-brows,' for young girls and old women, to help them support the monotony of their existence."
"Santaro": *of the "Japan Advertiser," says that Japanese formality is thawed by saki*	"A Japanese banquet begins like a holy communion and ends in anarchy."
Sybil Thorndike: *English actress*	"The average theatrical audiences in Britain are like lumps of suet."
Ninon: *in "l'Indépendance Roumaine"*	"Dogs should have their beauty parlours. Isn't it natural to have the little companion of your walks always handsomely tricked out, blooming like yourself?"
Mrs. Patrick Campbell: *actress*	"Middle age may go looking for romance, but it comes back to the domestic roof-tree before bedtime."
Roberta Semple: *16, daughter of Aimée Semple McPherson, preaches in Hammond, Ind.*	"Two who make company are God and yourself. When the devil comes in, he makes three, and it is a crowd."
Miss Estelle Taylor: *film star, and wife of Jack Dempsey the pugilist*	"Love is an illusion, a hallucination created in the mind of the lover. It has nothing whatever to do with the object of one's adoration."
Lady Sholto Douglas: *announces at a gay dinner at her home in the Champs Elysées that she will seek her fifth husband in the United States*	"I am going to follow Princess Aimée Crocker's example and make a fifth grab for happiness. I know that she had no luck, but after experimenting with some Russians she praises American men sky-high, and if I am lucky I will bring one of these white hopes back from New York with me."

The Bindles at the Zoo

By HERBERT JENKINS

I

"YOU can get your own tea on Sunday," announced Mrs. Bindle, as she banged upon the table a yellow pie-dish containing Irish stew.

"Get my own tea?" queried Bindle, looking up from the newspaper he had been surreptitiously reading, newspapers not being popular with Mrs. Bindle at mealtimes. "Why should I get my own tea on Sunday, Mrs. B.?"

"Because I'm going out, that's why," she retorted. "I suppose you'd like me to give up all my pleasures as well as wait on you hand and foot."

"Where you going, Lizzie?" he enquired pacifically. He hated storms before meat—they always affected the size of Mrs. Bindle's "helpings."

"I'm going to the Zoo."

"To live?"

A moment later he cursed himself for his glib tongue. The nice meaty chop that Mrs. Bindle had in the spoon was dropped back into the dish, and a piece of unattractive scrag selected in its place.

"Mr. Hearty has invited me to go with him."

For the next few minutes Bindle occupied himself in trying to find some vulnerable spot for his knife and fork in the piece of scrag that lay on his plate.

"He's had some tickets given him. It's a private day on Sunday," announced Mrs. Bindle presently, determined to get the full flavour out of the episode.

"Better put this 'ere piece of bone in your pocket for the lions, in case they 'aven't got enough," he said gloomily, turning over the bit of scrag and examining it from the underside.

"That's right, complain about your food. Pity you haven't got something else to grumble about"—Mrs. Bindle was out for blood. "It's grumble, grumble, grumble, morning, noon, and night. Nothing ever satisfies you, and meat the price it is."

"Can't I have somethink with a bit o' meat on it, then?" he complained, still making valiant efforts to dissect that which nature had never intended should be dissected.

"There, look at you now!"

In his struggle, Bindle had approached too near the edge of the plate, with the result that it had suddenly tilted towards him, depositing its contents upon his knees.

"You're not fit to eat with pigs," was Mrs. Bindle's comment, as she watched Bindle scrape from his clothes and pick up from the floor what remained of his meal, using a spoon for the purpose. This done, he pushed his plate towards her; but Mrs. Bindle ignored the hint.

"Give us a bit more, Lizzie," he pleaded.

"There isn't any more," she announced with decision.

"No more!" he echoed in consternation. "But there's a lot in the dish."

"That's got to do for to-morrow. You seem to forget the price of things. In future you'd better take your meals in the scullery, then you can slop your food about as you like."

"But I ain't 'ad anythink to eat yet," he grumbled.

Mrs. Bindle ignored the protest, but compromised a delicate situation by dabbing on his plate two potatoes, some gravy, and a small piece of meat.

Another time the news that Mrs. Bindle and Mr. Hearty were going to the Zoo would have filled Bindle with unholy joy; but it is a humorous head that laughs on an empty stomach. When he left No. 7 Fenton Street to return to his work, it was with a sense of grievance that somehow seemed to involve his brother-in-law, Mr. Hearty, and the Zoo itself.

All the afternoon he brooded over the wrong that had been done him, inspired to discontent by the feeling of emptiness within.

That evening, when he left work, he took a bus to Chelsea to call on his friend, Dr. Richard Little, whom he found at home. When, half an hour later, he left the surgery, it was with a lighter heart and a brighter outlook. Dr. Little had promised to obtain from a friend tickets for the Zoölogical Gardens which could be used on the following Sunday. Bindle's plaintive remark that "Some'ow it doesn't seem right to miss seein' Mrs. B. and 'Earty in the monkey 'ouse" had proved irresistible.

On the following Sunday the Bindles dined early. One o'clock saw Mrs. Bindle's kitchen spotless, with not a thing awry, and tea laid for one. Mrs. Bindle herself stood at the door taking a final look round to see that everything was as it should be.

"You'll find tea in the cup. Mind you hot the pot first and see the water's boiling, then let it stand for three minutes."

She was arrayed in her best alpaca and her most biscuit-coloured gloves, tight across the palms to the point of discomfort. Her bonnet of purple, "picked out with spring-leaf green," sat perpendicularly upon her head, and the purple ribbons were tied with meticulous neatness beneath her sharp chin.

From her elastic-sided boots, with patent-leather toe-caps, to the top of her rather forbidding headgear, she was conscious that there was nothing amiss. In Bindle's idiom, she felt herself to be "It."

"And mind you don't spill your tea on the cloth," she said as she turned towards the door, "and when you've finished put your cup and saucer and plate in the pan in the sink."

"You're wastin' a lot o' breath, Mrs. B.," said Bindle at length. "I ain't a-goin' to be 'ome to tea."

"Then why couldn't you say so before, and save me laying it?"

Bindle had postponed the announcement until the last moment. He had intended telling Mrs. Bindle that he also was bound for the Zoo; but just as the words were on his lips he realised that a more dramatic effect might be obtained by presenting himself to his wife and brother-in-law as they were indulging in their pleasures.

Five minutes later the front door banged, and Mrs. Bindle was on her way to Putney Bridge Station, to meet her brother-in-law

II

"I THINK," remarked Mr. Hearty, with the air of one who has given the matter mature consideration, "I think, Elizabeth, that we ought to see the lions fed."

"I should like it, Mr. Hearty," said Mrs. Bindle, drawing in her chin, which, when with Mr. Hearty, was always a sign that she was pleased. "I have never seen the lions fed," she added, as one announcing that she had never tasted artichokes.

"Can you tell me what time the lions are fed?" enquired Mr. Hearty politely, as they passed through the turnstiles.

"Four o'clock," replied the man, in the tone of one who suffers fools professionally.

"We must see the Mappin Terraces, also," announced Mr. Hearty, springing open the case of his gold hunter. Mr. Hearty never lost an opportunity of acquainting himself with the time.

"I should like to," said Mrs. Bindle, utterly at sea as to what a Mappin terrace might be; but prepared to see every animal known to Noah.

For nearly half an hour they proceeded to stroll about, aimless and uncertain, Mr. Hearty generally half a yard in front. He realised that care was necessary in a place like the Zoo. He had already determined to do all he could to head Mrs. Bindle off from the Monkey House.

Mr. Hearty was never at home in the Monkey House. There was a certain realistic freedom adopted by monkeys which he found disconcerting.

Suddenly his eye caught sight of the words "Cat House." Recalling a previous visit to the Zoo, he piloted Mrs. Bindle past the entrance.

"Phew! What a stink!"

As the words assailed his ears Mr. Hearty shuddered. A moment later, his head jerked forward, as a flat and hearty hand caught him full between the shoulders.

"So I caught you, 'ave I?"

Mr. Hearty turned to find himself blinking uncertainly into the eyes of Bindle behind a large cigar with a red and gold band. In the background stood Ginger, a gloomy picture of pimpled misanthropy, emphasized by a Cambridge-blue tie. Ginger's complexion had never been schemed for delicate tints in neck-wear.

Mrs. Bindle glared at Ginger; then, as if dazzled by his tie, she transferred her eyes to Bindle.

"What are you doing here?" she demanded.

"Jest a-toddlin' round sayin' 'ow-jer-do to the snakes," was the response. "Been to see the old toms?" he enquired pleasantly of Mr. Hearty, who shuddered at the question.

"Blinkin' stink!" was Ginger's comment. "I'd poison 'em," he added malevolently. "Don't 'old wiv cats!"

"Come along, 'Earty," said Bindle, linking his arm in that of his reluctant brother-in-law. "Funny thing, seein' you 'ere. Dr. Little give me two tickets, so I brought ole Ging. The Zoo always cheers 'im up, don't it, Ging?" he threw over his shoulder, at which Ginger growled a remark about not holding with something or other.

During the short conversation Mrs. Bindle had stood with indrawn lips. She saw in Bindle's sudden appearance with the unspeakable Ginger, whom she detested, another organised attempt to humiliate her.

As Bindle led Mr. Hearty away, she had perforce to follow with Ginger, who, conversationally, was an undischarged bankrupt. This, coupled with his openly expressed hatred of women, rendered him a questionable cavalier.

"Nothin' but one stink after another," he grumbled.

Mrs. Bindle stiffened. In her own mind she was preparing things she intended to say to Bindle when a suitable occasion presented itself.

"'Ere, Ging, come an' look at this," cried Bindle, who had pulled up in front of a cage in which sat, with embarrassing frankness and composure, a mandrill.

Mrs. Bindle suddenly became conscious that Mr. Hearty had turned and was walking hurriedly away.

"Did jer ever see anythink like it?" demanded Bindle of Ginger. "Looks as if 'e'd——"

"Bindle!"

Mrs. Bindle's lips had entirely disappeared. A moment later she too turned and walked swiftly away in the direction taken by Mr. Hearty. Ginger leant forward, one hand on either knee, examining with an interest that surprised Bindle the eccentrically marked mandrill.

"Wot jer think of 'im, Ging?"

"Funny old blinker!" muttered Ginger presently. "Fancy 'avin' to go about wiv a——"

"'Ush, Ging! Remember it's Sunday," and Bindle drew his reluctant friend away from the mandrill's cage.

"Fancy a-paintin' of 'im up like that," persisted Ginger. "Funny place to——"

"'Ush, Ging!" murmured Bindle.

"'Oo's 'e?" demanded Ginger, as he and Bindle proceeded to overtake Mr. Hearty, who had waited for Mrs. Bindle. "'E ain't 'alf got the blinkin' 'eart bowed down," he added.

Bindle explained the relationship.

"'Ullo, they're going to see the elephants," he said, as Mrs. Bindle and Mr. Hearty disappeared into the elephant shed.

Upon Mr. Hearty's features as he entered was the expression of a man who finds the atmosphere distasteful. He possessed an extremely delicate sense of smell.

Taking her cue from her brother-in-law, Mrs. Bindle drew a handkerchief from her pocket and held it to her nose.

"I likes the smell of elephants," announced Bindle, with the air of one announcing that heliotrope or mignonette is a delight to his nostrils.

"I don't 'old wiv elephants," grumbled Ginger, as he gazed at the waving trunk of the elephant before which they were standing.

"Get away, you brute!"

Mrs. Bindle brought her umbrella down with a vigorous smack on the side of the trunk, which the elephant, anticipating hospitality, had thrust towards her, opening and closing the viscid extremity invitingly.

A moment later Mrs. Bindle started back with a scream, dropping her umbrella. The elephant, resenting the assault, had blown deliberately in her face, with the result that to Mrs. Bindle's features clung much elephantine moisture.

Mr. Hearty turned and made for the door, while Ginger laughed.

So astonished was Bindle at the sight of Ginger laughing that he forgot Mrs. Bindle in the contemplation of what was, so far as his experience went, a record.

"Blinkin' old 'Un, spittin' like that," said Ginger, and he laughed again. Ginger had spent six months in a German prison.

A keeper strolled up and proceeded to soothe the irate pachyderm.

With fingers that trembled with anger, Mrs. Bindle proceeded to remove her veil and then to wipe her face. This done, she turned upon the keeper.

"I shall report you," she announced, "for—for not putting that brute in a cage."

"He's harmless enough, mum," was the keeper's cool retort; "but he don't like being hit. It's a wonder he didn't lift you up and dash you against the roof," he added, drawing upon his imagination.

Mrs. Bindle retreated a pace, realising that she was still within reach of that tenuous menace.

Mr. Hearty had disappeared, and a moment later Mrs. Bindle followed, while Bindle and Ginger brought up the rear.

"I'll report that man!" announced Mrs. Bindle to Mr. Hearty as she continued to rub her face; it still felt contracted, due to the elephant's stickiness.

"They ought not to allow such brutes

loose," said Mr. Hearty with conviction. He had already made up his mind to approach nothing that was not behind iron bars. He almost regretted his suggestion that they should see the lions fed.

"It's ten minutes to four, 'Earty," cried Bindle from behind. "We'd better go and see 'em feed the lions."

The lions did not appear to be hungry; they accepted their joints with a callousness that disappointed both Bindle and Ginger, who had hoped for "a bit of a scrap."

Mrs. Bindle expressed her views upon the quality of the meat supplied, the arrival of which Bindle had heralded with: "Oh, lor, don't it niff?"

The zoölogical interests of Mrs. Bindle and Ginger were as the poles asunder. The exhibits which interested Ginger aroused in Mrs. Bindle a feeling of repulsion. Their first differences of opinion arose in regard to the kangaroos.

Ginger was not overburdened with zoölogical knowledge; but one thing he did know, and that was the way in which certain marsupials, notably the kangaroo, carry their young. With Ginger, to know a thing was to impart the knowledge to others. In general he was a man upon whose lips had fallen a great silence.

From the first he had been anxious to discover the whereabouts of the kangaroos. When at last he found them, Ginger gave a little grunt of satisfaction.

"Look!" he said, seizing Mrs. Bindle by the arm and pointing to a lady kangaroo. "See, that's where it carries——"

For answer, Mrs. Bindle gripped her umbrella and brought its knob in sharp contact with Ginger's chin.

"'Ere, wot the blinkin'——!" he shouted.

"Steady, Ginger," grinned Bindle, "this ain't a bloomin' Cabinet Meetin'."

"Wot she want to biff me wiv 'er umbrella for?" he demanded angrily.

"If you give me any more of your lewd talk I'll do it again," announced Mrs. Bindle, pale with anger.

"I only said——" began Ginger.

"Stop it!" cried Mrs. Bindle, raising the umbrella, and Ginger stopped it.

Mrs. Bindle walked on with Mr. Hearty. For her, kangaroos were irretrievably and forever banned as disgusting beasts.

Ginger stayed behind to explain to Bindle the nursery accommodation provided by nature for juvenile kangaroos.

Another crisis arose owing to a heated discussion between Bindle and Ginger about a zoölogical matter connected with a white-bearded gnu, which both seemed satisfied to call "gee-new." Bindle maintained that it was a lord of creation, whilst Ginger was equally convinced that it was what he described as "a milker."

Mr. Hearty now had the appearance of a man possessed of some secret dread. He approached each pen or cage with suspicion, taking a hurried glance at the inmates before he ventured to pause for a closer inspection. Mr. Hearty was a man upon whom delicacy had descended as a blight.

Ginger's zoölogical tidbit of information was concerned with the amazing characteristics of the camels. During the War he had served in Egypt.

"Ain't got no blinkin' feelin's, 'aven't camels," he announced. "Plug 'em through the innards an' they jest 'iccups. I——" Ginger stopped suddenly, noticing a certain rigidity about Mrs. Bindle's umbrella-arm.

"Look 'ere, Joe," he grumbled a few minutes later. "If your missis lands me wiv 'er umbrella again, I'm goin' to dot 'er one."

Mr. Hearty received one shock. Much to his interest, he had discovered a skirt that was short even for London, and the limbs beneath were shapely. Mr. Hearty's zoölogical interest became intensified.

"I *am* surprised at you!" cried a hoarse voice, almost in his ear.

Dropping his umbrella, he spun round with the air of a man discovered in some illicit act, only to face a moth-eaten parrot of dingy reds and yellows and blues with a huge bone beak.

By the time Mr. Hearty had retrieved his umbrella, the skirt, and what the skirt had inadequately covered, had disappeared.

III

THROUGHOUT the afternoon Bindle had been doing his utmost to head the party in the direction of the Monkey House, but both Mrs. Bindle and Mr. Hearty seemed determined to avoid that particular spot.

Matters were at length brought to a crisis by a remark from Ginger.

"Wot about the blinkin' monkeys?" he demanded, suddenly coming to a standstill. "We got to see them."

Mr. Hearty, who had stared violently at the adjective, looked across at Mrs. Bindle. She appeared to hesitate.

"You ain't been to the Zoo if you 'aven't seen the monkeys," said Bindle. "Come along, 'Earty, I know the way," with which he linked his arm through that of Mr. Hearty and made off in the direction of the Monkey House.

"Funny little blinkers, them monkeys," grumbled Ginger.

He had been almost genial since the elephant's attack on Mrs. Bindle.

"Didn't 'alf spit in yer eye, did 'e?" he added, his mind still dwelling upon the delightful feeling he had experienced at seeing Mrs. Bindle blown upon by an elephant.

Mrs. Bindle lifted her chin. She disliked Ginger intensely.

"I'll thank you to keep your remarks to yourself," she said, drawing in her lips.

"Eh?" Ginger's mouth opened vacantly. With him it was a sign that he failed to understand.

"You've got a lewd tongue," continued Mrs. Bindle.

"No, I ain't," he contradicted, "it's fur. 'Ad a thick night last night, I did," he added, by way of explanation.

"It's what?" she demanded.

"Fur!" said Ginger. "Look!" and he produced from between his lips an unearthly looking thing of gray and blue and pink.

"You beast!" and with that Mrs. Bindle hurried forward, leaving the astonished Ginger with his tongue still protruding from his lips, puzzled to account for her reception of what, to him, was a friendly act. He showed his tongue to few women.

"If you don't stop that man saying disgusting things to me, Bindle, I shall tell a keeper," cried Mrs. Bindle on catching up with the others.

"'E's all right, is ole Ging," said Bindle genially as he turned once more to Mr. Hearty, to whom he was explaining, much to Mr. Hearty's embarrassment, a certain incident he had seen in the Monkey House on the occasion of his last visit to the Zoo. The presence of Mrs. Bindle, however, robbed the story of much of its realism.

It had been Mr. Hearty's intention carefully to avoid the Monkey House. He recalled once having visited it with Mrs. Hearty, and her Rabelaisian mirth had embarrassed him so painfully that he had left the building, preferring to wait for her outside.

As the party entered the Monkey House, Mr. Hearty had the air of a man determined to see nothing he ought not to see. Mrs. Bindle was clearly on the defensive. She was prepared to retreat at the least manifestation of that from which, in her opinion, all nice-minded people should retire.

Ginger manifested eagerness, while Bindle's attitude was clearly that of a man who is approaching what he regards as "the tasty bit of the 'ole show," as he had just expressed it to his brother-in-law.

Mr. Hearty took the precaution of moving on ahead, leaving Mrs. Bindle wedged in a stream of people, with Bindle and Ginger in attendance.

Never had Bindle known Ginger so loquacious. He volunteered a great deal of information about monkeys, most of which was inaccurate; he seemed to have a considerable store of recollections upon which to draw.

Bindle fed the stream of reminiscence by judicious enquiry.

Mr. Hearty was doing better than he had anticipated. He decided that the Monkey House was obviously a place to visit alone.

"Look, Joe!" cried Ginger, his freckled face assuming an expression of almost animation. "Look at them two up there. Tell your missis!" Ginger was too wise to address Mrs. Bindle directly.

"Hi!" Ginger called to Mr. Hearty. "See that?" and he pointed to a bar on which a monkey was lying luxuriously extended, whilst a colleague was going over him as with a toothcomb.

"'E don't 'alf like it," cried Ginger, his eyes fixed upon the pair. "Look, 'e's turning over." Ginger was determined that no one should lose the most trifling detail or incident if he could avoid it.

"If you don't stop that man, I'll hit him again," hissed Mrs. Bindle in Bindle's ear.

"Stop Ging!" cried Bindle incredulously. "You might jest as well 'ave tried to stop the War as ole Ging when 'e gets on monkeys. There's only two things wot really sets 'im goin'; one's bell-tents an' the other's monkeys. You been in a bell-tent, now you——"

"Look!" cried Ginger excitedly. "Look at that little blinker!" In his eagerness he failed to realise that Bindle and Mrs. Bindle had changed positions, and he nudged her where Mrs. Bindle strongly objected to being nudged.

Without a moment's hesitation she jabbed the handle of her umbrella in Ginger's direction. The ferrule, however, caught in the cage and prodded a large grey monkey, attracting its attention from behind. In a flash it seemed to swing up above the netting and, a moment later, a long mole-coloured arm darted out from between the bars.

There was a scream, and Mrs. Bindle stood bonnetless, her thin sandy hair hanging in wisps about her hatchet-like head, while an ecstatic monkey, with a purple and green bonnet, was swiftly retreating to the highest and most inaccessible portion of the cage.

"Stop him!" she cried wildly, recovering from the shock. "He's got my bonnet."

For the second time that afternoon Ginger laughed, a loud raucous bark that seemed to goad Mrs. Bindle to fury.

"You brute!" she cried. "It was your fault." She made another lunge at Ginger with her umbrella, missed him and caught Bindle on the side of the nose.

With a yelp of pain he clapped his hand to his face.

"'Ere, what are you doin', Lizzie?" he yelled.

"That monkey's got my bonnet! Here, you!" she cried, as a keeper pushed his way through the crowd.

"Go in and get it!" she ordered, as the keeper came alongside.

"I can't do that, mum," said the man civilly.

"Then I'll report you," was the furious retort. "I want to see the manager."

"See the what?"

"The manager—the manager of the Zoo," she added, as if to leave no doubt as to the identity of him with whom she desired speech.

The man scratched his head through his cap.

"You mean the secretary, mum," he ventured. "He isn't here on Sundays."

"I want my bonnet!" cried Mrs. Bindle, making frantic efforts to tuck away the wayward strands of sandy hair, her eyes fixed upon the robber of her headgear.

"Tie your handkerchief over your head," suggested a little man whose face radiated friendliness.

"Hold your tongue!" snapped Mrs. Bindle; then, turning to the keeper, she demanded:

"Are you going to get my bonnet?"

The keeper once more explained the impossibility of the task.

"Then I shall report you!" she announced for the second time. "I can't go home like this. Where's Mr. Hearty?" she demanded, looking about her. But Mr. Hearty was making no effort to push his way to the front; on the contrary, he had allowed himself to be forced to the outer edge of the crowd.

Attracted by the unusual sight of a bonnet in the possession of their comrade, the other monkeys had made a rush in its direction. By this time a wild game of follow-my-leader was in progress.

At length the possessor of the bonnet secured a corner at the top of the cage, on which all but a frontal attack was impossible. Here it proceeded to dissect Mrs. Bindle's millinery, the other monkeys forming an eager group before him.

As it tore the bonnet bit from bit, each portion was subjected to a careful scrutiny. When apparently satisfied that there could be no difficulty about identifying that particular piece, the long gray arm handed it to one of the waiting group. Soon the bonnet which had caused Mrs. Bindle much thought and labour was being put to a decorative use by the monkeys in a way which, as she later explained to Mrs. Hearty, made her feel hot all over.

The crowd was delighted.

In escaping from Mrs. Bindle, Ginger had captured Mr. Hearty and, with a wealth of expletive, was explaining to him what had happened.

"Pinched 'er blinkin' bonnet—look!" he cried, as one of the monkeys adorned himself grotesquely with a piece of green ribbon. "Blinkin' ole guy, ain't she?" he muttered, leaning towards Mr. Hearty.

Mr. Hearty started back. Although a green-grocer, he disliked onions—at least, second-hand.

"I don't 'old wiv women," cried Ginger, his eyes still fixed on the gambols of the monkeys. "Streamin' well better orf wivout 'em. Got one of yer own?" he enquired.

Mr. Hearty was relieved from the necessity of replying by Mrs. Bindle once more demanding to see the manager.

"I tell you, I'm not going home like this," she announced.

"Well, you can't stay here all night," said the keeper gravely. "We shuts at half-past six."

"Then bring the manager to see me."

"I tell you, there ain't no manager. This ain't a music-hall."

"Look 'ere, ole sport," said Bindle, drawing the keeper aside. "'Ave you got an 'at the missis can go 'ome in?"

The man pondered and once more scratched his head through his hat.

"I might be able to get you the loan of

such a thing, mate," he responded. "You wait 'ere; I'll go an' see wot I can find. I don't live on the place myself; but some of us do, with their mississes. She yours?" he enquired, jerking his head in the direction of Mrs. Bindle.

Bindle nodded.

"Well, you got my sympathy, mate," he said as he moved off.

A few minutes later he returned with the suggestion that Mrs. Bindle should accompany him in search of headgear. Without a word she acquiesced, relieved at the prospect of escaping from the gaze of the crowd, which instinctively she felt was unsympathetic.

"Of all the bloomin' larks!" cried Ginger, slapping a biscuit-coloured thigh in high good-humour. Then, a moment later, he added: "Why ain't there a blinking pub in this 'ere place?"

Ginger's thoughts gravitated towards beer as inevitably as the needle of a compass points to the magnetic pole. The more dramatic the action, the more insistent became his thirst.

Mr. Hearty was endeavouring to edge away from Ginger and his brother-in-law; he had the appearance of a man who is trying to lose a dog that has no intention of being lost.

Ginger continued to assure Mr. Hearty of the intensity of his enjoyment of the afternoon's entertainment, and he did so amidst a stress of picturesque language that seemed almost to numb Mr. Hearty's faculties.

Ginger's description of Mrs. Bindle's appearance at length drew from Bindle a protest.

"Look 'ere, Ging! If it 'ad been your 'at, it wouldn't have seemed so funny, would it?"

In Ginger's eyes was a puzzled look—he was thinking.

"Oh, my Gawd!"

The exclamation broke involuntarily from Bindle.

Coming towards them, elbowing the crowd with characteristic determination, was Mrs. Bindle. Her dress was the same, her expression of uncompromising disapproval was the same, her umbrella was the same, and the narrow-palmed, biscuit-coloured gloves were those with which she had set out upon her day's pleasures. For all that it seemed an entirely new Mrs. Bindle that approached the three men, and Bindle in his own idiom had expressed the view of all.

In place of her austerely correct bonnet, built up high in front like the bows of a modern destroyer, was a felt hat, which industry and pipe-clay had failed to restore to its original whiteness.

The brim was narrow and shaped like a saucer, while round the crown was a faded pale blue ribbon.

"Come on, Joe," whispered Ginger hoarsely, conscious of the grins of those around him. "Let's go an' see the kangaroos," and Bindle and Ginger melted away, leaving Mrs. Bindle to Mr. Hearty, in whose direction she was making.

That afternoon Mr. Hearty suffered as he had never suffered before.

It was only a sense of nakedness that seemed capable of offending Mrs. Bindle. The consciousness that on her head was a hat seemed to satisfy her. She appeared to be oblivious of the fact that as she passed heads turned automatically and arms nudged into sides.

To the hypersensitive Mr. Hearty, however, this was only too apparent. Three times he suggested that they should return home, and three times Mrs. Bindle told him of things she yet desired to see.

Finally, in desperation, Mr. Hearty suggested tea. For one thing he wanted refreshment, and for another he felt that, sitting down, Mrs. Bindle would attract less attention.

Mrs. Bindle made quite a hearty meal. The absence of Ginger and Bindle had raised her spirits.

It was, however, on the way home in the Tube that Mr. Hearty's misery and embarrassment reached its culminating point. Seated opposite to them was a child of an enquiring turn of mind, accompanied by a particularly affectionate mother.

From the first the child's attention was attracted by Mrs. Bindle. For some time the youngster gazed at her head in speculative wonder.

Just before she had entered the carriage, the doting mother had found occasion to censure her offspring by saying that only bad people made themselves conspicuous in railway carriages.

The rebuke had gone home. After a thorough examination of Mrs. Bindle's hat and person, and choosing a moment when the train was in the station, the child turned to its mother and in a shrill voice enquired:

"Mummie, is that a bad woman?" and the child's index finger indicated Mrs. Bindle.

Remembered from the Play

"THE WORLD'S CHAMPION"

ETHEL—Audiences at boxing matches are composed of thousands of poor, tortured little clerks, of deceived husbands, of beaten men who go to see how they would look if only they were strong and brave. I admit, they are enthusiastic. But do you know why? Because every punch and hit given by the contestants is meant by *them* for some one else. For cowards, there is no more delightful feeling in the world than to see a man beaten by some one else. They are even willing to pay to see men licked.

By Lajos Zilahy, Budapest, 1927.

* * *

"THE FANATICS"

JOHN—The best way to live is to live by what you believe, which is difficult . . . and not by what you don't believe, which is easy. If you can, you're a fanatic. But I believe you've got to have something of a fanatic in you to do anything worth while these days. The thing is to keep one's fanaticism, and to keep one's humanity.

By Miles Malleson, London, 1927.

* * *

"LOVE AND BEAUTY"

MRS. SHUTTLEWORTH—The difference between men and women is that men are not naturally addicted to matrimony. With patience, firmness, and occasional rewards you can train them to it just as you can train a dog to walk on its hind legs. But a dog would rather walk on all fours, and a man would rather be free. Marriage is a habit.

VICTORIA—And a very good one, mother.

MRS. SHUTTLEWORTH—Of course. But the unfortunate thing about this world is that good habits are so much easier to get out of than bad ones.

By W. Somerset Maugham, London, 1919; Vienna, 1927.

* * *

"COMEDY OF SEDUCTIONS"

ELIGIUS FENZ—Yes, in three years you'll become a captain, and then major, and then colonel, and brigadier general, and general. You'll be pensioned as a general, or, if you're lucky, as a field marshal. Yes, you soldiers have a fine way in life. But we,—actors, singers,—not only climb the hill, but we have to walk down the hill, too. Deeper, always deeper. Having once been a general, one becomes a captain once more, and then a sergeant, then a private, until the day comes when no one ever salutes you.

By Arthur Schnitzler, Vienna, 1924; revived, 1927.

Ranson's Folly

By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

Richard Harding Davis

PART I

THE junior officers of Fort Crockett had organized a mess at the post-trader's. "And a mess it certainly is," said Lieutenant Ranson. The dining-table stood between hogsheads of molasses and a blazing log-fire, the counter of the store was their buffet, a pool-table with a cloth, blotted like a map of the Great Lakes, their sideboard, and Indian Pete acted as butler. But none of these things counted against the great fact that each evening Mary Cahill, the daughter of the post-trader, presided over the evening meal, and turned it into a banquet. From her high chair behind the counter, with the cash-register on her one side and the weighing-scales on the other, she gave her little Senate laws, and smiled upon each and all with the kind impartiality of a comrade.

At least, at one time she had been impartial. But of late she smiled upon all save Lieutenant Ranson. When he talked, she now looked at the blazing log-fire, and her cheeks glowed and her eyes seemed to reflect the lifting flame.

For five years, ever since her father brought her from the convent at St. Louis, Mary Cahill had watched officers come and officers go. Her knowledge concerning them, and their public and private affairs, was vast and miscellaneous. She was acquainted with the traditions of every regiment, with its war record, with its peace-time politics, its nicknames, its scandals, even with the earnings of each company-canteen. At Fort Crockett, which lay under her immediate observation, she knew more of what was going forward than did the regimental adjutant, more even than did the colonel's wife. If Trumpeter Tyler flatted on church call, if Mrs. Stickney applied to the quartermaster for three feet of stovepipe, if Lieutenant Curtis were granted two days' leave for quail-shooting, Mary Cahill knew it; and if Mrs. "Captain" Stairs obtained the post-ambulance for a drive to Kiowa City, when Mrs. "Captain" Ross wanted it for a picnic, she knew what words passed between those ladies, and which of the two wept. She knew all of these things, for each evening they were retailed to her by her "boarders." Her boarders were very loyal to Mary Cahill. Her position was a difficult one, and had it not been that the boy-officers were so understanding, it would have been much more difficult. For the life of a regimental post is as circumscribed as the life of a ship-of-war, and it would no more be possible for the ship's barber to rub shoulders with the admiral's epaulets than that a post-trader's child should visit the ladies on the "line," or that the wives of the enlisted men should dine with the young girl from whom they "took in" washing.

So, between the upper and the nether grindstones, Mary Cahill was left without the society of her own sex, and was of necessity forced to content herself with the society of the officers. And the officers played fair. Loyalty to Mary Cahill was a tradition at Fort Crockett, which it was the duty of each succeeding regiment to sustain. Moreover, her father, a dark, sinister man, alive only to money-making, was known to handle a revolver with the alertness of a town-marshal.

Since the day she left the convent Mary Cahill had held but two affections: one for this grim, taciturn parent, who brooded over her as jealously as a lover, and the other for the entire United States Army. The Army returned her affection without the jealousy of the father, and with much more than his effusiveness. But when Lieutenant Ranson arrived from the Philippines, the affections of Mary Cahill became less generously distributed, and her heart fluttered hourly between trouble and joy.

There were two rooms on the first floor of the post-trader's—this big one, which only officers and their women-folk might enter, and the other, the exchange of the enlisted men. The two were separated by a partition of logs, and hung with shelves on which were displayed calicoes, tinned meats, and patent medicines. A door, cut in one end of the partition, with buffalo-robes for portières, permitted Cahill to pass from behind the counter of one store to behind the counter of the other. On one side Mary Cahill served the colonel's wife with many yards of silk ribbon to be converted into german favours, on the other her father weighed out bears' claws (manufactured in Hartford, Conn., from turkey-bones) to make a necklace for Red Wing, the squaw of the Arapaho chieftain. He waited upon every one with gravity, and in obstinate silence. No one had ever seen Cahill smile. He himself occasionally joked with others in a grim and embarrassed manner. But no one had ever joked with him. It was reported that he came from New York, where, it was whispered, he had once kept bar on the Bowery for McTurk.

Sergeant Clancey, of G troop, was the authority for this. But when, presuming on that supposition, he claimed acquaintanceship with Cahill, the post-trader spread out his hands on the counter and stared at the sergeant with cold and disconcerting eyes. "I never kept bar nowhere," he said. "I never been on the Bowery, never been in New York, never been east of Denver in my life. What was it you ordered?"

"Well, mebbe I'm wrong," growled the sergeant.

But a month later, when a coyote howled down near the Indian village, the sergeant said insinuatingly, "Sounds just like the cry of the Whyos, don't it?" And Cahill, who was listening to the wolf, unthinkingly nodded his head.

The sergeant snorted in triumph. "Yah, I told you so!" he cried, "a man that's never been on the Bowery, and knows the call of the Whyo gang! The drinks are on you, Cahill."

The post-trader did not raise his eyes, but drew a damp cloth up and down the counter, slowly and heavily, as a man sharpens a knife on a whetstone.

That night, as the sergeant went up the path to the post, a bullet passed through his hat. Clancey was a forceful man, and forceful men, unknown to themselves, make enemies, so he was uncertain as to whether this came from a trooper he had borne upon too harshly, or whether, in the darkness, he had been picked off for some one else. The next night, as he passed in the full light of the post-trader's windows, a shot came from among the dark shadows of the corral, and when he immediately sought safety in numbers among the Indians, cowboys, and troopers in the exchange, he was in time to see Cahill enter it from the other store, wrapping up a bottle of pain-killer for Mrs. Stickney's cook. But Clancey was not deceived. He observed with satisfaction that the soles and the heels of Cahill's boots were wet with the black mud of the corral.

The next morning, when the exchange was empty, the post-trader turned from arranging cans of condensed milk upon an upper shelf to face the sergeant's revolver.

He threw up his hands to the level of his ears as though expressing sharp unbelief, and waited in silence. The sergeant advanced until the gun rested on the counter, its muzzle pointing at the pit of Cahill's stomach. "You or me has got to leave this post," said the sergeant, "and I can't desert, so I guess it's up to you."

"What did you talk for?" asked Cahill. His attitude was still that of shocked disbelief, but his tone expressed a full acceptance of the situation and a desire to temporize.

"At first I thought it might be that new 'cruity' in F Troop," explained the sergeant. "You came near making me kill the wrong man. What harm did I do you by saying you kept bar for McTurk? What's there in that to get hot about?"

"You said I run with the Whyos."

"What the h—l do I care what you've done!" roared the sergeant. "I don't know nothing about you, but I don't mean you should shoot me in the back. I'm going to tell this to my bunky, an' if I get shot up, the Troop'll know who done it, and you'll hang for it. Now, what are you going to do?"

Cahill did not tell what he would do; for, from the other store, the low voice of Mary Cahill called, "Father! Oh, father!"

The two men dodged, and eyed each other guiltily. The sergeant gazed at the buffalo-robe portières with wide-opened eyes. Cahill's hands dropped from the region of his ears, and fell flat upon the counter.

When Miss Mary Cahill pushed aside the portières, Sergeant Clancey, of G Troop, was showing her father the mechanism of the new regulation-revolver. He apparently was having some difficulty with the cylinder, for his face was red. Her father was eying the gun with the critical approval of an expert.

"Father," said Miss Cahill petulantly,

"why didn't you answer? Where is the blue stationery—the sort Major Ogden always buys? He's waiting."

The eyes of the post-trader did not wander from the gun before him. "Next to the blank books, Mame," he said. "On the second shelf."

Miss Cahill flashed a dazzling smile at the big sergeant, and whispered, so that the officer in the room behind her might not overhear, "Is he trying to sell you Government property, dad? Don't touch it. Sergeant, I'm surprised at you tempting my poor father." She pulled the two buffalo-robes close around her neck so that her face only showed between them. It was a sweet, lovely face, with frank, boyish eyes.

"When the major's gone, sergeant," she whispered, "bring your gun around my side of the store and I'll buy it from you."

The sergeant nodded in violent assent, laughing noiselessly and slapping his knee in a perfect ecstasy of delight.

The curtains dropped and the face disappeared.

The sergeant fingered the gun and Cahill folded his arms defiantly.

"Well?" he said.

"Well?" asked the sergeant.

"I should think you could see how it is," said Cahill, "without my having to tell you."

"You mean you don't want she should know?"

"My God, no! Not even that I kept a bar."

"Well, I don't know nothing. I don't mean to tell nothing, anyway, so if you'll promise to be good I'll call this off."

For the first time in the history of Fort Crockett, Cahill was seen to smile. "May I reach under the counter *now?*" he asked.

The sergeant grinned appreciatively, and shifted his gun. "Yes, but I'll keep this out until I'm sure it's a bottle," he said, and laughed boisterously.

For an instant, under the cover of the counter, Cahill's hand touched longingly upon the gun that lay there, and then passed on to the bottle beside it. He drew it forth, and there was the clink of glasses.

In the other room Mary Cahill winked at the major, but that officer pretended to be both deaf to the clink of the glasses and blind to the wink. And so the incident was closed. Had it not been for the folly of Lieutenant Ranson it would have remained closed.

A week before this happened a fire had started in the Willow Bottoms among the teepees of some Kiowas, and the prairie, as far as one could see, was bruised and black. From the post it looked as though the sky had been raining ink. At the time all of the regiment but G and H Troops was out on a practise-march, experimenting with a new-fangled tabloid-ration. As soon as it turned the buttes it saw from where the light in the heavens came and the practise-march became a race.

At the post the men had doubled out under Lieutenant Ranson with wet horse-blankets, and while he led G Troop to fight the flames, H Troop, under old Major Stickney, burned a space around the post, across which the men of G Troop retreated, stumbling, with their ears and shoulders wrapped in the smoking blankets. The sparks beat upon them and the flames followed so fast that, as they ran, the blazing grass burned their lacings, and they kicked their gaiters ahead of them.

When the regiment arrived it found everybody at Fort Crockett talking enthusiastically of Ranson's conduct and resentfully of the fact that he had regarded the fire as one which had been started for his especial amusement.

"I assure you," said Mrs. Bolland to the colonel, "if it hadn't been for young Ranson we would have been burned in our beds; but he was most aggravating. He treated it as though it were Fourth of July fireworks. It is the only entertainment we have been able to offer him since he joined in which he has shown the slightest interest." Nevertheless, it was generally admitted that Ranson had saved the post. He had been ubiquitous. He had been seen galloping into the advancing flames like a stampeded colt, he had reappeared like a wraith in columns of black, whirling smoke, at the same moment his voice issued orders from twenty places One instant he was visible beating back the fire with a wet blanket, waving it above him jubilantly, like a substitute at the Army-Navy game when his side scores, and the next staggering from out of the furnace dragging an asphyxiated trooper by the collar, and shrieking, "Hospital-steward, hospital-steward! here's a man on fire. Put him out, and send him back to me, quick!"

Those who met him in the whirlwind of smoke and billowing flame related that he chuckled continuously. "Isn't this fun?" he yelled at them. "Say, isn't this the best ever? I wouldn't have missed this for a trip to New York!"

When the colonel, having visited the hospital and spoken cheering words to those who were sans hair, sans eyebrows and with bandaged hands, complimented Lieutenant Ranson on the parade-ground before the assembled regiment, Ranson ran to his hut muttering strange and fearful oaths.

That night at mess he appealed to Mary Cahill for sympathy. "Goodness, mighty me!" he cried, "did you hear him? Wasn't it awful? If I'd thought he was going to hand me that I'd have deserted. What's the use of spoiling the only fun we've had that way? Why, if I'd known you could get that much excitement out of this rank prairie I'd have put a match to it myself three months ago. It's the only fun I've had, and he goes and preaches a funeral oration at me."

Ranson came into the army at the time of the Spanish war because it promised a new form of excitement, and because everybody else he knew had gone into it too. As the son of his father he was made an adjutant-general of volunteers with the rank of captain, and unloaded on the staff of a Southern brigadier, who was slated never to leave Charleston. But Ranson suspected this, and, after telegraphing his father for three days was attached to the Philippines contingent and sailed from San Francisco in time to carry messages through the surf when the volunteers moved upon Manila. More cabling at the cost of many Mexican dollars caused him to be removed from the staff, and given a second lieutenancy in a volunteer regiment, and for two years he pursued the little brown men over the paddy sluices, burned villages, looted churches, and collected bolos and altar-cloths with that irresponsibility and contempt for regulations which is found chiefly in the appointment from civil life. Incidentally, he enjoyed himself so much that he believed in the army he had found the one place where excitement is always in the air, and as excitement was the breath of his nostrils he applied for a commission in the regular army. On his record he was appointed a second lieutenant in the Twentieth Cavalry, and on the return of that regiment to the States—was buried alive at Fort Crockett.

After six months of this exile, one night at the mess-table Ranson broke forth in open rebellion. "I tell you I can't stand it a day longer," he cried. "I'm going to resign!"

From behind the counter Mary Cahill heard him in horror. Second Lieutenants Crosby and Curtis shuddered. They were sons of officers of the regular army. Only six months before they themselves had been forwarded from West Point, done up in neat new uniforms. The traditions of the Academy of loyalty and discipline had been kneaded into their vertebræ. In Ranson they saw only the horrible result of giving commissions to civilians.

"Maybe the post will be gayer now that spring has come," said Curtis hopefully, but with a doubtful look at the open fire.

"I wouldn't do anything rash," urged Crosby.

Miss Cahill shook her head. "Why, I like it at the post," she said, "and I've been here five years—ever since I left the convent—and I——"

Ranson interrupted, bowing gallantly. "Yes, I know, Miss Cahill," he said, "but I didn't come here from a convent. I came here from the blood-stained fields of war. Now, out in the Philippines there's always something doing. They give you half a troop, and so long as you bring back enough Mausers and don't get your men cut up, you can fight all over the shop and no questions asked. But all I do here is take care of sick horses. Any vet. in the States has seen as much fighting as I have in the last half-year. I might as well have had charge of horse-car stables."

"There is some truth in that," said Curtis cautiously. "If you do resign, certainly no one can accuse you of resigning in the face of the enemy."

"Enemy, ye gods!" roared Ranson. "Why, if I were to see a Moro entering that door with a bolo in each fist I'd fall on his neck and kiss him. I'm not trained to this garrison business. You fellows are. They took all the sporting blood out of you at West Point; one bad mark for smoking a cigarette, two bad marks for failing to salute the instructor in botany, and all the excitement you ever knew were charades and a cadet-hop at Cullum Hall. But, you see, before I went to the Philippines with Merritt, I'd been there twice on a fellow's yacht, and we'd tucked the Spanish governor in his bed with his spurs on. Now, I have to sit around and hear old Bolland tell how he put down a car-strike in St. Louis, and Stickney's long-winded yarns of Table Mountain and the Bloody Angle. He doesn't know the Civil War's over. I tell you, if I can't get excitement on tap I've got to make it, and if I make it out here they'll court-martial me. So there's nothing for it but to resign."

"You'd better wait till the end of the week," said Crosby, grinning. "It's going to be full of gayety. Thursday, paymaster's coming out with our cash, and to-night that Miss Post from New York arrives in the up stage. She's to visit the colonel, so everybody will have to give her a good time."

"Yes, I certainly must wait for that," growled Ranson; "there probably will be progressive euchre parties all along the line, and we'll sit up as late as ten o'clock and stick little gilt stars on ourselves."

Crosby laughed tolerantly.

"I see your point of view," he said. "I remember when my father took me to Monte Carlo I saw you at the tables with enough money in front of you to start a bank. I remember my father asked the croupiers why they allowed a child of your age to gamble. I was just a kid then, and so were you, too. I remember I thought you were the devil of a fellow."

Ranson looked sheepishly at Miss Cahill and laughed. "Well, so I was—then," he said. "Anybody would be a devil of a fellow who'd been brought up as I was, with a doting parent who owns a trust and doesn't know the proper value of money. And yet you expect me to be happy with a fifty-cent limit game, and twenty miles of burned prairie. I tell you I've never been broken to it. I don't know what not having your own way means. And discipline! Why, every time I have to report one of my men to the colonel I send for him afterward and give him a drink and apologize to him. I tell you the army doesn't mean anything to me unless there's something doing, and as there is no fighting out here I'm for the back room of the Holland House and a rubber-tired automobile. Little old New York is good enough for me!"

As he spoke these fateful words of mutiny Lieutenant Ranson raised his black eyes and snatched a swift side-glance at the face of Mary Cahill. It was almost as though it were from her he sought his answer. He could not himself have told what it was he would have her say. But ever since the idea of leaving the army had come to him, Mary Cahill and the army had become interchangeable and had grown to mean one and the same thing. He fought against this condition of mind fiercely. He had determined that without active service the army was intolerable; but that without Mary Cahill civil life would also prove intolerable, he assured himself, did not at all follow. He had laughed at the idea. He had even argued it out sensibly. Was it reasonable to suppose, he asked himself, that after circling the great globe three times he should find the one girl on it who alone could make him happy, sitting behind a post-trader's counter on the open prairie? His interest in Miss Cahill was the result of propinquity, that was all. It was due to the fact that there was no one else at hand, because he was sorry for her loneliness, because her absurd social ostracism had touched his sympathy. How long after he reached New York would he remember the little comrade with the brave, boyish eyes set in the delicate, feminine head, with its great waves of gorgeous hair? It would not be long, he guessed. He might remember the way she rode her pony, how she swung from her Mexican saddle and caught up a gauntlet from the ground. Yes, he certainly would remember that, and he would remember the day he had galloped after her and ridden with her through the Indian village, and again that day when they rode to the water-fall and the Lover's Leap. And he would remember her face at night as it bent over the books he borrowed for her, which she read while they were at mess, sitting in her high chair with her chin resting in her palms, staring down at the book before her. And the trick she had, whenever she spoke, of raising her head and looking into the fire, her eyes lighting and her lips smiling. They would be pleasant memories, he was sure. But once back again in the whirl and rush of the great world outside of Fort Crockett, even as memories they would pass away.

Mary Cahill made no outward answer to the rebellious utterance of Lieutenant Ranson. She only bent her eyes on her book and tried to think what the post would hold for her when he had carried out his threat and betaken himself into the world and out of her life forever. Night after night she had sat enthroned behind her barrier and listened to his talk, wondering deeply. He had talked of a world she knew only in novels, in history, and in books of travel. His view of it was not an educational one: he was no philosopher, nor trained observer. He remembered London—to her the capital of the world—chiefly by its restaurants, Cairo on account of its execrable golf-links. He lived only to enjoy himself. His view was that of a boy, hearty and healthy and seeking only excitement and mischief. She had heard his tales of his brief career at Harvard, of the reunions at Henry's American bar, of the Futurity, the Suburban, the Grand Prix, of a yachting cruise which apparently had encountered every form of adventure, from the rescuing of a stranded opera-company to the ramming of a slaver's dhow. The regret with which he spoke of these free days, which was the regret of an exile marooned upon a desert island, excited all her sympathy for an ill she had never known. His discourteous scorn of the social pleasures of the post, from which she herself was excluded, filled her with speculation. If he could forego these functions, how full and gay she argued his former life must have been. His attitude helped her to bear the deprivations more easily. And she, as a loyal child of the army, liked him also because he was no "cracker-box" captain, but a fighter, who had fought with no morbid ideas as to the rights or wrongs of the cause, but for the fun of fighting.

And one night, after he had been telling the mess of a Filipino officer who alone had held back his men and himself, and who at last died in his arms cursing him, she went to sleep declaring to herself that Lieutenant Ranson was becoming too like the man she had pictured for her husband than was good for her peace of mind. He had told the story as his tribute to a brave man fighting for his independence and with such regret that such a one should have died so miserably, that, to the embarrassment of the mess, the tears rolled down his cheeks. But he wiped them away with his napkin as unconcernedly as though they were caused by the pepper-box, and said simply, "He had sporting blood, he had. I've never felt so bad about anything as I did about that chap. Whenever I think of him standing up there with his back to the cathedral, all shot to pieces, but giving us what-for until he died, it makes me cry. So," he added, blowing his nose vigorously, "I won't think of it any more."

Tears are properly a woman's weapon, and when a man makes use of them, even in spite of himself, he is taking an advantage over the other sex which is unfair and outrageous. Lieutenant Ranson never knew the mischief the sympathy he had shown for his enemy caused in the heart of Mary Cahill, nor that from that moment she loved him deeply.

The West Point graduates before they answered Ranson's ultimatum smoked their cigarettes for some time in silence.

"Oh, there's been fighting even at Fort Crockett," said Crosby. "In the last two years the men have been ordered out seven times, haven't they, Miss Cahill? When the Indians got out of hand, and twice after cowboys, and twice after the Red Rider."

"The Red Rider!" protested Ranson; "I don't see anything exciting in rounding up one miserable horse thief."

"Only they don't round him up," returned Curtis crossly. "That's why it's exciting. He's the best in his business. He's held up the stage six times now in a year. Whoever the fellow is, if he's one man or a gang of men, he's the nerviest road-agent since the days of Abe Case."

Ranson in his then present mood was inclined toward pessimism. "It doesn't take any nerve to hold up a coach," he contradicted.

Curtis and Crosby snorted in chorus. "That's what you say," mocked Curtis.

"Well, it doesn't," repeated Ranson. "It's all a game of bluff. The etiquette is that the driver mustn't shoot the road-agent, and that the road-agent mustn't hurt the driver, and the passengers are too scared to move. The moment they see a man rise out of the night they throw up their hands. Why, even when a passenger does try to pull his gun the others won't let him. Each thinks sure that if there's any firing he will be the one to get hurt. And, besides, they don't know how many more men the road-agent may have behind him. I don't——"

A movement on the part of Miss Cahill caused him to pause abruptly. Miss Cahill had descended from her throne and was advancing to meet the post-trader, who came toward her from the exchange.

"Lightfoot's squaw," he said. "Her baby's worse. She's sent for you."

Miss Cahill gave a gasp of sympathy, snatched up her hat from the counter, and the buffalo-robes closed behind her.

Ranson stooped and reached for his sombrero. With the flight of Miss Cahill his interest in the courage of the Red Rider had departed also.

But Crosby appealed to the newcomer, "Cahill, *you* know," he said. "We've been talking of the man they call the Red Rider, the chap that wears a red bandanna over his face. Ranson says he hasn't any nerve. That's not so, is it?"

"I said it didn't take any nerve to hold up a stage," said Ranson; "and it doesn't."

The post-trader halted on his way back to the exchange and rubbed one hand meditatively over the other arm. With him speech was golden and difficult. After a pause he said: "Oh, he takes his chances."

"Of course he does," cried Crosby, encouragingly. "He takes the chance of being shot by the passengers, and of being caught by the posse and lynched, but this man's got away with it now six times in the last year. And I say that takes nerve."

"Why, for fifty dollars—" laughed Ranson.

He checked himself, and glanced over his shoulder at the retreating figure of Cahill. The buffalo-robes fell again, and the spurs of the post-trader could be heard jangling over the earth-floor of the exchange.

"For fifty dollars," repeated Ranson, in brisk, businesslike tones, "I'll rob the up stage to-night myself!"

Previous knowledge of his moods, the sudden look of mischief in his eyes and a certain vibration in his voice caused the two lieutenants to jump simultaneously to their feet. "Ranson!" they shouted.

Ranson laughed mockingly. "Oh, I'm bored to death," he cried. "What will you bet I don't?"

He had risen with them, but, without waiting for their answer, ran to where his horse stood at the open door. He sank on his knees and began tugging violently at the stirrup-straps. The two officers, their eyes filled with concern, pursued him across the room. With Cahill twenty feet away, they dared not raise their voices, but in pantomime they beckoned him vigorously to return. Ranson came at once, flushed and smiling, holding a hooded army-stirrup in each hand. "Never do to have them see these!" he said. He threw the stirrups from him, behind the row of hogsheads. "I'll ride in the stirrup-straps!" He still spoke in the same low, brisk tone.

Crosby seized him savagely by the arm. "No, you won't!" he hissed. "Look here, Ranson. Listen to me; for Heaven's sake don't be an ass! They'll shoot you; you'll be killed——"

"—And court-martialed," panted Curtis. "You'll go to Leavenworth for the rest of your life!"

Ranson threw off the detaining hand, and ran behind the counter. From a lower shelf he snatched a red bandanna kerchief. From another he dragged a rubber poncho, and buttoned it high about his throat. He picked up the steel shears which lay upon the counter and, snipping two holes in the red kerchief, stuck it under the brim of his sombrero. It fell before his face like a curtain. From his neck to his knees the poncho concealed his figure. All that was visible of him was his eyes, laughing through the holes in the red mask.

"Behold the Red Rider!" he groaned. "Hold up your hands!"

He pulled the kerchief from his face and threw the poncho over his arm. "Do you see these shears?" he whispered. "I'm going to hold up the stage with 'em. No one ever fires at a road-agent. They just shout, 'Don't shoot, colonel, and I'll come down.' I'm going to bring 'em down with these shears."

Crosby caught Curtis by the arm, laughing eagerly. "Come to the stables, quick," he cried. "We'll get twenty troopers after him before he can go a half mile." He turned on Ranson with a triumphant chuckle. "You'll not be dismissed this regiment, if I can help it," he cried.

Ranson gave an ugly laugh, like the snarl of a puppy over his bone. "If you try to follow me, or interfere with me, Lieutenant Crosby," he said, "I'll shoot you and your troopers!"

"With a pair of shears?" jeered Crosby.

"No, with the gun I've got in my pocket. Now you listen to me. I'm not going to use that gun on any stage filled with women, driven by a man seventy years old, but—and I mean it—if you try to stop me, I'll use it on you. I'm going to show you how anyone can bluff a stage-full with a pair of tin shears and a red mask for a kicker. And I'll shoot the man that tries to stop me."

Ranson sprang to his horse's side, and stuck his toe into the empty stirrup-strap; there was a scattering of pebbles, a scurry of hoofs, and the horse and rider became a gray blot in the moonlight.

The two lieutenants stood irresolute. Under his breath Crosby was swearing fiercely. Curtis stood staring out of the open door.

"Will he do it?" he asked.

"Of course he'll do it."

Curtis crossed the room and dropped into a chair. "And what—what had we better do?" he asked. For some time the other made no answer. His brows were knit, and he tramped the room, scowling at the floor. Then with an exclamation of alarm he stepped lightly to the door of the exchange and threw back the curtain. In the other room, Cahill stood at its farthest corner, scooping sugar from a hogshead.

Crosby's scowl relaxed, and, reseating himself at the table, he rolled a cigarette. "Now, if he pulls it off," he whispered, "and gets back to quarters, then—it's a case of all's well. But if he's shot, or caught, and it all comes out, then it's up to us to prove he meant it as a practical joke."

"It isn't our duty to report it now, is it?" asked Curtis, nervously.

"Certainly not! If he chooses to make an ass of himself, that's none of our business. Unless he's found out, we have heard nothing and seen nothing. If he's caught, then we've got to stick by him, and testify that he did it on a bet. He'll probably win out all right. There is nobody expected on the stage but that Miss Post and her aunt. And the driver's an old hand. He knows better than to fight."

"There may be some cowboys coming up."

"That's Ranson's lookout. As Cahill says, the Red Rider takes his chances."

"I wish there was something we could do now," Curtis protested, petulantly. "I suppose we've just got to sit still and wait for him?"

"That's all," answered Crosby, and then leaped to his feet. "What's that?" he asked. Out on the parade-ground, a bugle-call broke suddenly on the soft spring air. It rang like an alarm. The noise of a man running swiftly sounded on the path, and before the officers reached the doorway Sergeant Clancey entered it, and halted at attention.

"The colonel's orders," panted the sergeant, "and the lieutenants are to take twenty men from G and H Troops, and ride to Kiowa to escort the paymaster."

"The paymaster!" Crosby cried. "He's not coming till Thursday."

"He's just telegraphed from Kiowa City, lieutenant. He's ahead of his schedule. He wants an escort for the money. He left Kiowa a few minutes ago in the up stage."

The two lieutenants sprang forward, and shouted in chorus: "The stage? He is in the stage!"

Sergeant Clancey stared dubiously from one officer to the other. He misunderstood their alarm, and with the privilege of long service attempted to allay it. "The lieutenant knows nothing can happen to the stage till it reaches the buttes," he said. "There has never been a hold-up in the open, and the escort can reach the buttes long before the stage gets here." He coughed consciously. "Colonel's orders are to gallop, lieutenant."

As the two officers rode knee to knee through the night, the pay escort pounding the trail behind them, Crosby leaned from his saddle. "He has only ten minutes' start of us," he whispered. "We are certain to overtake him. We can't help but do it. We must do it. We *must!* If we don't, and he tries to stop Colonel Patten and the pay-roll, he'll die. Two women and a deaf driver, that—that's a joke. But an Indian fighter like old Patten, and Uncle Sam's money, that means a finish fight—and his death and disgrace." He turned savagely in his saddle. "Close up there!" he commanded. "Stop that talking. You keep your breath till I want it—and ride hard."

After the officers had galloped away from the mess-room, and Sergeant Clancey had hurried after them to the stables, the post-trader entered it from the exchange and barred the door, which they in their haste had left open. As he did this, the close observer, had one been present, might have noted that though his movements were now alert and eager, they no longer were betrayed by any sound, and that his spurs had ceased to jangle. Yet that he proposed to ride abroad was evident from the fact that from a far corner he dragged out a heavy saddle. He flung this upon the counter, and swiftly stripped it of its stirrups. These, with more than necessary care, he hid away upon the highest shelf of the shop, while from the lower shelves he snatched a rubber poncho and a red kerchief. For a moment, as he unbarred the door, the post-trader paused and cast a quick glance before and behind him, and then the door closed and there was silence. A minute later it was broken by the hoofs of a horse galloping swiftly along the trail to Kiowa City.

PART II

THAT winter Miss Post had been going out a great deal more than was good for her, and when the spring came she broke down. The family doctor recommended Aiken, but an aunt of Miss Post's, Mrs. Truesdall, had been at Farmington with Mrs. "Colonel" Bolland, and urged visiting her instead. The doctor agreed that the climatic conditions existing at Fort Crockett were quite as health-giving as those at Aiken, and of the two the invalid decided that the regimental post would be more of a novelty.

So she and her aunt and the maid changed cars twice after leaving St. Louis and then staged it to Kiowa City, where, while waiting for "Pop" Henderson's coach to Fort Crockett, they dined with him on bacon, fried bread, and alkali water tinged with coffee.

It was at Kiowa City, a city of four hundred houses on blue-print paper and six on earth, that Miss Post first felt certain that she was going to enjoy her visit. It was there she first saw, at large and on his native heath, a blanket Indian. He was a tall, beautiful youth, with yellow ochre on his thin, brown arms and blue ochre on his cheek-bones, who sat on "Pop's" steps, gazing impassively at the stars. Miss Post came out with her maid and fell over him. The maid screamed. Miss Post said: "I beg your pardon"; and the brave expressed his contempt by guttural mutterings and by moving haughtily away. Miss Post was then glad that she had not gone to Aiken. For the twelve-mile drive through the moonlit buttes to Fort Crockett there was, besides the women, one other passenger. He was a traveling salesman of the Hancock Uniform Company, and was visiting Fort Crockett to measure the officers for their summer tunics. At dinner he passed Miss Post the condensed-milk can, and in other ways made himself agreeable. He informed her aunt that he was in the Military Equipment Department of the Army, but, much to that young woman's distress, addressed most of his remarks to the maid, who, to his taste, was the most attractive of the three.

"I take it," he said genially to Miss Post, "that you and the young lady are sisters."

"No," said Miss Post, "we are not related."

It was eight o'clock, and the moon was full in the heavens when "Pop" Henderson hoisted them into the stage and burdened his driver, Hunk Smith, with words of advice which were intended solely for the ears of the passengers.

"You want to be careful of that near wheeler, Hunk," he said, "or he'll upset you into a gully. An' in crossing the second ford, bear to the right; the water's running high, and it may carry youse all down stream. I don't want that these ladies should be drowned in any stage of mine. An' if the Red Rider jumps you, don't put up no bluff, but sit still. The paymaster's due in a night or two, an' I've no doubt at all but that the Rider's laying for him. But if you tell him that there's no one inside but women-folk and a tailor, mebbe he won't hurt youse. Now, ladies," he added, putting his head under the leather flap, as though unconscious that all he had said had already reached them, "without wishing to make you uneasy, I would advise your having your cash and jewelry ready in your hands. With road-agents it's mostly wisest to do what they say, an' to do it quick. Ef you give 'em all you've got, they sometimes go away without spilling blood, though, such being their habits, naturally disappointed." He turned his face toward the shrinking figure of the military tailor. "You, being an army man," he said, "will of course want to protect the ladies, but you mustn't do it. You must keep cool. Ef you pull your gun, like as not you'll all get killed. But I'm hoping for the best. Good-night all, an' a pleasant journey."

The stage moved off with many creaks and many cracks of the whip, which in part smothered Hunk Smith's laughter. But after the first mile, he, being a man with feelings and a family, pulled the mules to a halt.

The voice of the drummer could instantly be heard calling loudly from the darkness of the stage: "Don't open those flaps. If they see us, they'll fire!"

"I wanted you folks to know," said Hunk Smith, leaning from the box-seat, "that that talk of Pop's was all foolishness. You're as safe on this trail as in a Pullman palace-car. That was just his way. Pop will have his joke. You just go to sleep now, if you can, and trust to me. I'll get you there by eleven o'clock or break a trace. Breakin' a trace is all the danger there is, anyway" he added, cheerfully, "so don't fret."

Miss Post could not resist saying to Mrs. Truesdall: "I told you he was joking."

The stage had proceeded for two hours. Sometimes it dropped with locked wheels down sheer walls of clay, again it was dragged, careening drunkenly, out of fathomless pits. It pitched and tossed, slid and galloped, danced grotesquely from one wheel to another, from one stone to another, recoiled out of ruts, butted against rocks, and swept down and out of swollen streams that gurgled between the spokes.

"If ever I leave Fort Crockett," gasped Mrs. Truesdall between jolts, "I shall either wait until they build a railroad, or walk."

They had all but left the hills, and were approaching the level prairie. That they might see the better the flaps had been rolled up, and the soft, dry air came freely through the open sides. The mules were straining over the last hill. On either side only a few of the buttes were still visible. They stood out in the moonlight as cleanly cut as the bows of great battleships. The trail at last was level. Mrs. Truesdall's eyes closed. Her head fell forward. But Miss Post, weary as she was in body, could not sleep. To her the night-ride was full of strange and wonderful mysteries. Gratefully she drank in the dry scent of the prairie-grass, and, holding by the frame of the window, leaned far out over the wheel. As she did so, a man sprang into the trail from behind a wall of rock, and shouted hoarsely. He was covered to his knees with a black mantle. His face was hidden by a blood-red mask.

"Throw up your hands!" he commanded. There was a sharp creaking as the brakes locked, and from the driver's seat an amazed oath. The stage stopped with a violent jerk, and Mrs. Truesdall pitched gently forward toward her niece.

"I really believe I was asleep, Helen," she murmured. "What are we waiting for?"

"I think we are held up," said Miss Post.

The stage had halted beyond the wall of rock, and Miss Post looked behind it, but no other men were visible, only a horse with his bridle drawn around a stone. The man in the mask advanced upon the stage, holding a weapon at arm's-length. In the moonlight it flashed and glittered evilly. The man was but a few feet from Miss Post, and the light fell full upon her. Of him she could see only two black eyes that flashed as evilly as his weapon. For a period of suspense, which seemed cruelly prolonged, the man stood motionless, then he lowered his weapon. When he opened his lips the mask stuck to them, and his words came from behind it, broken and smothered. "Sorry to trouble you, miss," the mask said, "but I want that man beside you to get out."

Miss Post turned to the traveling salesman. "He wants you to get out," she said.

"Wants me!" exclaimed the drummer. "I'm not armed, you know." In a louder voice he protested, faintly: "I say, I'm not armed."

"Come out!" demanded the mask.

The drummer precipitated himself violently over the knees of the ladies into the road below, and held his hands high above him. "I'm not armed," he said; "indeed I'm not."

"Stand over there, with your back to that rock," the mask ordered. For a moment the road-agent regarded him darkly, pointing his weapon meditatively at different parts of the salesman's person. He suggested a butcher designating certain choice cuts. The drummer's muscles jerked under the torture as though his anatomy were being prodded with an awl.

"I want your watch," said the mask.

The drummer reached eagerly for his waist-coat.

"Hold up your hands!" roared the road-agent. "By the eternal, if you play any rough-house tricks on me, I'll—" He flourished his weapon until it flashed luminously.

An exclamation from Hunk Smith, opportunely uttered, saved the drummer from what was apparently instant annihilation. "Say, Rider," cried the driver, "I can't hold my arms up no longer. I'm going to put 'em down. But you leave me alone, an' I'll leave you alone. Is that a bargain?"

The shrouded figure whirled his weapon upon the speaker. "Have I ever stopped you before, Hunk?" he demanded.

Hunk, at this recognition of himself as a public character, softened instantly. "I dunno whether 'twas you or one of your gang, but——"

"Well, you've still got your health, haven't you?"

"Yes."

"Then keep quiet," snarled the mask.

In retort Hunk Smith muttered audible threatenings, but sank obediently into an inert heap. Only his eyes, under cover of his sombrero, roamed restlessly. They noted the McClellan saddle on the Red Rider's horse, the white patch on its near fore-foot, the empty stirrup-straps, and at a great distance, so great that the eyes only of a plainsman could have detected it, a cloud of dust, or smoke, or mist, that rode above the trail and seemed to be moving swiftly down upon them.

At the sight, Hunk shifted the tobacco in his cheek and nervously crossed his knees, while a grin of ineffable cunning passed across his face.

With his sombrero in his hand, the Red Rider stepped to the wheel of the stage. As he did so, Miss Post observed that above the line of his kerchief his hair was evenly and carefully parted in the middle.

"Im afraid, ladies," said the road-agent, "that I have delayed you unnecessarily. It seems that I have called up the wrong number." He emitted a reassuring chuckle, and, fanning himself with his sombrero, continued speaking in a tone of polite irony: "The Wells Fargo messenger is the party I am laying for. He's coming over this trail with a package of diamonds. That's what I'm after. At first I thought 'Fighting Bob' over there by the rock might have it on him; but he doesn't act like any Wells Fargo Express agent I have ever tackled before, and I guess the laugh's on me. I seem to have been weeping over the wrong grave." He replaced his sombrero on his head at a rakish angle, and waved his hand. "Ladies, you are at liberty to proceed."

But instantly he stepped forward again, and brought his face so close to the window that they could see the whites of his eyes. "Before we part," he murmured, persuasively, "you wouldn't mind leaving me something as a souvenir, would you?" He turned the skull-like openings of the mask full upon Miss Post.

Mrs. Truesdall exclaimed, hysterically: "Why, certainly not!" she cried. "Here's everything I have, except what's sewn inside my waist, where I can't possibly get at it. I assure you I cannot. The proprietor of that hotel told us we'd probably—meet you, and so I have everything ready." She thrust her two hands through the window. They held a roll of bills, a watch, and her rings.

Miss Post laughed in an ecstasy of merriment. "Oh, no, aunt," she protested, "don't. No, not at all. The gentleman only wants a keepsake. Something to remember us by. Isn't that it?" she asked. She regarded the blood-red mask steadily with a brilliant smile.

The road-agent did not at once answer. At her words he had started back with such sharp suspicion that one might have thought he meditated instant flight. Through the holes in his mask he now glared searchingly at Miss Post, but still in silence.

"I think this will satisfy him," said Miss Post.

Out of the collection in her aunt's hands she picked a silver coin and held it forward. "Something to keep as a pocket-piece," she said, mockingly, "to remind you of your kindness to three lone females in distress."

Still silent, the road-agent reached for the money, and then growled at her in a tone which had suddenly become gruff and overbearing. It suggested to Miss Post the voice of the head of the family playing Santa Claus for the children. "And now you, miss," he demanded.

Miss Post took another coin from the heap, studied its inscription, and passed it through the window. "This one is from me," she said. "Mine is dated 1901. The moonlight," she added, leaning far forward and smiling out at him, "makes it quite easy to see the date; as easy," she went on, picking her words, "as it is to see your peculiar revolver and the coat-of-arms on your ring." She drew her head back. "Good-night," she cooed, sweetly.

The Red Rider jumped from the door. An exclamation which might have been a laugh or an oath was smothered by his mask. He turned swiftly upon the salesman. "Get back into the coach," he commanded. "And you, Hunk," he called, "if you send a posse after me, next night I ketch you out here alone you'll lose the top of your head."

The salesman scrambled into the stage through the door opposite the one at which the Red Rider was standing, and the road-agent again raised his sombrero with a sweeping gesture worthy of D'Artagnan. "Good-night, ladies," he said.

"Good-night, sir," Mrs. Truesdall answered, grimly, but exuding a relieved sigh. Then, her indignation giving her courage, she leaned from the window and hurled a Parthian arrow. "I must say," she protested, "I think you might be in a better business."

The road-agent waved his hand to the young lady. "Good-by," he said.

"Au revoir," said Miss Post, pleasantly.

"Good-by, miss," stammered the road-agent.

"I said 'Au revoir,'" repeated Miss Post.

The road-agent, apparently routed by these simple words, fled muttering toward his horse.

Hunk Smith was having trouble with his brake. He kicked at it and, stooping, pulled at it, but the wheels did not move.

Mrs. Truesdall fell into a fresh panic. "What is it now?" she called, miserably.

Before he answered, Hunk Smith threw a quick glance toward the column of moving dust. He was apparently reassured.

"The brake," he grunted. "The darned thing's stuck!"

The road-agent was tugging at the stone beneath which he had slipped his bridle. "Can I help?" he asked, politely. But before he reached the stage, he suddenly stopped with an imperative sweep of his arm for silence. He stood motionless, his body bent to the ground, leaning forward and staring down the trail. Then he sprang upright. "You old fox!" he roared, "you're gaining time, are you?"

With a laugh he tore free his bridle and threw himself across his horse. His legs locked under it, his hands clasped its mane, and with a cowboy yell he dashed past the stage in the direction of Kiowa City, his voice floating back in shouts of jeering laughter. From behind him he heard Hunk Smith's voice answering his own in a cry for "Help!" and from a rapidly decreasing distance the throb of many hoofs. For an instant he drew upon his rein, and then, with a defiant chuckle, drove his spurs deep into his horse's side.

Mrs. Truesdall also heard the pounding of many hoofs, as well as Hunk Smith's howls for help, and feared a fresh attack. "Oh, what is it?" she begged.

"Soldiers from the fort," Hunk called, excitedly, and again raised his voice in a long, dismal howl.

"Sounds cheery, doesn't it?" said the salesman; "referring to the soldiers," he explained. It was his first coherent remark since the Red Rider had appeared and disappeared.

"Oh, I hope they won't—" began Miss Post, anxiously.

The hoof-beats changed to thunder, and with the pounding on the dry trail came the jangle of stirrups and sling-belts. Then a voice, and the coach was surrounded by dust-covered troopers and horses breathing heavily. Lieutenant Crosby pulled up beside the window of the stage. "Are you there, Colonel Patten?" he panted. He peered forward into the stage, but no one answered him. "Is the paymaster in here?" he demanded.

The voice of Lieutenant Curtis shouted in turn at Hunk Smith. "Is the paymaster in there, driver?"

"Paymaster? No!" Hunk roared. "A drummer and three ladies. We've been held up. The Red Rider—" He rose and waved his whip over the top of the coach. "He went that way. You can ketch him easy."

Sergeant Clancey and half a dozen troopers jerked at their bridles. But Crosby, at the window, shouted, "Halt!"

"What's your name?" he demanded of the salesman.

"Myers," stammered the drummer. "I'm from the Hancock Uniform——"

Curtis had spurred his horse beside that of his brother officer. "Is Colonel Patten at Kiowa?" he interrupted.

"I can't give you any information as to that," replied Mr. Myers, importantly; "but these ladies and I have just been held up by the Red Rider. If you'll hurry you'll——"

The two officers pulled back their horses from the stage, and, leaning from their saddles, consulted in eager whispers. Their men fidgeted with their reins, and stared with amazed eyes at their officers. Lieutenant Crosby was openly smiling. "He's got away with it," he whispered. "Patten missed the stage, thank God, and he's met nothing worse than these women."

"We *must* make a bluff at following him," whispered Curtis.

"Certainly not! Our orders are to report to Colonel Patten, and act as his escort."

"But he's not at Kiowa; that fellow says so."

"He telegraphed the Colonel from Kiowa," returned Crosby. "How could he do that if he wasn't there?" He turned upon Hunk Smith. "When did you leave Henderson's?" he demanded.

"Seven o'clock," answered Hunk Smith, sulkily. "Say, if you young fellows want to catch——"

"And Patten telegraphed at eight," cried Crosby. "That's it. He reached Kiowa after the stage had gone. Sergeant Clancey!" he called.

The Sergeant pushed out from the mass of wondering troopers.

"When did the paymaster say he was leaving Kiowa?"

"Leaving at once, the telegram said," answered Clancey. "'Meet me with escort before I reach the buttes.' That's the message I was told to give the lieutenant."

Hunk Smith leaned from the box-seat. "Mebbe Pop's driving him over himself in the buck-board," he volunteered. "Pop often takes 'em over that way if they miss the stage."

"That's how it is, of course," cried Crosby. "He's on his way now in the buck-board."

Hunk Smith surveyed the troopers dismally and shook his head. "If he runs up against the Red Rider, it's 'good-by' your pay, boys," he cried.

"Fall in there!" shouted Crosby. "Corporal Tynan, fall out with two men and escort these ladies to the fort." He touched his hat to Miss Post, and, with Curtis at his side, sprang into the trail. "Gallop! March!" he commanded.

"Do you think he'll tackle the buckboard, too?" whispered Curtis.

Crosby laughed joyously and drew a long breath of relief.

"No, he's all right now," he answered. "Don't you see, he doesn't know about Patten or the buckboard. He's probably well on his way to the post now. I delayed the game at the stage there on purpose to give him a good start. He's safe by now."

"It was a close call," laughed the other. "He's got to give us a dinner for helping him out of this."

"We'd have caught him red-handed," said Crosby, "if we'd been five minutes sooner. Lord!" he gasped. "It makes me cold to think of it. The men would have shot him off his horse. But what a story for those women! I hope I'll be there when they tell it. If Ranson can keep his face straight, he's a wonder." For some moments they raced silently neck by neck, and then Curtis again leaned from his saddle. "I hope he *has* turned back to the post," he said. "Look at the men, how they're keeping watch for him. They're scouts, all of them."

"What if they are?" returned Crosby, easily. "Ranson's in uniform—out for a moonlight canter. You can bet a million dollars he didn't wear his red mask long after he heard us coming."

"I suppose he'll think we've followed to spoil his fun. You know you said we would."

"Yes, he was going to shoot us," laughed Crosby. "I wonder why he packs a gun. It's a silly thing to do."

The officers fell apart again, and there was silence over the prairie, save for the creaking of leather and the beat of the hoofs. And then, faint and far away, there came the quick crack of a revolver, another, and then a fusillade. "My God!" gasped Crosby. He threw himself forward, digging his spurs into his horse, and rode as though he were trying to escape from his own men.

No one issued an order, no one looked a question; each, officer and enlisted man, bowed his head and raced to be the first.

The trail was barricaded by two struggling horses and an overturned buckboard. The rigid figure of a man lay flat upon his back staring at the moon, another white-haired figure staggered forward from a rock. "Who goes there?" it demanded.

"United States troops. Is that you, Colonel Patten?"

"Yes."

Colonel Patten's right arm was swinging limply at his side. With his left hand he clasped his right shoulder. The blood, black in the moonlight, was oozing between his fingers.

"We were held up," he said. "He shot the driver and the horses. I fired at him, but he broke my arm. He shot the gun out of my hand. When he reached for the satchel I tried to beat him off with my left arm, but he threw me into the road. He went that way—toward Kiowa."

Sergeant Clancey, who was kneeling by the figure in the trail, raised his hand in salute. "Pop Henderson, lieutenant," he said. "He's shot through the heart. He's dead."

"He took the money, ten thousand dollars," cried Colonel Patten. "He wore a red mask and a rubber poncho. And I saw that he had no stirrups in his stirrup-straps."

Crosby dodged, as though some one had thrown a knife, and then raised his hand stiffly and heavily.

"Lieutenant Curtis, you will remain here with Colonel Patten," he ordered. His voice was without emotion. It fell flat and dead. "Deploy as skirmishers," he commanded. "G Troop to the right of the trail, H Troop to the left. Stop any one you see—any one. If he tries to escape, cry 'Halt!' twice and then fire—to kill. Forward! Gallop! March! Toward the post."

"No!" shouted Colonel Patten. "He went toward Kiowa."

Crosby replied in the same dead voice: "He doubled after he left you, colonel. He has gone to the post."

Colonel Patten struggled from the supporting arms that held him and leaned eagerly forward. "You know him, then?" he demanded.

"Yes," cried Crosby, "God help him! Spread out there, you, in open order—and ride like hell!"

Just before the Officers' Club closed for the night Lieutenant Ranson came in and, seating himself at the piano, picked out "The Queen of the Philippine Islands" with one finger. Major Stickney and others who were playing bridge were considerably annoyed. Ranson then demanded that every one present should drink his health in champagne for the reason that it was his birthday and that he was glad he was alive, and wished every one else to feel the same way about it. "Or, for any other reason why," he added, generously. This frontal attack upon the whist-players upset the game entirely, and Ranson, enthroned upon the piano-stool, addressed the room. He held up a buckskin tobacco-bag decorated with beads.

"I got this down at the Indian village to-night," he said. "That old squaw, Red Wing, makes 'em for two dollars. Crosby paid five dollars for his in New Mexico, and it isn't half as good. What do you think? I got lost coming back, and went all the way round by the buttes before I found the trail, and I've only been here six months. They certainly ought to make me chief of scouts."

There was the polite laugh which is granted to any remark made by the one who is paying for the champagne.

"Oh, that's where you were, was it?" said the post-adjutant, genially. "The colonel sent Clancey after you and Crosby. Clancey reported that he couldn't find you. So we sent Curtis. They went to act as escort for Colonel Patten and the pay. He's coming up to-night in the stage." Ranson was gazing down into his glass. Before he raised his head he picked several pieces of ice out of it and then drained it.

"The paymaster, hey?" he said. "He's in the stage to-night, is he?"

"Yes," said the adjutant; and then as the bugle and stamp of hoofs sounded from the parade outside, "and that's him now, I guess," he added.

Ranson refilled his glass with infinite care, and then, in spite of a smile that twitched at the corners of his mouth, emptied it slowly.

There was the jingle of spurs and a measured tramp on the veranda of the club-house, and for the first time in its history four enlisted men, carrying their Krags, invaded its portals. They were led by Lieutenant Crosby; his face was white under the tan, and full of suffering. The officers in the room received the intrusion in amazed silence. Crosby strode among them, looking neither to the left nor right, and touched Lieutenant Ranson upon the shoulder.

"The colonel's orders, Lieutenant Ranson," he said. "You are under arrest."

Ranson leaned back against the music-rack and placed his glass upon the keyboard. One leg was crossed over the other, and he did not remove it.

"Then you can't take a joke," he said in a low tone. "You had to run and tell." He laughed and raised his voice so that all in the club might hear. "What am I arrested for, Crosby?" he asked.

The lines in Crosby's face deepened, and only those who sat near could hear him. "You are under arrest for attempting to kill a superior officer, for the robbery of the government pay-train—and for murder."

Ranson jumped to his feet. "My God, Crosby!" he cried.

"Silence! Don't talk!" ordered Crosby. "Come along with me."

The four troopers fell in in rear of Lieutenant Crosby and their prisoner. He drew a quick, frightened breath, and then, throwing back his shoulders, fell into step, and the six men tramped from the club and out into the night.

PART III

That night at the post there was little sleep for any one. The feet of hurrying orderlies beat upon the parade-ground, the windows of the Officers' Club blazed defiantly, and from the darkened quarters of the enlisted men came the sound of voices snarling in violent vituperation. At midnight, half of Ranson's troop, having attacked the rest of the regiment with cavalry-boots, were marched under arrest to the guard-house. As they passed Ranson's hut, where he still paced the veranda, a burning cigarette attesting his wakefulness, they cheered him riotously. At two o'clock it was announced from the hospital that both patients were out of danger; for it had developed that, in his hurried diagnosis, Sergeant Clancey had located Henderson's heart six inches from where it should have been.

When one of the men who guarded Ranson reported this good news, the prisoner said, "Still, I hope they'll hang whoever did it. They shouldn't hang a man for being a good shot and let him off because he's a bad one."

At the time of the hold-up Mary Cahill had been a half-mile distant from the post at the camp of the Kiowas, where she had gone in answer to the cry of Lightfoot's squaw. When she returned she found Indian Pete in charge of the exchange. Her father, he told her, had ridden to the Indian village in search of her. As he spoke the post-trader appeared. "I'm sorry I missed you," his daughter called to him.

At the sound Cahill pulled his horse sharply toward the corral. "I had a horse-deal on—with the chief," he answered over his shoulder. "When I got to Lightfoot's tent you had gone."

After he had dismounted, and was coming toward her, she noted that his right hand was bound in a handkerchief, and exclaimed with apprehension.

"It is nothing," Cahill protested. "I was foolin' with one of the new regulation revolvers, with my hand over the muzzle. Ball went through the palm."

Miss Cahill gave a tremulous cry and caught the injured hand to her lips.

Her father snatched it from her roughly.

"Let go!" he growled. "It serves me right."

A few minutes later Mary Cahill, bearing liniment for her father's hand, knocked at his bedroom and found it empty. When she peered from the top of the stairs into the shop-window below she saw him busily engaged with his one hand buckling the stirrup-straps of his saddle.

When she called, he sprang upright with an oath. He had faced her so suddenly that it sounded as though he had sworn, not in surprise, but at her.

"You startled me," he murmured. His eyes glanced suspiciously from her to the saddle. "These stirrup-straps—they're too short," he announced. "Pete or somebody's been using my saddle."

"I came to bring you this 'first-aid' bandage for your hand," said his daughter.

Cahill gave a shrug of impatience.

"My hand's all right," he said; "you go to bed. I've got to begin taking account of stock."

"To-night?"

"There's no time by day. Go to bed."

For nearly an hour Miss Cahill lay awake listening to her father moving about in the shop below. Never before had he spoken roughly to her, and she, knowing how much the thought that he had done so would distress him, was herself distressed.

In his lonely vigil on the veranda, Ranson looked from the post down the hill to where the light still shone from Mary Cahill's window. He wondered if she had heard the news, and if it were any thought of him that kept sleep from her.

"You ass! you idiot!" he muttered. "You've worried and troubled her. She believes one of her precious army is a thief and a murderer." He cursed himself picturesquely, but the thought that she might possibly be concerned on his account, did not, he found, distress him as greatly as it should. On the contrary, as he watched the light his heart glowed warmly. And long after the light went out he still looked toward the home of the post-trader, his brain filled with thoughts of his return to his former life outside the army, the old life to which he vowed he would not return alone.

The next morning Miss Cahill learned the news when the junior officer came to mess and explained why Ranson was not with them. Her only comment was to at once start for his quarters with his breakfast in a basket. She could have sent it by Pete, but, she argued, when one of her officers was in trouble that was not the time to turn him over to the mercies of a servant. No, she assured herself, it was not because the officer happened to be Ranson. She would have done as much, or as little, for any one of them. When Curtis and Haines were ill of the grippe, had she not carried them many good things of her own making?

But it was not an easy sacrifice. As she crossed the parade-ground she recognized that over-night Ranson's hut, where he was a prisoner in his own quarters, had become to the post the storm-center of interest, and to approach it was to invite the attention of the garrison. At headquarters a group of officers turned and looked her way, there was a flutter among the frocks on Mrs. Bolland's porch, and the enlisted men, smoking their pipes on the rail of the barracks, whispered together. When she reached Ranson's hut over four hundred pairs of eyes were upon her, and her cheeks were flushing. Ranson came leaping to the gate, and lifted the basket from her arm as though he were removing an opera-cloak. He set it upon the gate-post, and nervously clasped the palings of the gate with both hands. He had not been to bed, but that fact alone could not explain the strangeness of his manner. Never before had she seen him disconcerted or abashed.

"You shouldn't have done it," he stammered. "Indeed, indeed, you are much too good. But you shouldn't have come."

His voice shook slightly.

"Why not?" asked Mary Cahill. "I couldn't let you go hungry."

"You know it isn't that," he said; "it's your coming here at all. Why, only three of the fellows have been near me this morning. And they only came from a sense of duty. I know they did—I could feel it. You shouldn't have come here. I'm not a proper person; I'm an outlaw. You might think this was a pest-house, you might think I was a leper. Why, those Stickney girls have been watching me all morning through a field-glass." He clasped and unclasped his fingers around the palings. "They believe I did it," he protested, with the bewildered accents of a child. "They all believe it."

Miss Cahill laughed. The laugh was quieting and comforting. It brought him nearer to earth, and her next remark brought him still further.

"Have you had any breakfast?" she asked.

"Breakfast!" stammered Ranson. "No. The guard brought some, but I couldn't eat it. This thing has taken the life out of me—to think sane, sensible people—my own people—could believe that I'd steal, that I'd kill a man for money."

"Yes, I know," said Miss Cahill soothingly; "but you've not had any sleep, and you need your coffee." She lifted the lid of the basket. "It's getting cold," she said. "Don't you worry about what people think. You must remember you're a prisoner now under arrest. You can't expect the officers to run over here as freely as they used to. What do you want?" she laughed. "Do you think the colonel should parade the band and give you a serenade?" For a moment Ranson stared at her dully, and then his sense of proportion returned to him. He threw back his head and laughed with her joyfully.

From verandas, barracks, and headquarters, the four hundred pairs of eyes noted this evidence of heartlessness with varied emotions. But, unmindful of them, Ranson now leaned forward, the eager, searching look coming back into his black eyes. They were so close to Mary Cahill's that she drew away. He dropped his voice to a whisper and spoke swiftly.

"Miss Cahill, whatever happens to me I won't forget this. I won't forget your coming here and throwing heart into me. You were the only one who did. I haven't asked you if you believe that I——"

She raised her eyes reproachfully and smiled. "You know you don't have to do that," she said.

The prisoner seized the palings as though he meant to pull apart the barrier between them. He drew a long breath like one inhaling a draft of clean morning air.

"No," he said, his voice ringing, "I don't have to do that."

He cast a swift glance to the left and right. The sentry's bayonet was just disappearing behind the corner of the hut. To the four hundred other eyes around the parade-ground Lieutenant Ranson's attitude suggested that he was explaining to Cahill's daughter what he wanted for his luncheon. His eyes held her firmly as though the palings he clasped were her two hands.

"Mary," he said, and the speaking of her name seemed to stop the beating of his heart. "Mary," he whispered, as softly as though he were beginning a prayer, "you're the bravest, the sweetest, the dearest girl in all the world. And I've known it for months, and now you must know. And there'll never be any other girl in my life but you."

Mary Cahill drew away from him in doubt and wonder.

"I didn't mean to tell you just yet," he whispered, "but now that I've seen you I can't help it. I knew it last night when I stood back there and watched your windows and couldn't think of this trouble, nor of anything else, but just you. And you've got to promise me, if I get out of this all right—you must—must promise me——"

Mary Cahill's eyes, as she raised them to his, were moist and glowing. They promised him with a great love and tenderness. But at the sight Ranson protested wildly.

"No," he whispered, "you mustn't promise—anything. I shouldn't have asked it. After I'm out of this, after the court-martial, then you've got to promise that you'll never, never leave me."

Miss Cahill knit her hands together and turned away her head. The happiness in her heart rose to her throat like a great melody and choked her. Before her, exposed in the thin spring sunshine, was the square of ugly brown cottages, the bare parade-ground, in its center Trumpeter Tyler fingering his bugle, and beyond, on every side, an ocean of blackened prairie. But she saw nothing of this. She saw instead a beautiful world opening its arms to her, a world smiling with sunshine, glowing with colour, singing with love and content.

She turned to him with all that was in her heart showing in her face.

"Don't!" he begged, tremblingly, "don't answer. I couldn't bear it—if you said 'no' to me." He jerked his head toward the men who guarded him. "Wait until I'm tried, and not in disgrace." He shook the gate between them savagely as though it actually held him a prisoner.

Mary Cahill raised her head proudly.

"You have no right. You've hurt me," she whispered. "You hurt me."

"Hurt you?" he cried.

She pressed her hands together. It was impossible to tell him, it was impossible to speak of what she felt; of the pride, of the trust and love, to disclose this new and wonderful thing while the gate was between them, while the sentries paced on either side, while the curious eyes of the garrison were fastened upon her.

"Oh, can't you see?" she whispered. "As though I cared for a court-martial! I *know* you. You are just the same. You are just what you have always been to me—what you always will be to me."

She thrust her hand toward him and he seized it in both of his, and then released it instantly, and, as though afraid of his own self-control, backed hurriedly from her, and she turned and walked rapidly away.

Captain Carr, who had been Ranson's captain in the Philippines, and who was much his friend, had been appointed to act as his counsel. When later that morning he visited his client to lay out a line of defense he found Ranson inclined to treat the danger which threatened him with the most arrogant flippancy. He had never seen him in a more objectionable mood.

"You can call the charge 'tommy-rot' if you like," Carr protested, sharply. "But, let me tell you that's not the view anyone else takes of it, and if you expect the officers of the court-martial and the civil authorities to take that view of it you've got to get down to work and help me prove that it *is* 'tommy-rot.' That Miss Post, as soon as she got here, when she thought it was only a practical joke, told them that the road-agent threatened her with a pair of shears. Now, Crosby and Curtis will testify that you took a pair of shears from Cahill's, and from what Miss Post saw of your ring she can probably identify that, too; so——"

"Oh, we concede the shears," declared Ranson, waving his hand grandly. "We admit the first hold-up."

"The devil we do!" returned Carr. "Now, as your counsel, I advise nothing of the sort."

"You advise me to lie?"

"Sir!" exclaimed Carr. "A plea of not guilty is only a legal form. When you consider that the first hold-up in itself is enough to lose you your commission——"

"Well, it's *my* commission," said Ranson. "It was only a silly joke, anyway. And the War Department must have some sense of humour or it wouldn't have given me a commission in the first place. Of course, we'll admit the first hold-up, but we won't stand for the second one. I had no more to do with that than with the Whitechapel murders."

"How are we to prove that?" demanded Carr. "Where's your alibi? Where were you after the first hold-up?"

"I was making for home as fast as I could cut," said Ranson. He suddenly stopped in his walk up and down the room and confronted his counsel sternly. "Captain," he demanded, "I wish you to instruct me on a point of law."

Carr's brow relaxed. He was relieved to find that Ranson had awakened to the seriousness of the charges against him.

"That's what I am here for," he said, encouragingly.

"Well, captain," said Ranson, "if an officer is under arrest as I am and confined to his quarters, is he or is he not allowed to send to the club for a bottle of champagne?"

"Really, Ranson!" cried the captain, angrily, "you are impossible."

"I only want to celebrate," said Ranson, meekly. "I'm a very happy man; I'm the happiest man on earth. I want to ride across the prairie shooting off both guns and yelling like a cowboy. Instead of which I am locked up indoors and have to talk to you about a highway robbery which does not amuse me, which does not concern me—and of which I know nothing and care less. Now, *you* are detailed to prove me innocent. That's your duty, and you ought to do your duty. But don't drag me in. I've got much more important things to think about."

Bewilderment, rage, and despair were written upon the face of the captain.

"Ranson!" he roared. "Is this a pose, or are you mad? Can't you understand that you came very near to being hanged for murder and that you are in great danger of going to jail for theft? Let me put before you the extremely unpleasant position in which you have been ass enough to place yourself. You don't quite seem to grasp it. You tell two brother-officers that you are going to rob the stage. To do so you disguise yourself in a poncho and a red handkerchief, and you remove the army-stirrups from your stirrup-leathers. You then do rob this coach, or at least hold it up, and you are recognized. A few minutes later, in the same trail and in the same direction you have taken, there is a second hold-up, this time of the paymaster. The man who robs the paymaster wears a poncho and a red kerchief, and he has no stirrups in his stirrup-leathers. The two hold-ups take place within a half-mile of each other, within five minutes of each other. Now, is it reasonable to believe that last night two men were hiding in the buttes intent upon robbery, each in an army poncho, each wearing a red bandanna handkerchief, and each riding without stirrups? Between believing in such a strange coincidence and that you did it, I'll be hanged if I don't believe you did it."

"I don't blame you," said Ranson. "What can I do to set your mind at rest?"

"Well, tell me exactly what persons knew that you meant to hold up the stage."

"Curtis and Crosby; no one else."

"Not even Cahill?"

"No, Cahill came in just before I said I would stop the stage, but I remember particularly that before I spoke I waited for him to get back to the exchange."

"And Crosby tells me," continued Carr, "that the instant you had gone he looked into the exchange and saw Cahill at the farthest corner from the door. He could have heard nothing."

"If you ask me, I think you've begun at the wrong end," said Ranson. "If I were looking for the Red Rider I'd search for him in Kiowa City."

"Why?"

"Because, at this end no one but a few officers knew that the paymaster was coming, while in Kiowa everybody in the town knew it, for they saw him start. It would be very easy for one of those cowboys to ride ahead and lie in wait for him in the buttes. There are several tough specimens in Kiowa. Any one of them would rob a man for twenty dollars—let alone ten thousand. There's 'Abe' Fisher and Foster King, and the Chase boys, and I believe old 'Pop' Henderson himself isn't above holding up one of his own stages."

"He's above shooting himself in the lungs," said Carr. "Nonsense. No, I am convinced that someone followed you from this post, and perhaps Cahill can tell us who that was. I sent for him this morning, and he's waiting at my quarters now. Suppose I ask him to step over here, so that we can discuss it together."

Before he answered, Ranson hesitated, with his eyes on the ground. He had no way of knowing whether Mary Cahill had told her father anything of what he had said to her that morning. But if she had done so, he did not want to meet Cahill in the presence of a third party for the first time since he had learned the news.

"I'll tell you what I wish you would do," he said. "I wish you'd let me see Cahill first, by myself. What I want to see him about had nothing to do with the hold-up," he added. "It concerns only us two, but I'd like to have it out of the way before we consult him as a witness."

Carr rose doubtfully. "Why, certainly," he said; "I'll send him over, and when you're ready for me step out on the porch and call. I'll be sitting on my veranda. I hope you've had no quarrel with Cahill—I mean I hope this personal matter is nothing that will prejudice him against you."

Ranson smiled. "I hope not, too," he said. "No, we've not quarrelled—yet," he added.

Carr still lingered. "Cahill is like to be a very important witness for the other side——"

"I doubt it," said Ranson, easily. "Cahill's a close-mouthed chap, but when he does talk he talks to the point and he'll tell the truth. That can't hurt us."

As Cahill crossed the parade-ground from Captain Carr's quarters on his way to Ranson's hut his brain was crowded swiftly with doubts, memories, and resolves. For him the interview held no alarms. He had no misgivings as to its outcome. For his daughter's sake he was determined that he himself must not be disgraced in her eyes and that to that end Ranson must be sacrificed. It was to make a lady of her, as he understood what a lady should be, that on six moonlit raids he had ventured forth in his red mask and robbed the Kiowa stage. That there were others who roamed abroad in the disguise of the Red Rider he was well aware. There were nights the stage was held up when he was innocently busy behind his counter in touch with the whole garrison. Of these nights he made much. They were alibis furnished by his rivals. They served to keep suspicion from himself, and he, working for the same object, was indefatigable in proclaiming that all the depredations of the Red Rider showed the handiwork of one and the same individual.

"He comes from Kiowa, of course," he would point out. "Some feller who lives where the stage starts, and knows when the passengers carry money. You don't hear of him holding up a stage full of recruits or cow-punchers. It's always the drummers and the mine directors that the Red Rider lays for. How does he know they're in the stage if he don't see 'em start from Kiowa? Ask 'Pop' Henderson. Ask 'Abe' Fisher. Mebbe they know more than they'd care to tell."

The money which at different times Cahill had taken from the Kiowa stage lay in a New York bank, and the law of limitation made it now possible for him to return to that city and claim it. Already his savings were sufficient in amount to support both his daughter and himself in one of those foreign cities of which she had so often told him and for which he knew she hungered. And for the last five years he had had no other object in living than to feed her wants. Through some strange trick of the mind he remembered suddenly and vividly a long-forgotten scene in the back room of McTurk's, when he was McTurk's bouncer. The night before a girl had killed herself in this same back room; she made the third who had done so in the month. He recalled the faces of the reporters eying McTurk in cold distaste as that terror of the Bowery whimpered before them on his knees. "But my daughters will read it," he had begged. "Suppose they believe I'm what you call me. Don't go and give me a bad name to them, gentlemen. It ain't my fault the girl's died here. You wouldn't have my daughters think I'm to blame for that? They're ladies, my daughters, they're just out of the convent, and they don't know that there is such women in the world as come to this place. And I can't have 'em turned against their old pop. For God's sake, gentlemen, don't let my girls know!"

Cahill remembered the contempt he had felt for his employer as he pulled him to his feet, but now McTurk's appeal seemed just as natural. His point of view was that of the loving and considerate parent. In Cahill's mind there was no moral question involved. If to make his girl rich and a lady, and to lift her out of the life of the exchange, was a sin, the sin was his own and he was willing to "stand for it." And, like McTurk, he would see that the sin of the father was not visited upon the child. Ranson was rich, foolishly, selfishly rich; his father was a United States Senator with influence enough, and money enough, to fight the law—to buy his son out of jail. Sooner than his daughter should know that her father was one of those who sometimes wore the mask of the Red Rider, Ranson, for all he cared, could go to jail, or to hell. With this ultimatum in his mind, Cahill confronted his would-be son-in-law with a calm and assured countenance.

Ranson greeted him with respectful deference, and while Cahill seated himself, Ranson, chatting hospitably, placed cigars and glasses before him. He began upon the subject that touched him the most nearly.

"Miss Cahill was good enough to bring up my breakfast this morning," he said. "Has she told you of what I said to her?"

Cahill shook his head. "No, I haven't seen her. We've been taking account of stock all morning."

"Then—then you've heard nothing from her about me?" said Ranson.

The post-trader raised his head in surprise. "No. Captain Carr spoke to me about your arrest, and then said you wanted to see me first about something private." The post-trader fixed Ranson with his keen, unwavering eyes. "What might that be?" he asked.

"Well, it doesn't matter now," stammered Ranson; "I'll wait until Miss Cahill tells you."

"Any complaint about the food?" inquired the post-trader.

Ranson laughed nervously. "No, it's not that," he said. He rose, and, to protect what Miss Cahill evidently wished to remain a secret, changed the subject. "You see, you've lived in these parts so long, Mr. Cahill," he explained, "and you know so many people, I thought maybe you could put me on the track or give me some hint as to which of that Kiowa gang really did rob the paymaster." Ranson was pulling the cork from the whiskey bottle, and when he asked the question Cahill pushed his glass from him and shook his head. Ranson looked up interrogatively and smiled. "You mean you think I did it myself?" he asked.

"I didn't understand from Captain Carr," the post-trader began in heavy tones, "that it's my opinion you're after. He said I might be wanted to testify who was present last night in my store."

"Certainly, that's all we want," Ranson answered, genially. "I only thought you might give me a friendly pointer or two on the outside. And, of course, if it's your opinion I did the deed we certainly don't want your opinion. But that needn't prevent your taking a drink with me, need it? Don't be afraid. I'm not trying to corrupt you. And I'm not trying to poison a witness for the other fellows, either. Help yourself."

Cahill stretched out his left hand. His right remained hidden in the side pocket of his coat. "What's the matter with your right hand?" Ranson asked. "Are you holding a gun on me? Really, Mr. Cahill, you're not taking any chances, are you?" Ranson gazed about the room as though seeking an appreciative audience. "He's such an important witness," he cried, delightedly, "that first he's afraid I'll poison him and he won't drink with me, and now he covers me with a gun."

Reluctantly, Cahill drew out his hand, "I was putting the bridle on my pony last night," he said. "He bit me."

Ranson exclaimed sympathetically, "Oh, that's too bad," he said. "Well, you know you want to be careful. A horse's teeth really are poisonous." He examined his own hands complacently. "Now, if I had a bandage like that on my right hand they would hang me sure, no matter whether it was a bite, or a burn, or a bullet."

Cahill raised the glass to his lips and sipped the whiskey critically. "Why?" he asked.

"Why? Why, didn't you know that the paymaster boasted last night to the surgeons that he hit this fellow in the hand? He says——"

Cahill snorted scornfully. "How'd he know that? What makes him think so?"

"Well, never mind, let him think so," Ranson answered, fervently. "Don't discourage him. That's the only evidence I've got on my side. He says he fired to disarm the man, and that he saw him shift his gun to his left hand. It was the shot that the man fired when he held his gun in his left that broke the colonel's arm. Now, everybody knows I can't hit a barn with my left. And as for having any wounds concealed about my person"—Ranson turned his hands like a conjurer to show the front and back—"they can search me. So, if the paymaster will only stick to that story—that he hit the man—it will help me a lot." Ranson seated himself on the table and swung his leg. "And of course it would be a big help, too, if you could remember who was in your exchange when I was planning to rob the coach. For some one certainly must have overheard me, some one must have copied my disguise, and that some one is the man we must find. Unless he came from Kiowa."

Cahill shoved his glass from him across the table and, placing his hands on his knees, stared at his host coldly and defiantly. His would-be son-in-law observed the aggressiveness of his attitude, but, in his fuller knowledge of their prospective relations, smiled blandly.

"Mr. Ranson," began Cahill, "I've no feelings against you personally. I've a friendly feeling for all of you young gentlemen at my mess. But you're not playing fair with me. I can see what you want, and I can tell you that you and Captain Carr are not helping your case by asking me up here to drink and smoke with you, when you know that I'm the most important witness they've got against you."

Ranson stared at his father-in-law-elect in genuine amazement, and then laughed lightly.

"Why, dear Mr. Cahill," he cried, "I wouldn't think of bribing you with such a bad brand of whiskey as this. And I didn't know you were such an important witness as all that. But, of course, I know whatever you say in this community goes, and if your testimony is against me, I'm sorry for it, very sorry. I suppose you will testify that there was no one in the exchange who could have heard my plan?"

Cahill nodded.

"And, as it's not likely two men at exactly the same time should have thought of robbing the stage in exactly the same way, I must have robbed it myself."

Cahill nursed his bandaged hand with the other. "That's the court's business," he growled; "I mean to tell the truth."

"And the truth is?" asked Ranson.

"The truth is that last night there was no one in the exchange but you officers and me. If anybody'd come in on the store side you'd have seen him, wouldn't you? and if he'd come into the exchange I'd have seen him. But no one come in. I was there alone—and certainly I didn't hear your plan, and I didn't rob the stage. When you fellows left I went down to the Indian village. Half the reservation can prove I was there all the evening—so of the four of us, that lets me out. Crosby and Curtis were in command of the pay escort—that's their alibi—and as far as I can see, lieutenant, that puts it up to you."

Ranson laughed and shook his head. "Yes, it certainly looks that way," he said. "Only I can't see why you need be so damned pleased about it." He grinned wickedly. "If you weren't such a respectable member of Fort Crockett society I might say you listened at the door, and rode after me in one of your own ponchos. As for the Indian village, that's no alibi. A Kiowa will swear his skin's as white as yours if you give him a drink."

"And is that why I get this one?" Cahill demanded. "Am I a Kiowa?"

Ranson laughed and shoved the bottle toward his father-in-law-elect.

"Oh, can't you take a joke?" he said. "Take another drink, then."

The voice outside the hut was too low to reach the irate Cahill, but Ranson heard it and leaped to his feet.

"Wait," he commanded. He ran to the door, and met Sergeant Clancey at the threshold.

"Miss Cahill, lieutenant," said the sergeant, "wants to see her father."

Cahill had followed Ranson to the door. "You want to see me, Mame?" he asked.

"Yes," Miss Cahill cried; "and Mr. Ranson, too, if I may." She caught her father eagerly by the arm, but her eyes were turned joyfully upon Ranson. They were laughing with excitement. Her voice was trembling and eager.

"It is something I have discovered," she cried; "I found it out just now, and I think—oh, I hope!—it is most important. I believe it will clear Mr. Ranson!" she cried, happily. "At least it will show that last night some one went out to rob the coach and went dressed as he was."

Cahill gave a short laugh. "What's his name?" he asked, mockingly. "Have you seen him?"

"I didn't see him and I don't know his name, but——"

Cahill snorted, and picked up his sombrero from the table. "Then it's not so very important after all," he said. "Is that all that brought you here?"

"The main thing is that she is here," said Ranson; "for which the poor prisoner is grateful—grateful to her and to the man she hasn't seen, in the mask and poncho, whose name she doesn't know. Mr. Cahill, bad as it is, I insist on your finishing your whiskey. Miss Cahill, please sit down."

He moved a chair toward her and, as he did so, looked full into her face with such love and happiness that she turned her eyes away.

"Well?" asked Cahill.

"I must first explain to Lieutenant Ranson, father," said his daughter, "that to-day is the day we take account of stock."

"Speaking of stock," said Ranson, "don't forget that I owe you for a red kerchief and a rubber poncho. You can have them back, if you like. I won't need a rain coat where I am going."

"Don't," said Miss Cahill. "Please let me go on. After I brought you your breakfast here, I couldn't begin to work just at once. I was thinking about—something else. Everyone was talking of you—your arrest, and I couldn't settle down to take account of stock." She threw a look at Ranson which asked for his sympathy. "But when I did start I began with the ponchos and the red kerchiefs, and then I found out something."

Cahill was regarding his daughter in strange distress, but Ranson appeared indifferent to her words, and intent only on the light and beauty in her face. But he asked, smiling, "And that was?"

"You see," continued Miss Cahill, eagerly, "I always keep a dozen of each article, and as each one is sold I check it off in my day-book. Yesterday Mrs. Bolland bought a poncho for the colonel. That left eleven ponchos. Then a few minutes later I gave Lightfoot a red kerchief for his squaw. That left eleven kerchiefs."

"Stop!" cried Ranson. "Miss Cahill," he began, severely, "I hope you do not mean to throw suspicion on the wife of my respected colonel, or on Mrs. Lightfoot, 'the Prairie Flower.' Those ladies are my personal friends; I refuse to believe them guilty. And have you ever seen Mrs. Bolland on horseback? You wrong her. It is impossible."

"Please," begged Miss Cahill, "please let me explain. When you went to hold up the stage you took a poncho and a kerchief. That should have left ten of each. But when I counted them this morning there were nine red kerchiefs and nine ponchos."

Ranson slapped his knee sharply. "Good!" he said. "That *is* interesting."

"What does it prove?" demanded Cahill.

"It proves nothing, or it proves everything," said Miss Cahill. "To my mind it proves without any doubt that some one overheard Mr. Ranson's plan, that he dressed like him to throw suspicion on him, and that this second person was the one who robbed the paymaster. Now, father, this is where you can help us. You were there then. Try to remember. It is so important. Who came into the store after the others had gone away?"

Cahill tossed his head like an angry bull.

"There are fifty places in this post," he protested, roughly, "where a man can get a poncho. Every trooper owns his slicker."

"But, father, we don't know that theirs are missing," cried Miss Cahill, "and we do know that those in our store are. Don't think I am foolish. It seemed such an important fact to me, and I had hoped it would help."

"It does help—immensely!" cried Ranson. "I think it's a splendid clue. But, unfortunately, I don't think we can prove anything by your father, for he's just been telling me that there was no one in the place but himself. No one came in, and he was quite alone—" Ranson had begun speaking eagerly, but either his own words or the intentness with which Cahill received them caused him to halt and hesitate—"absolutely—alone."

"You see," said Cahill, thickly, "as soon as they had gone I rode to the Indian village."

"Why, no, father," corrected Miss Cahill. "Don't you remember, you told me last night that when you reached Lightfoot's tent I had just gone. That was quite two hours after the others left the store." In her earnestness Miss Cahill had placed her hand upon her father's arm and clutched it eagerly. "And you remember no one coming in before you left?" she asked. "No one?"

Cahill had not replaced the bandaged hand in his pocket, but had shoved it inside the opening of his coat. As Mary Cahill caught his arm her fingers sank into the palm of the hand and he gave a slight grimace of pain.

"Oh, father," Miss Cahill cried, "your hand! I am so sorry. Did I hurt it? Please—let me see."

Cahill drew back with sudden violence.

"No!" he cried. "Leave it alone! Come, we must be going." But Miss Cahill held the wounded hand in both her own. When she turned her eyes to Ranson they were filled with tender concern.

"I hurt him," she said, reproachfully. "He shot himself last night with one of those new cylinder revolvers."

Her father snatched the hand from her. He tried to drown her voice by a sudden movement toward the door. "Come!" he called. "Do you hear me?"

But his daughter in her sympathy continued. "He was holding it so," she said, "and it went off, and the bullet passed through here." She laid the tip of a slim white finger on the palm of her right hand.

"The bullet!" cried Ranson. He repeated, dully, "The bullet!"

There was a sudden, tense silence. Outside they could hear the crunch of the sentry's heel in the gravel, and from the baseball field back of the barracks the soft spring air was rent with the jubilant crack of the bat as it drove the ball. Afterward Ranson remembered that while one-half of his brain was terribly acute to the moment, the other was wondering whether the runner had made his base. It seemed an interminable time before Ranson raised his eyes from Miss Cahill's palm to her father's face. What he read in them caused Cahill to drop his hand swiftly to his hip.

Ranson saw the gesture and threw out both his hands. He gave a hysterical laugh, strangely boyish and immature, and ran to place himself between Cahill and the door. "Drop it!" he whispered. "My God, man!" he entreated, "don't make a fool of yourself. Mr. Cahill," he cried aloud, "you can't go till you know. Can he, Mary? Yes, Mary." The tone in which he repeated the name was proprietary and commanding. He took her hand. "Mr. Cahill," he said, joyously, "we've got something to tell you. I want you to understand that in spite of all *I've* done—I say, in spite of all *I've* done—I mean getting into this trouble and disgrace, and all that—I've dared to ask your daughter to marry me." He turned and led Miss Cahill swiftly toward the veranda. "Oh, I knew he wouldn't like it," he cried. "You see. I told you so. You've got to let me talk to him alone. You go outside and wait. I can talk better when you are not here. I'll soon bring him around."

"Father," pleaded Miss Cahill, timidly. From behind her back Ranson shook his head at the post-trader in violent pantomime. "She'd better go outside and wait, hadn't she, Mr. Cahill?" he directed.

As he was bidden, the post-trader raised his head and nodded toward the door. The onslaught of sudden and new conditions overwhelmed and paralyzed him.

"Father!" said Miss Cahill, "it isn't just as you think. Mr. Ranson did ask me to marry him—in a way— At least, I knew what he meant. But I did not say—in a way—that I would marry him. I mean it was not settled, or I would have told you. You mustn't think I would have left you out of this—of my happiness, you who have done everything to make me happy."

She reproached her father with her eyes fastened on his face. His own were stern, fixed, and miserable. "You will let it be, won't you, father?" she begged. "It—it means so much. I—can't tell you—" She threw out her hand toward Ranson as though designating a superior being. "Why, I can't tell *him*. But if you are harsh with him or with me it will break my heart. For as I love you, father, I love him—and it has got to be. It must be. For I love him so. I have always loved him. Father," she whispered, "I love him so."

Ranson, humbly, gratefully, took the girl's hand and led her gently to the veranda and closed the door upon her. Then he came down the room and regarded his prospective father-in-law with an expression of amused exasperation. He thrust his hands deep into the pockets of his riding-breeches and nodded his head. "Well," he exclaimed, "you've made a damned pretty mess of it, haven't you?"

Cahill had sunk heavily into a chair and was staring at Ranson with the stupid, wondering gaze of a dumb animal in pain. During the moments in which the two men eyed each other Ranson's smile disappeared. Cahill raised himself slowly as though with a great effort.

"I done it," said Cahill, "for her. I done it to make her happy."

"That's all right," said Ranson, briskly. "She's going to be happy. We're all going to be happy."

"An' all I did," Cahill continued, as though unconscious of the interruption, "was to disgrace her." He rose suddenly to his feet. His mental sufferings were so keen that his huge body trembled. He recognized how truly he had made "a mess of it." He saw that all he had hoped to do for his daughter by crime would have been done for her by this marriage with Ranson, which would have made her a "lady," made her rich, made her happy. Had it not been for his midnight raids she would have been honoured, loved, and envied, even by the wife of the colonel herself. But through him disgrace had come upon her, sorrow and trouble. She would not be known as the daughter of Senator Ranson, but of Cahill, an ex-member of the Whyo gang, a highway robber, as the daughter of a thief who was serving his time in State prison. At the thought Cahill stepped backward unsteadily as though he had been struck. He cried suddenly aloud. Then his hand whipped back to his revolver, but before he could use it Ranson had seized his wrist with both hands. The two struggled silently and fiercely. The fact of opposition brought back to Cahill all of his great strength.

"No, you don't!" Ranson muttered. "Think of your daughter, man. Drop it!"

"I shall do it," Cahill panted. "I am thinking of my daughter. It's the only way out. Take your hands off me— I shall!"

With his knuckles Ranson bored cruelly into the wounded hand, and it opened and the gun dropped from it; but as it did so it went off with a report that rang through the building. There was an instant rush of feet upon the steps of the veranda, and at the sound the two men sprang apart, eyeing each other sheepishly like two discovered truants. When Sergeant Clancey and the guard pushed through the door Ranson stood facing it, spinning the revolver in cowboy fashion around his fourth finger. He addressed the sergeant in a tone of bitter irony.

"Oh, you've come at last," he demanded. "Are you deaf? Why didn't you come when I called?" His tone showed he considered he had just cause for annoyance.

"The gun brought me. I—" began Clancey.

"Yes, I hoped it might. That's why I fired it," snapped Ranson. "I want two whiskey-and-sodas. Quick now!"

"Two—" gasped Clancey.

"Whiskey-and-sodas. See how fast one of you can chase over to the club and get 'em. And next time I want a drink don't make me wake the entire garrison."

As the soldiers retreated Ranson discovered Miss Cahill's white face beyond them. He ran and held the door open by a few inches.

"It's all right," he whispered, reassuringly. "He's nearly persuaded. Wait just a minute longer and he'll be giving us his blessing."

"But the pistol-shot?" she asked.

"I was just calling the guard. The electric bell's broken, and your father wanted a drink. That's a good sign, isn't it? Shows he's friendly. What kind did you say you wanted, Mr. Cahill—Scotch, was it, or rye?" Ranson glanced back at the somber, silent figure of Cahill, and then again opened the door sufficiently for him to stick out his head. "Sergeant," he called, "make them both Scotch—long ones."

He shut the door and turned upon the post-trader. "Now, then, father-in-law," he said, briskly, "you've got to cut and run, and you've got to run quick. We'll tell 'em you're going to Fort Worth to buy the engagement ring, because I can't, being under arrest. But you go to Duncan City instead, and from there take the cars to——"

"Run away!" Cahill repeated, dazedly. "But you'll be court-martialled."

"There won't be any court-martial!"

Cahill glanced around the room quickly. "I see," he cried. In his eagerness he was almost smiling. "I'm to leave a confession and give it to you."

"Confession! What rot!" cried Ranson. "They can't prove anything against me. Everyone knows by now that there were two men on the trail, but they don't know who the other man was, and no one ever must know—especially Mary."

Cahill struck the table with his fist. "I won't stand for it!" he cried. "I got you into this, and I'm goin'——"

"Yes, going to jail," retorted Ranson. "You'll look nice behind the bars, won't you? Your daughter will be proud of you in a striped suit. Don't talk nonsense. You're going to run and hide some place, somewhere, where Mary and I can come and pay you a visit. Say—Canada. No, not Canada. I'd rather visit you in jail than in a Montreal hotel. Say Tangier, or Buenos Aires, or Paris. Yes, Paris is safe enough—and so amusing."

Cahill seated himself heavily. "I trapped you into this fix, Mr. Ranson," he said, "you know I did, and now I mean to get you out of it. I ain't going to leave the man my Mame wants to marry with a cloud on him. I ain't goin' to let her husband be jailed."

Ranson had run to his desk and from a drawer drew forth a roll of bills. He advanced with them in his hand.

"Yes, Paris is certainly the place," he said. "Here's three hundred dollars. I'll cable you the rest. You've never been to Paris, have you? It's full of beautiful sights—Henry's American bar, for instance, and the courtyard of the Grand Hotel, and Maxim's. All good Americans go to Paris when they die and all the bad ones while they are alive. You'll find lots of both kinds, and you'll sit all day on the sidewalks and drink bock and listen to Hungarian bands. And Mary and I will join you there and take you driving in the Bois. Now, you start at once. I'll tell her you've gone to New York to talk it over with father, and buy the ring. Then I'll say you've gone on to Paris to rent us apartments for the honeymoon. I'll explain it somehow. That's better than going to jail, isn't it, and making us bow our heads in grief?"

Cahill, in his turn, approached the desk and, seating himself before it, began writing rapidly.

"What is it?" asked Ranson.

"A confession," said Cahill, his pen scratching.

"I won't take it," Ranson said, "and I won't use it."

"I ain't going to give it to you," said Cahill, over his shoulder. "I know better than that. But I don't go to Paris unless I leave a confession behind me. Call in the guard," he commanded; "I want two witnesses."

"I'll see you hanged first," said Ranson.

Cahill crossed the room to the door and, throwing it open, called "Corporal of the guard!"

As he spoke, Captain Carr and Mrs. Bolland, accompanied by Miss Post and her aunt, were crossing the parade-ground. For a moment the post-trader surveyed them doubtfully, and then, stepping out upon the veranda, beckoned to them.

"Here's a paper I've signed, captain," he said; "I wish you'd witness my signature. It's my testimony for the court-martial."

"Then some one else had better sign it," said Carr. "Might look prejudiced if I did." He turned to the ladies. "These ladies are coming in to see Ranson now. They'll witness it."

Miss Cahill, from the other end of the veranda, and the visitors entered the room together.

"Mrs. Truesdall!" cried Ranson. "You are pouring coals of fire upon my head. And Miss Post! Indeed, this is too much honour. After the way I threatened and tried to frighten you last night I expected you to hang me, at least, instead of which you have, I trust, come to tea."

"Nothing of the sort," said Mrs. Bolland, sternly. "These ladies insisted on my bringing them here to say how sorry they are that they talked so much and got you into this trouble. Understand, Mr. Ranson," the colonel's wife added, with dignity, "that I am not here officially as Mrs. Bolland, but as a friend of these ladies."

"You are welcome in whatever form you take, Mrs. Bolland," cried Ranson, "and, believe me, I am in no trouble—no trouble, I assure you. In fact, I am quite the most contented man in the world. Mrs. Bolland, in spite of the cloud, the temporary cloud which rests upon my fair name, I take great pride in announcing to you that this young lady has done me the honour to consent to become my wife. Her father, a very old and dear friend, has given his consent. And I take this occasion to tell you of my good fortune, both in your official capacity and as my friend."

There was a chorus of exclamations and congratulations in which Mrs. Bolland showed herself to be a true wife and a social diplomatist. In the post-trader's daughter she instantly recognized the heiress to the Ranson millions, and the daughter of a Senator who also was the chairman of the Senate Committee on Brevets and Promotions. She fell upon Miss Cahill's shoulder and kissed her on both cheeks. Turning eagerly upon Mrs. Truesdall, she said, "Alice, you can understand how I feel when I tell you that this child has always been to me like one of my own."

Carr took Ranson's hand and wrung it. Sergeant Clancey grew purple with pleasure and stole back to the veranda, where he whispered joyfully to a sentry. In another moment a passing private was seen racing delightedly toward the baseball field.

At the same moment Lieutenants Crosby and Curtis and the regimental adjutant crossed the parade-ground from the colonel's quarters and ran up the steps of Ranson's hut. The expressions of good-will, of smiling embarrassment and general satisfaction which Lieutenant Crosby observed on the countenances of those present seemed to give him a momentary check.

"Oh," he exclaimed, disappointedly, "some one has told you!"

Ranson laughed and took the hand which Crosby held doubtfully toward him. "No one has told me," he said. "I've been telling them."

"Then you haven't heard?" Crosby cried, delightedly. "That's good. I begged to be the first to let you know, because I felt so badly at having doubted you. You must let me congratulate you. You are free."

"Free?" smiled Ranson.

"Yes, relieved from arrest," Crosby cried, joyfully. He turned and took Ranson's sword from the hands of the adjutant. "And the colonel's let your troop have the band to give you a serenade."

But Ranson's face showed no sign of satisfaction.

"Wait!" he cried. "Why am I relieved from arrest?"

"Why? Because the other fellow has confessed."

Ranson placed himself suddenly in front of Mary Cahill as though to shield her. His eyes stole stealthily toward Cahill's confession. Still unread and still unsigned, it lay unopened upon the table. Cahill was gazing upon Ranson in blank bewilderment.

Captain Carr gasped a sigh of relief that was far from complimentary to his client.

"Who confessed?" he cried.

"'Pop' Henderson," said Crosby.

"'Pop' Henderson!" shouted Cahill. Unmindful of his wound, he struck the table savagely with his fist. For the first time in the knowledge of the post he exhibited emotion. "'Pop' Henderson, by the eternal!" he cried. "And I never guessed it!"

"Yes," said Crosby, eagerly. "'Abe' Fisher was in it. Henderson persuaded the paymaster to make the trip alone with him. Then he dressed up Fisher to represent the Red Rider and sent him on ahead to hold him up. They were to share the money afterward. But Fisher fired on 'Pop' to kill, so as to have it all, and 'Pop's' trying to get even. And what with wanting to hurt Fisher, and thinking he is going to die, and not wishing to see you hanged, he's told the truth. We wired Kiowa early this morning and arrested Fisher. They've found the money, and he has confessed, too."

"But the poncho and the red kerchief?" protested Carr. "And he had no stirrups!"

"Oh, Fisher had the make-up all right," laughed Crosby; "Henderson says Fisher's the 'only, original' Red Rider. And as for the stirrups, I'm afraid that's my fault. I asked the colonel if the man wasn't riding without stirrups, and I guess the wish was father to the fact. He only imagined he hadn't seen any stirrups. The colonel was rattled. So, old man," he added, turning to Ranson, "here's your sword again, and God bless you."

Already the post had learned the news from the band and the verandas of the enlisted men overflowed with delighted troopers. From the stables and the ball field came the sound of hurrying feet, and a tumult of cheers and cowboy yells. Across the parade-ground the regimental band bore down upon Ranson's hut, proclaiming to the garrison that there would be a hot time in the old town that night. But Sergeant Clancey ran to meet the bandmaster, and shouted in his ear. "He's going to marry Mary Cahill," he cried. "I heard him tell the colonel's wife. Play 'Just Because She Made Them Goo-goo Eyes.'"

"Like hell!" cried the bandmaster, indignantly breaking in on the tune with his baton. "I know my business! Now, then, men," he commanded. "'I'll Leave My Happy Home for You.'"

As Mrs. Bolland dragged Miss Cahill into view of the assembled troopers Ranson pulled his father-in-law into a far corner of the room. He shook the written confession in his face.

"Now, will you kindly tell me what that means?" he demanded. "What sort of a gallery play were you trying to make?"

Cahill shifted his sombrero guiltily. "I was trying to get you out of the hole," he stammered. "I—I thought you done it."

"You thought I done it!"

"Sure. I never thought nothing else."

"Then why do you say here that *you* did it?"

"Oh, because," stammered Cahill, miserably, "'cause of Mary, 'cause she wanted to marry you—'cause you were going to marry her."

"Well—but—what good were you going to do by shooting yourself?"

"Oh then?" Cahill jerked back his head as though casting out an unpleasant memory. "I thought you'd caught me, you two—between you!"

"Caught you! Then you did——?"

"No, but I tried to. I heard your plan, and I did follow you in the poncho and kerchief, meaning to hold up the stage first, and leave it to Crosby and Curtis to prove you did it. But when I reached the coach you were there ahead of me, and I rode away and put in my time at the Indian village. I never saw the paymaster's cart, never heard of it till this morning. But what with Mame missing the poncho out of our shop and the wound in my hand I guessed they'd all soon suspect me. I saw you did. So I thought I'd just confess to what I meant to do, even if I didn't do it."

Ranson surveyed his father-in-law with a delighted grin. "How did you get that bullet-hole in your hand?" he asked.

Cahill laughed shamefacedly. "I hate to tell you that," he said. "I got it just as I said I did. My new gun went off while I was fooling with it, with my hand over the muzzle. And me the best shot in the Territory! But when I heard the paymaster claimed he shot the Red Rider through the palm I knew no one would believe me if I told the truth. So I lied."

Ranson glanced down at the written confession, and then tore it slowly into pieces. "And you were sure I robbed the stage, and yet you believed that I'd use this? What sort of a son-in-law do you think you've got?"

"You thought *I* robbed the stage, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"And you were going to stand for robbing it yourself, weren't you? Well, that's the sort of son-in-law I've got!"

The two men held out their hands at the same instant.

Mary Cahill, her face glowing with pride and besieged with blushes, came toward them from the veranda. She was laughing and radiant, but she turned her eyes on Ranson with a look of tender reproach.

"Why did you desert me?" she said. "It was awful. They are calling you now. They are playing 'The Conquering Hero.'"

"Mr. Cahill," commanded Ranson, "go out there and make a speech." He turned to Mary Cahill and lifted one of her hands in both of his. "Well, I *am* the conquering hero," he said. "I've won the only thing worth winning, dearest," he whispered; "we'll run away from them in a minute, and we'll ride to the waterfall and the Lover's Leap." He looked down at her wistfully. "Do you remember?"

Mary Cahill raised her head and smiled. He leaned toward her breathlessly.

"Why, did it mean that to you, too?" he asked.

She smiled up at him in assent.

"But I didn't say anything, did I?" whispered Ranson. "I hardly knew you then. But I knew that day that I—that I would marry you or nobody else. And did you think—that you——"

"Yes," Mary Cahill whispered.

He bent his head and touched her hand with his lips.

"Then we'll go back this morning to the waterfall," he said, "and tell it that it's all come right. And now, we'll bow to those crazy people out there, those make-believe dream-people, who don't know that there is nothing real in this world but just you and me, and that we love each other."

A dishevelled orderly bearing a tray with two glasses confronted Ranson at the door. "Here's the Scotch-and-sodas, lieutenant," he panted. "I couldn't get 'em any sooner. The men wanted to take 'em off me—to drink Miss Cahill's health."

"So they shall," said Ranson. "Tell them to drink the canteen dry and charge it to me. What's a little thing like the regulations between friends? They have taught me my manners. Mr. Cahill," he called.

The post-trader returned from the veranda.

Ranson solemnly handed him a glass and raised the other in the air. "Here's hoping that the Red Rider rides on his raids no more," he said; "and to the future Mrs. Ranson—to Mary Cahill, God bless her!"

He shattered the empty glass in the grate and took Cahill's hand.

"Father-in-law," said Ranson, "let's promise each other to lead a new and a better life."

Said by Eleonora Duse

As Reported by LUIGI DEL RICCIO

Translated by Sylvestre Dorian

Whenever Duse spoke, she had something to say, and her adjectives were so few, so adequate, so precise, that her sentences lingered for a long time in the hearer's mind. As I wrote down only the things that impressed me personally, things that I would like to re-read many times for my own enjoyment,—most of her lovely polished sentences, which were like so many necklaces of perfect pearls, have gone with the unremembering years. Fragments come back like echoes from a distant hill, but I should prefer not to quote where I am unable to do so verbatim.

We never know the difference between the symbols and shadows, and the realities for which they stand, until we are nearly ready to die. When we learn what to worship, what to hate, what to treat indifferently, it is too late to use our knowledge to any advantage. We hear bells ringing on a wedding-day, and speak of the "joyful bells." We hear them tolling the next day, and call them "sorrowful bells." Bells know no more of joy and sorrow than the clay underfoot knows of remorse and pity.

The happy people of the world are those who have no ideas. To be sure, some ideas make men happy, but more often they act to the contrary. Ideas are hell. They can render us happy in a minute, and in a minute they can strip us of our every possession and commit us to unending misery.

The ugly people are the loveless ones, or else the unloved. A beautiful woman is generally a woman who is loved. I have seen a homely woman transformed into one of impelling beauty, in several days' time, by the alchemy of love. Love not only creates beauty, but where there is beauty already, it preserves it. Women feed on caresses as a bee feeds on flowers.

Love must beget selfishness, for lovers are always selfish.

Mystery will always be the most charming element in life. All that truly lives is mysterious. When it loses its mystery, we lose our interest in it, and consequently, it dies, and is no more. In order to live truly, we must have mystery, and if we create a sufficient amount of it, we may thereby achieve immortality. What charm has anything, once it has lost its secret? Sometimes a first impression of a person moves us to heave a delicious sigh, as would a great symphony, or a great passage of poetry; it seizes our very vitals in its hands without our knowing it, and shakes us to the foundation. And then we hear his or her name, and already the spell is broken, and the golden bowl half-shattered. Secrecy is better than religions and philosophies, far better. The world must be brought to know this, sooner or later. Husbands and wives will live forever happily together, when they cease to divulge their names one to the other.

No worldly luxury surpasses that of ignoring and forgetting.

If we did not have many personalities, we could not have any personality at all. We have a different personality for every one who looks at us. From that point of view, it may be said that a man was never the lord of many women, or the same women the mistress of two men.

We are never the same for two minutes. It seems to me that it would be better never to write. Letters at best express only thoughts and feelings that have passed away and are no more.

No human emotion can be more beautiful and lofty than sensual love. Its purposes are so practical and palpable. There is no deception or hypocrisy about it, as about the loves whose object is an unseen city. The object of sensual love is the body. And after all, everything in life, after the body, is but a lie and an illusion.

Everyone must choose in life between understanding a little and misunderstanding a lot.

We should never blame a weak person for being insincere, any more than we should blame a child for not being a giant.

Hope dictates our promises, and fear our performances.

To gain a man's love, women do everything to appear as if they were already loved.

Christ does not do so much good in the world as his imitators do evil.

When Hope dies the world will die. It is the only thing that never becomes extinguished. Hope is the only form of perpetual motion that we shall know here below.

A man's love of truth is often little more than his fear of suffering from a lie.

People's faults are invariably more charming than their good qualities. If people become any nearer perfect than they are, the world would be a far less charming place of habitation.

The greatest danger in deceiving others is that one will surely end by deceiving one's self.

Virtue is the art of appearing chaste.

A man's distrust of the world generally begins with a well-founded distrust of himself.

Women surrender themselves to lovable men, out of passion. When you see a woman who has surrendered herself to an *unlovable* man, you may know she surrendered out of weakness.

Power is possession happily married to passion.

Far more than talent alone is required for a career in any of the arts. Talent is essential, but is not everything. If a writer has only talent, he is as complete as the lone lover stranded on an uninhabited island, with none but himself to love, and desire raging tempestuously in his hungry heart. A writer who has only talent is a sculptor without bronze or clay or marble, or anything to create from. Life experience is the most important thing. It outweighs talent.

The man who does not travel grows often weary out of a desire to do so. And he who travels most is the weariest of all. He who is made to feel at home in many different countries feels, when alone, that he is homeless, even when in his own country. People should travel, and do everything else, in moderation. When sense of proportion is lost, all is lost.

Wisdom is the capacity to adjust one's self to the unaccustomed. Men are happier in this facility than women. Wherever you meet a woman, she exhales the atmosphere of her milieu, precisely and unmistakably. With a man it is different. You may talk with him in the hall of a king, believe him a lord with at least several thousand acres and ten castles in his own right, and find him in actuality to be the poor husband of a homely woman, with dirty-faced children pulling at her bedraggled hair, muttering illiterate phrases; you may talk with him in the market-place, or on a bridge, or in a public garden, behold him dressed in the cheapest materials, using the plainest and most unpretentious sentences, think him to be a pauper, and find him in actuality to be a prince, either in wealth, or heart, or mind. It is given to every man to play an infinite number of rôles in life. It is given to women to play one. And nearly all women play the same one. Men are like the Chinese, who are insensible to climatic change, and go from tropical to Arctic zone without being conscious of different temperatures. Woman is the exotic flower that cannot survive transplantation. Every stratum of society belongs to the range of man. He may adjust himself in an hour to any of them, and frequent them with native-like ease and familiarity. But let a woman venture a yard beyond her little limit, and she contrasts with the background violently. She is branded on the forehead, and proclaims the exact location of her social seat, as surely as the compass chronicles the forces of direction, and the face of the

Asiatic the hemisphere whence he comes. Why should this be? It was certainly not always so. The barriers of domestic confinement, rearing a dismal and impenetrable wall between woman and liberty, and the green-house, are modern institutions. One imprisons women, the other imprisons flowers. When women storm this wall, and cease to be made "green-house flowers," they will fare as healthily and happily as that sturdy, free, outdoor flower, Man. Still, perhaps many will feel that their rights are not worth fighting for. In one sense, of course, everything is vain and hopeless, and a woman born is a woman ruined, just as surely as a petal plucked is a petal perished.

It is when people have most to say that they can say nothing. It requires great knowledge to remain silent, but the absence of knowledge inspires loquacity. If a man has hours to spend in delivering his address, ten minutes of preparation suffice, but if he has only ten minutes in which to deliver it, he needs hours of preparation. If a woman is going to face the multitudes of the street, she makes her toilette in little time, but if she is going to meet ONE only, she gives hours to the *finesse* and perfection of the performance.

The personality that expresses itself in words only, rears a feeble monument to its memory, however eloquent and true its words may be. It is well enough to write and talk, but there must be deeds behind the words, just as there is life behind action.

The Use of Science

By VLAS DOROSHEVITCH

Translated by Leon Saunders

THERE was in China an emperor, Czan-Le-O—let his name be preserved in the memory of men as long as our country exists—who was very much interested in science, although he could scarcely read, and always ordered somebody else to sign his name for him, by which the mandarins greatly profited.

But, although he was greatly interested in science, Czan-Le-O once asked himself the question: "What the devil does science exist for in this world?" So he ordered that all learned men be called for an inquest.

The wish of the Son of Heaven is law for the earth. Big drums began to beat at the gates of all the Universities, and the criers exclaim: "Hey, you! Learned people! Leave your books alone, go to Pekin to tell to the Glory of the Universe, to our gracious emperor, of what use are sciences?"

On the given day, at the vast place in front of the Palace, all the learned men of China were gathered. There were men so old that they were carried in sedan chairs; and also young ones who looked older than the oldest of the old scientists. There were learned men who kept their heads so high up that their spines bent over backwards, and they could not bow with due respect even to God himself. There were men whose spines had been twisted to an angle on account of sitting at books. There were men who had been rewarded for their knowledge; there were scientists with three, four and even five balls on their head-dress. A few of them wore a peacock feather. There were scientists in green jackets, and a few even wore yellow jackets!

And, of course, all had spectacles on their noses, for it is known that spectacles are a proof of learning.

When the sun appeared from behind the clouds, and began to shine upon the spectacles, the emperor half closed his eyes. "How their eyes burn," he thought, "just as if they expected a raise in salary."

The emperor looked over the crowd, and seeing that everything was in order, said: "In our never-ceasing care for the good of our children, the Chinese, we mean to clear up the question: What do sciences exist for in this world? They have already existed for a long time, so we would like to know what for? Therefore answer straightforwardly and honestly and without any cunning: What are sciences for, and what is their use?

"Let's start with you." He pointed at a celebrated astronomer. "Being a Son of Heaven, I wish to start with heaven. Your science is the highest, speak first!"

The famous astronomer stepped forward, bowed as many times as the regulations required, and said amiably: "When an ignoramus goes out in the evening, he looks under his feet like a hog, and if he does happen to look up to the skies he will see only that the sky is covered with stars, like smallpox. It is different with a learned man. To him pictures of stars are like words, and he reads the sky like a book. Are we to expect a flood? Will the tides ebb and flow high? How will the sun shine? In general, we forecast the future."

"The future!" said the emperor, "but answer me: what is going on now, this moment, in Nankin?"

"How am I to know that, Star of the World?" answered the astronomer, bowing humbly.

"That's good," exclaimed the emperor; "you know the future; but when it comes to the present, no! you'd better try to find out more about the present than about the future. It would have been more useful. The future! I think yours is the most stupid and useless science! Next!"

Behind the astronomer was standing a famous historian. They say he was such a historian that he knew the names of all the Chinese who ever lived in the world!

He stretched himself out before the emperor and said: "Wisdom of the World, Great Ruler, to whom I do not know any equal in the whole history of China: my science, I hope, will not raise your wrath like the science of my predecessor. We occupy ourselves with the past. We study it, we take notice of all the mistakes, even of the most foolish ones."

"A science which is good for fools!" exclaimed the emperor. "Every fool may now do foolish things freely. He has only to refer to your science! Why, he'll say foolish things were committed all the time! A silly science! Get away!" . . .

"What is your occupation, and what is the good of your science?"

The trembling scientist who was thus addressed finally conquered his fear and said: "We study the questions of right government. How a country should be governed, which laws are best, which rights should belong to the mandarins, and which to the common people."

"Should! Should!" exclaimed the emperor. "As though everything in this world is going on as it should. Nothing is done in this world as it should be. Naturally, thanks to your science, everybody will compare what is going on with what should be, and will always be dissatisfied. A most dangerous science! Off with you! . . . What can you tell us?"

This question was directed to a physician.

"Everybody," he replied, "acknowledges that our science is useful. We study the nature of plants, and what can be made of each. We find from which a powder can be made, of which a balsam. We gather the roots of Zsen-shen, and we teach which parts to take from it, which parts look more like a human figure. We dry the young, soft horn of a moose, we pound it and make a broth of it, thick as glue, and wholesome as the air of spring. It cures all infirmities. Of course, when a man is well he does not need our science, but when he is careless, and taken sick, we help him."

"Careless! let him not be careless!" said the emperor; "you only encourage people to be careless. I don't understand what is the use of all your science!"

And turning to the most famous and greatest poet, Mu-See, who lived just at that time, the emperor ordered: "You tell us about the use of science!"

Mu-See bowed, smiled, and said: "Sun of Heaven, one of your forefathers had such a wonderful garden, in which were growing such wonderful, fragrant flowers, that not only bees used to fly there from the whole country, but even men used to stop miles away, smell and say: 'Perhaps the doors of Heaven were left open to-day.'

"And once a cow wandered into this garden. Seeing that something strange was growing out of the earth, she began to eat the flowers. She chewed the roses, but dropped them because they pricked her tongue. She chewed lilacs, nipped mignonettes, and gillyflowers; took in her mouth jasmine and spit it out.

"'No taste at all,' said the cow, 'I wish someone would explain: why do men plant flowers?'

"I think, Son of Stars, that the cow should not have asked this question."

The emperor grew angry and said: "Cut his head off!"

The executioners cut his head off right on the spot. Then, looking upon the headless body of Mu-See, the emperor became thoughtful. He reflected a long time. Finally he said: "There was one clever man in all China, and he is dead now."

The Clammer

By WILLIAM JOHN HOPKINS

Sincerely yours
W. J. Hopkins

III

OLD GOODWIN'S WIFE

MY FRIENDS like me well enough, as I have some reason to suppose; for although I am as peculiar as I ever was, they no longer remonstrate with me as they used to do. Perhaps they think that marriage has cured me of all my queerness—the summer is not yet come to prove the contrary. And I may be sure that, when it does come, I shall roam the shores, as I ever did, and hunt the elusive clam, as I ever did; and dig, or gaze, as ever; and whether the one or the other, depends upon my fancy at the moment. But if I do as I was wont to do, I shall not roam the shores alone. Eve will roam with me; and there will be two clam hoes in my shed, and two pairs of rubber boots reposing in the closet—when they are not in use, which is like to be seldom. And the one pair will be large and clumsy, and well stained with much wading through mud, while the other pair will be small and dainty—yes, even dainty, though they be rubber boots—and—well—not overmuch stained, though she wade even as I. Rubber boots—for clamming—cannot be kept spotless, nor should they be, if they could. But there will be but the one basket, to serve us both. I may be sure of this, I say; but they think, forsooth, that I will have done with such foolishness—now that I am married. Wherefore, they have given over their remonstrating.

But I note that I am more popular than I was. Some of them are always to be found at my house—not the same ones, but one or mayhap two will come in of an evening and sit before my fire. My fire goes not out, ever, nor does it roar; but always there are coals in plenty, so that the logs blaze gently and send out heat. I love it so, quiet and peaceful, for it makes my content the greater—a roaring fire makes me uneasy, even though I have confidence in my chimney. And my content would be enough in any case, with a friend sitting on the one side, and my wife sitting on the other; and I—but I sit in the deep shadow, to watch Eve the better. I love to watch her, and I would not be watched; for thus I can think my thoughts—and not be bothered with knowing that I am showing them too plainly in my face. For I have not been married long—not long enough to show my feelings plainly and not to care what people think.

And if I cleave to candles—as a clammer should—what matter? Five of them give a pretty light, and a candle is long enough for an evening, even though it is winter. A short candle is as good as a clock—better I think—for serving notice when to go. My friends have learned that, too; and when the candles have become no more than stumps, they are wont to jump up hastily, say their good-nights and be gone. And as I cover the fire, to save coals for the morning wherewith to kindle it afresh, I bethink me of my mighty wood-pile out by my shed—it is mighty even now, and the winter nearly gone—and I smile to myself, so that I am smiling yet as I rise from my task. Eve, seeing that, smiles, too, although she knows not what she is smiling at; but her smile is ever ready—ready and waiting that it break forth, like the gentle sunshine—and she holds her hand to me. And I, having taken it, blow out the candles, and we mount the stairs together.

Yes, my friends like me well enough, as I have some reason to suppose; but my neighbours do not, as I have also some reason to suppose. And if I have no great love for them, the reason therefor is not far to seek. For they ever have seemed to think me one to be laughed at and made game of,—they knew no better, which I suppose I should have remembered,—well knowing that they might make their petty jests with impunity. And sometimes I have wondered whether it were not better to answer fools according to their folly; but my witticisms they would not comprehend, and I have held back from that, although the provocation was often great enough. For they never let slip an opportunity—and there were a plenty—of letting me hear their loud laughter as I passed them by chance; or even making a jest of me in my hearing. So that it has come to pass that I despise them; and I have withdrawn my foot from my neighbour's house, now these many years, for weary of him I am already. But now I find these same neighbours are well like to become my visitors, which would plague me mightily. And I marveled at it.

I was thinking upon this matter one evening, sitting by my fire. And, for a wonder, no friend was there, but Eve sat by the fire, too, a book in her hand and her sewing basket near. For Eve, not having been brought up to sew,—save embroidery, if that be called sewing,—has developed, suddenly, a great desire for it, so that she always has her basket by her. But this evening, whereof I speak, she was not sewing, nor reading either, though she had a book in her hand; but her hand lay in her lap for the most part, and now and then I caught her glancing at me; and when I did so catch her, she smiled at me. So I smiled, too, and at last I leaned toward her.

"Eve," I said, "why do you smile?"

And, at that, she did but smile the more. "Why should it be, Adam," she answered, "except that I am happy?"

And she leaned toward me, too, and our heads were very close, and it happened that the book she had been holding slid from her lap and fell upon the floor; which should have grieved me, for it was one of my favourites and bound in full calf, with hand tooling around the edges. But I scarcely noticed it. I reached forth my hand, and it met hers, which was reaching out for mine; and I looked deep into her eyes—eyes swimming in tenderness—eyes like—. No, I will not say it, for it has been said too often—though there is some excuse for the poets. And after some while I spoke.

"I am glad that you are happy," I said; "and I am glad that there is no one here to-night—except only us two."

And Eve said nothing, but I knew that she was glad as well as I.

"There are times," I continued, "when I could wish that my friends were—less my friends. It is pleasant to have them—I am glad that they like to come—but they might give us more than one evening a week to spend together."

Again Eve said nothing, but again she smiled; and, smiling, it chanced that her eyes fell upon the book that was lying where it had fallen, face downward, upon the floor.

"Oh, the poor book!" she cried; and stooped to pick it up. And I stooped, too, so that we were near bumping our heads; which somewhat delayed the rescue of the book. And, when it was done, it befell that Eve's hair was a bit rumpled and she had a pretty flush.

"Now, Adam," said she, "you must tell me the matter that bothered you. For I know well enough that it was not your friends."

I looked at her in some amusement. "Why," I answered, "that is true. I marvel that you should have guessed it, although my marveling is not so great as it was, for women have a way of getting at the meat of a matter without being at the trouble of cracking the shell. Oh, I am learning. And whom should I tell if not my wife?"

Eve laughed, a low laugh and sweet. "I am to be the sharer of your sorrows," she said, "hereafter. Remember that, Adam. And now out with it."

And I did out with it. "It is my neighbours that bother me," I said. "For I see plainly that they are well like to become my visitors; and they like me not at all, nor ever did. I know no reason why they should have had a change of heart. Certainly it is none of my doing."

Eve did not answer this directly, but sat looking at me with a queer smile, so that I grew restive under it.

"Adam," she said, "do you believe that Solomon was a wise man?"

"I was brought up in that belief," I observed, "but, notwithstanding, I have my doubts."

"Oh, you have your doubts?" she asked. "And why do you doubt his wisdom?"

"For the best reason in the world," I answered; and I laughed as I spoke. "And I hold that I am wiser than he—as I have said before. For he had seven hundred wives, while I have one—but that one, Eve——"

But Eve had stopped my mouth. "Now, Adam," she said, "I have missed some pretty speech of yours—and I love your pretty speeches—but you may make another for me when I am done. For I have a purpose. Did you know that?"

"Yes," I said. "I was sure that you had. You generally have a purpose—which you invariably accomplish. So ask, and I will answer; and if my answers are not what are expected of me it will be but my misfortune. My intentions are of the best."

And, at that, she laughed. "Well, then," she said, "was not Solomon a wise man?"

"He had that reputation," I replied meekly; "and I believe that he has it still—though it is a marvel to me that a dead man can have anything in this world. Yes, I think there can be no doubt that he was the wisest man in the world."

"That will do—nicely, on the whole," said Eve, having weighed my answer carefully, "although it leaves something to be desired. Now,—do you know what Solomon said about despising your neighbours?"

She was looking down—and trembling at her boldness, I made no doubt—and so she did not see the look of grieved astonishment that came into my face. I was silent for some while, trying to recall just what Solomon did say about despising one's neighbours. He said such a vast number of things. And, at last, Eve looked up,—and I saw that she had not been trembling at her boldness, for she was quite at her ease, and smiling at me.

"Eve," I said, and I tried to be severe—but failed lamentably, for I smiled, too; and there is some excuse for me, for how could anyone, meeting that smile of hers, remember such a purpose? "Eve," I said, "I did not think it of you, that you would thus put your own husband to shame. For I do remember, and would you imply that I am void of wisdom? I have no doubt that I, myself, could write proverbs well enough"——

But Eve interrupted me. "Do you remember," she asked, "the Welsh giant?"

Now what had the Welsh giant to do with it? "I was about to say," I continued, "when you interrupted me, that I had no doubt that I, myself, could write proverbs,—quite passable proverbs,—if Solomon had not covered the field completely, some thousands of years ago."

And I looked at Eve—but she was leaning back in her chair, looking at me and smiling still; and she made me no answer. So I resumed.

"Out of my own mouth," I said, "have you convicted me. But there is yet more, Eve. Do you remember what it is?"

And, on a sudden, she had left her chair and was on the arm of mine; and when she had made an end of rumpling my hair, she spoke.

"So you think, Adam," she said, "that you have proved yourself a man of understanding? Well, then, perhaps you have. But you may have these same neighbours to visit with you, for I find much good in them. And now," she added, with a blush that well became her, "I must sew."

So again she sat her in her chair and she took her basket from the table; and, with another glance at me—a glance half shy and wholly sweet—she drew forth, from some secret place, her sewing. And I sat watching her, a tender smile upon my face—or what passed for that—Eve seemed to like it—and I thought my thoughts. They were pleasant thoughts. And Eve's sewing—it was as if she were dressing a doll. As I watched her fingers moving skillfully, but with no haste, I marveled that she sewed so well; and as I watched her face I marveled yet again. For her face was filled with love—a love that was not for me—filled with love and a great yearning. And all that love she seemed to sew into the little thing within her hands. But ever she had more, that each stitch was done with it and yet it grew with every stitch she took. And again Eve glanced up at me. I did but smile the more, until I grinned like any Cheshire cat.

"Eve," I said, "how do you know that they will fit"—I considered, and saw nothing else for it—"how do you know that they will fit it?"

But I was wrong. "*It!*" she cried. "*It!* Adam, I take shame to myself that you would so call your first-born. *Him*, sir. I am sure of it." She put her sewing down, tenderly, and came to me. And her arms were around my neck and her face was hidden on my shoulder. "Adam, Adam," she whispered, "my love for him is become so big, it hurts. How can I bear to wait all the long months until I see him—my son? How can I, Adam?"

And I—what could I do—or say? What but comfort her as best I might? And God knows I had the best will in the world to it, but the fashion of it was poor enough.

"In the fullness of time, Eve," I whispered. "In the fullness of time."

But she seemed to take some comfort from my words—or mayhap the intent. So she lay as she was, but in some while she went back to her sewing again. She held it up, for me to see; and I could but wonder that any piece of humanity should be such a morsel as to go into that garment. I said as much. But Eve only smiled and fell to sewing—her eyes very bright.

As Eve sewed, I fell to musing on what she said about my neighbours. For she was right, as she was ever, and I had not seen the good that was in them—I had not been at the pains to see it, though I knew it was there; and I had flattered myself that I had held my peace, and thereby had proved me a man of understanding. And I saw plainly—I might as well have stood upon the corner of the street and cried aloud unto Heaven, giving thanks that I was not as other men—until the bubble of my conceit had been pricked by Eve—and how gently! And presently the candles were burned low, and Eve, glancing at them, put her sewing by, and I knew that the time was come for me to cover the fire.

That done, I took the hand that Eve held out and I blew out the candles, and I was moved to kiss the hand I held.

"For you have shown me, Eve," I said, "that I have been in the wrong. I will not withhold good from them to whom it is due. And I bless God for my wife."

For I felt very humble. And what answer I got to that I shall not tell; but it satisfied me, and we mounted the stairs together.

I opened my window wide. There was the steady drip of melting snow, and the air held a hint of spring, but the stars were bright. And, gazing at them, I thought upon my son that was to be—or haply a daughter, it mattered not which—and I remembered the time when I first knew it. There had been the start of surprise, the impulse at rejoicing—then the dread of it—the fear for Eve. And she had seen them all. She hung upon my neck, weeping with the joy of it.

"Never fear for me, dear," she cried, "never fear for me. But rejoice exceedingly."

And so I did. And I gazed at a faint star—a little one, just showing to the naked eye—and as I gazed, I thought that I saw the eyes of my son looking at me with an infinite knowledge and compassion—and an infinite love. And as I gazed, behold, the eyes were the eyes of Eve. And if my son shall have the spirit that his mother has, I shall be well content. So thinking, I turned from the window and got me into bed; and having drawn the covers close, I slept.

One may guess that my friends did not desert me—so long as Eve was there; and she was like to be there long. For if it had not been well with Eve, this story had never been written. There is grief enough in the world without my adding to the sum of it—and I doubt much if I should have the heart to write it down. So I kept my friends, and they came as they had been wont and sat them by my fire; but I noted that they sat not still, but they were apt to rise and stroll about the room, and then they sat only to rise again. For the season got on towards spring; and spring ever breeds a restless fire in the bones of man, that grows and glows until he can get him out-of-doors again. Then he finds that peace that seemed like to escape him. I doubted if my friends knew what ailed them—even knew that they were restless; but I knew well. And I advised with them and counseled that they turn their thoughts to gardening—and their restless bodies, too. For a man must needs do his digging for himself. What is a hired gardener but an abomination? Let a man dig, if he would find peace. It has taken refuge in the earth; and he that seeks shall find it.

So I watched the snow melt on my garden and the ground soften; and it was come to the first week in April. But the ground was too wet for working—I tried it, every day with my hoe, and the earth clung to the hoe; for it was but mud, and the frost went deep. But at last came a day when the earth clung no longer, but came away and left the hoe clean. And I knew that the spring had come. And, having made the test, I hurried to the house.

"Eve," I shouted—I must needs shout, with the spring rioting in my veins. "Eve, the spring is here!"

And Eve laughed—and came out a door at my elbow. "Why do you shout it so, Adam? Have I not known it this last month? For the song sparrows came long since, and the bluebirds, and it is weeks since I saw the first robin. And now the birds are coming fast. Why shout it? As well come in and shout that the sun is shining."

"Truly that would be well done, too," I answered, "for the sun shines as it has not shone these many months. And a song sparrow does not make a spring,—he comes while it is yet winter, and so do the bluebirds. And I must dig, Eve, or I shall burst." And, with that I seized her about the waist and whirled her until we both were dizzy; and, with a kiss, I released her, and she leaned against the door, laughing again.

There she leaned until she had got back her breath. "I suppose you will have me to see your digging," she said then, "and there is no help for it." But she smiled as she spoke, that I knew she was minded to it as well as I. "Well, then, I will get my things on, and come."

So I had what I wanted, and I betook me to my digging. And soon came Eve, in her coat; for she did no digging, and the air held some faint chill, though the sun shone warm. And, with our digging and our planning, we were busy for some while; but at last I straightened up, and there was Judson, leaning upon his fence and watching us.

Now Judson lives next me, on the side where lies my garden, so that he may have a good view of it whenever he will; but never before have I found him watching me. And although he and I have been next-door neighbours these many years, never have I exchanged a dozen words with him. Not that I had any fault to find with him—he is an old man now, spending long days in his garden, grubbing the weeds or pottering about—it is a brave weed that will sprout in his garden, but he can always hoe and dig—not that I could find any fault with Judson, but I classed him with those others, with whom I held no communion; and, after all, they, too—well,—I doubt if I care to learn their opinion of me. For Judson was born where he lives—and the others, likewise, for the most part—while I have held my land a scant ten years; and he has held his peace, though he might well think me but an interloper. He has more wisdom than I, and it grows with his years. And again I was glad of my wife, that she had opened my eyes. And, thinking such thoughts as these, I hailed him standing there.

"Good morning, Mr. Judson," I called to him. "It is a fine spring morning."

He did but smile and wave his hand for greeting. And I heard Eve's voice beside me. "Adam," she said, and in her voice was wonder at what she had noted, "Mr. Judson is very deaf. Did you not know it?"

I took shame to myself that I did not know it—much shame; for here was I that had been his neighbour so long, and the thing about him that was most obvious I had not observed. I marveled somewhat that Eve should know it.

"Eve," I answered, "I am ashamed. Come, let us talk with him."

"With all my heart," she said; "for he is a good man, Adam, and a wise, and—and—"

I laughed. "And it will do me good," I finished for her. "Why hesitate, Eve? For you are beyond me in wisdom, and so is Judson, I do not doubt. Why hesitate?"

And she, uncertain whether to laugh or not, looked up at me to see. For my conversion was but recent, and I was yet somewhat sore with it. But, having looked at me, she smiled and slipped her hand within my arm—which soothed my ruffled temper to a marvel, and I smiled down at her. And so we were come to the wall—the fence was a stone fence—where stood Judson, smiling, too.

Once there, we talked long of things appropriate to the season; of what to plant, and when, and peas and beans and what not; and he wondered that I had no rhubarb and no asparagus—grass, he called it. So I asked him over the wall—for the first time in ten years—and he came, most willing; and we wandered about my garden, discussing, and finally we sat us down on a bench, that was before my shed, in the sun. Then Eve, noting the pipe that he held in his worn fingers, bade him fill and light it. Which he did, with some apology, but to his great content. And there we sat, basking, until, at last, Judson arose, excusing himself for staying so long. Eve asked him to come again, often.

"And," she said, "I would like it much if I might run in to see Mrs. Judson."

The old man was pleased at that. "So do," he said; "so do. She'll be glad to see ye."

And we watched his bent figure crossing the garden; and, having got over the wall again, and on his own side, he paused a moment to wave his hand and to smile at us as we still sat. I felt a glow at my heart that warmed it mightily, even as the sun warmed my body. It was worth while being friends with Judson—and that I might have been ten years ago had I but known. But a fool in his folly——

"Eve," I said, "again I have to thank you. But you should have appeared to me ten years ago. Where were you, Eve?"

"I was but a child, Adam," she replied, "or scarcely more." And as she spoke she smiled at me and sat closer; for she well knew that I was sore hurt in my self-esteem. She well knew, too, how to heal the hurt so that it leave but a scar—for she would not have me forget again.

And presently she drew a letter from the pocket of her coat. "See," she said. "I have a letter from my father. They will come down soon—in two weeks. It is a full month before their time."

I drew the letter forth. It was characteristic of Old Goodwin—only two lines, in his rapid writing, telling of their coming, and sending love to her and Adam. Eve had had a letter like this one—about as long—twice a month; he had no time for writing more. I had seen them all; and I had noted what was missing—missing from them all.

"No word from your mother, Eve?"

She glanced up at me. "Not yet," she said. "But I have no fear, Adam. She is proud and she is stubborn—but they come a month early. No, I have no fear."

And I looked out to my pine, where the hole was scooped in the ground and the seat was builded against the tree. The hole was filled full with dried leaves and other rubbish, and the seat needed some repairing.

"It behooves me to see to my oven," I said, "for as it seems to me, we are like to have a clambake soon. And I have a mind to ask Judson—and his wife." Eve beamed at me for that. "And I may have to get some new stones."

Eve slipped her hand within my arm. "Do the stones grow cold, Adam?" she asked, softly.

And that made me to remember. I stooped and kissed her. "Truly," I answered, "the stones have been passing cold and now they grow warm again. But it does not matter about the stones, for we have kept the fire warm upon the hearth—and in our hearts, Eve. And it behooves me to look at my clam beds, too. We may watch the sunset if you will—watch it from the bank."

She rejoiced at that. "With all my heart, Adam."

So it befell that we wended, that afternoon, over to our clam beds, along the shore where the water lapped ever. And, as it chanced, the tide was low and would yet be lower; for it was a spring tide. And we walked hand in hand—for there was nobody about—and what if there were? Shall a man not hold his wife's hand, in going along the shore? And shall he not kiss her if he will—and if she will? Though in such matters we should, no doubt, bow to convention. And, as we went, the Great Painter spread his colours as he was wont to do, and the still waters were covered with all manner of reds and purples. We saw our flats just awash, and now and then there broke upon them a wave that ran across in ripples of colour, and left the wet sand shining in a coat of shimmering green. For, though the water was calm, the waves yet broke upon the sands. It was a day of promise now well-nigh come to an end, but yet it held a promise of other days. And such a day maketh the soul of a man to rejoice—if he be in truth a man, and not a mere beast of burden—it maketh the soul of him to rejoice within him and his heart to sing; and of such as rejoice not in such a day, there is little hope.

And Eve and I came to the bank, where the pebbles shone in the sun—save some few that had been washed out in the storms of winter. Eve cried out at that, and set herself to find others, that she make the names whole again. And I looked up at our path, that still showed bravely—with little piles of snow in the deeply shaded spots, the remnants of great drifts—but they were going fast. And the grass showed green on the slope—the tender green of spring. Seeing all this, I sighed and turned me from it to our clam beds.

They were well uncovered by this, and I took my hoe and pottered about and slopped here and there, digging where I would. And now and again I made me straight—for some months past I had not bent my back so steadily—and gazed at the changing colours or at the old sun, which was drawing near to the western hills; then I bent my back again. And the clams that I found I did but restore with care, to bury themselves once more—we had no basket, not wanting clams as yet—and I found many. They seemed good thriving clams, big and lusty, and none the worse for the winter.

At last I was done with my digging, and I straightened up and looked for Eve; and there she was, beyond me, in the water, with her skirts tucked up, and she was paddling like any schoolgirl. And the sun shone through the wisps of hair—they straggled, ever, those wisps, and sadly bothered her with their wanderings—the sun shone through the wandering locks and made an aureole about her head. But now she minded them not. And so I gazed long at her, and I saw the colours that she stirred with her paddling, and I saw her standing in their midst. At last she looked up at me.

"Oh, Adam," she cried, "I am having such a beautiful time. Stop your digging and come out here with me—and paddle.

It is great fun. See, I can almost catch that streak of gold! Oh, now it is gone."

"Truly, Eve," I said, "I am amazed at you. But I will come—and paddle—although that is what I never thought that I should come to; for I am done with my digging. And soon we must go in, for the sun is almost set. It is not yet summer."

Then Eve laughed, and I went and stood beside her, and we paddled nobly—until I was laughing, too. And the sun set—he had already passed the tree that was like a spire—I saw it for a moment against his southern edge as he coasted down the slope—and we bade him good-night together, as we had been wont to do. Eve turned to me.

"I am cold, Adam," she said. "I confess it."

Indeed, that water was passing cold, for there were in it all the melting snows of winter. And so we raced along the shore in our rubber boots—Eve's are less of a burden than mine, so that I was beaten in the race—and climbed the steep path; and in the house our fire burned upon the hearth.

As I sat there before the fire, musing upon many things—with my back feeling tired and comfortable among the cushions—I heard a robin calling sleepily from my pine. It sent a glow through me. Verily, Spring is here.

So the season grew and filled me with joy. And as evening came, I sat before my fire, but I withdrew somewhat from its heat; and I had no interest in the book that I took up, but I must needs lay it down in my lap. For, first, I found myself reading but words and getting no sense from them, that I knew not whether I had read a passage or no. And I would struggle awake and read a line, or mayhap two, and make sense of it; and then I read the same line again, as like as not, and knew not where I was nor what my author would be at. Then I would let the book fall into my lap and care not for my author nor for aught else, and suck at my pipe—it was as like to be out as burning—and doze and dream. And Eve would glance at me and smile and go on with the making of doll's clothes. For I had been out all day in my garden—with Judson giving me counsel, if I asked it—never, if I did not; and it was borne in upon me that he that withholdeth advice, if it be unasked, is a wise man—I had been all day in the garden, hoeing and digging and planting. When Judson did his planting was a mystery—probably about daylight; but he had got in the way of coming over the wall, and I would no sooner be at work than there would appear Judson at the wall, waving his hand in greeting. I think I shall make a gate there if he does not object. It is hard for an old man to climb walls.

And I wondered at the apparent defection of my friends; for they came seldom, so that Eve made some progress with her doll's wardrobe. I wondered, I say, until I reflected upon the advice I had given them, myself. No doubt they were busy as well as I; and if they made gardens they went to bed early.

So it was come to be the first of May and all my planting was done except my corn. The birds had become noisy—they sang as though they would split their throats; and, as I planted, I heard the shrill whistle of the meadow-larks—but I could not stop to enjoy it. Only at evening I sat me on my seat under the great pine, with Eve beside me, and drank my fill of music. And the leaves were coming out upon the trees.

I marveled somewhat that Eve had had no word more from her father; but I must plant my corn. And my first planting of corn was done; and as I straightened up from it, sighing with weariness, I heard a low chuckling laugh. I turned quickly, and behold, there was Old Goodwin watching me; and beside him Eve. He was still laughing.

I hurried across my garden, the earth sticking to my boots; and made some apologies for my hands. The hands of a delver in the earth are not fit for contact with the Rich.

But what did Old Goodwin care for that? "It is clean dirt, Adam," said he, "and honest. The hands that I have to take every day, they are—well—it turns me nearly sick at times, to take them—though they are white enough, and soft." He looked out over my garden, that showed already unbroken rows of green, where the early peas had come through the earth. "So your planting is all done?" he asked. "I am sorry, for I had hoped to have a hand in it."

"And so you may," I answered, "if you will. There are yet some plantings of corn to be put in—but nothing for two weeks." I hesitated, and blundered on. "And Mrs. Goodwin—she is well?"

"Quite well," he said, and smiled as he spoke—and so did Eve. "Yes, she is quite well. She came down too. You may get a glimpse of her now and then, I think, about the grounds, for she is restless this spring, and out more than she has been used to be. No doubt," he added, "it is the weather."

"No doubt," I said; but I knew not how to take it, and I glanced at Eve to see. "Yes, no doubt it is the weather."

Then I went in, for I would change my boots. And Old Goodwin wandered, that meanwhile, about my place with Eve beside him. When I came again I found him on the seat under the pine; and he was gazing at the stones, and then off over my clam beds, where the water danced in the sun and the little waves broke upon the sands. But Eve was not there. I marveled somewhat at it.

"She is gone to see her mother," he said, answering the thought unspoken. "She will be back presently. And how are the clams, Adam?"

I laughed, it was so exactly what I expected of him. "Pretty well, I thank you," I replied; "or they were, two weeks ago. I have not seen them lately, for I have been busy. You may dig whenever you will. They thrive, I think."

He smiled again—his thanks. "And the stones—you have put some fresh ones in, I see—they are all ready?"

"They are all ready," I answered, "and the weed lies in heaps along the shore. But I find that my appetite for baked clams is not yet ripe——"

But he interrupted. "Ah, Adam," he said, "but you have this with you all the year." He waved his hand about. "That is much to be thankful for. But I—the memory of those baked clams is all that has carried me over many a hard place. For I realize—sometimes—that I am an old man; but when I am here——"

"You are not," I finished for him. "And that is reason enough for staying. You have a roof over your head—such as it is—and a crust of bread—with a chop or two when there is need. No man, however poor, can ask more—and no man, however rich, can get more. So I foretell——"

Old Goodwin was roaring with laughter. "Yes," he said, as soon as he could speak, "I have a roof over my head—such as it is—and the tiles upon it may last through a winter; and I shall have—no doubt—a crust of bread—with a chop or two when there is need. And so you would have me give up my house in town. Well, well, there is something to be said for it. We shall see. We shall see."

"Your house in town would be but a burden," I said then. "No man can live in two houses—two at once—having but one body. And you might well give up—it is time to retire, having enough of means. And these fields and this water and the woods are a never-ending delight. You need not fear your nerves. For look at me. Am I nervous? And I have retired—retired these many years—retired before my career was well begun. I find amusement—and I am like to live long. And you should know Judson—you must know him. He has lived long and will yet live some while. He should have been here this morning."

Old Goodwin looked at me, questioning. "Your neighbour?" he asked. "I should like it much. But I thought you did not care for neighbours, Adam."

I was ashamed. "I did not," I answered, "but Eve has shown me—I was wrong." Old Goodwin smiled at that, his quiet smile of peace. And I went on. "But you——"

"I will consider," he said; and I remembered me of a time when Eve had said those very words. But she said more. There was "good fisherman," if I remembered me aright. "I will consider the matter," said Old Goodwin. "And I must consult——"

"Ah!" I cried, "I had forgot." And I smiled, more broadly than I meant to; but it mattered not, for Old Goodwin was smiling too.

"There comes Eve," he said. And indeed, I knew it well. Was I not looking for her every minute that she was gone from me?

And that evening we sat before my fire, as we were wont to do, Eve and I; but beside us sat Old Goodwin. It occurred to me to think that Mrs. Goodwin was likely to be lonely—if she depended at all upon her husband for company—and if he continued as he had begun. If it were Eve and I, there would be a compromise—or a surrender—in short order. But, I reflected, all married people are not as Eve and I; and we have been married but a few months—although it will be the same when the months are become years, I do believe. And Eve and her mother are two very different persons. So, as we sat, Eve sewed upon her doll's dresses, unabashed; and Old Goodwin, if he noted it, and saw upon what her fingers were busy, gave no sign of his surprise—it is not easy to surprise him—but he seemed to find pleasure in the sight. And, indeed, it was a pleasant sight to see Eve sewing there—pleasant for a prospective father, and for a prospective grandfather it was as pleasant, as I judged. I doubt me much that Mrs. Goodwin sewed, ever, of an evening; or ever had sewed, even when sewing was to be done for Eve's coming. The clothes that she had made for her baby were of the finest and the softest and the richest no doubt—but she had them made; and can even the finest and the softest and the richest, made by the hand of another, mean as much as these, with love sewed under every stitch of them? I do not think so. And the one thing she could not evade if she would;—but she had but the one child, and I think that was a sorrow to Old Goodwin. So we sat, and talked little or not at all; and the candles burned low, that they were but stumps. Noting that, Old Goodwin took his leave. And the evening and the morning were the first day.

Then followed other days; and first of all, Old Goodwin must betake him to the digging of clams and I must help him at it. And, having digged many clams, we must needs have a clambake, for I would not destroy good clams to no purpose; but it was a sorry clambake, lacking the corn and the sweet potatoes and the lobster. And, though I sacrificed a chicken to it, the sacrifice went to my heart, for early in May is no time to kill chickens. I asked Judson to our clambake, and though he came, his appetite for clams was no more ripe than mine. But Judson and Old Goodwin met and enjoyed the meeting mightily; and sat upon their boxes and talked until I thought they would never have done. So Eve and I left them there, sitting upon their boxes. And presently they rose and wandered over into Judson's place and I saw Old Goodwin no more that day.

And, again, we went to the woods, and saw them breaking forth into leaf. For the leafing of the woods is a little later than the leafing of a tree which grows in the open. And I saw the seed pods lifting on their dry stems, but they were few and the pods were empty; for the stems were brittle, that the weight of snow had broken them down, for the most part, and the birds had gleaned the seeds. But the dead leaves were fading into mould, out of which peeped a seedling, here and there; and the rotting logs were fast being covered with a coat of green—moss and the creeping vines were doing that. And I saw the birches, their tiny leaves like so many little green spangles—or so they looked until I came near. And the pines, too, had burst the buds, that every tip was a lighter green, with clusters of little needles that, here and there, still bore their caps of brown; but the oak buds were just bursting.

I spoke to Old Goodwin. "There is much for a man to see here," said I, "when he is retired—even in winter."

He laughed and made me no reply.

And, yet again, there grow before my house—but within my hedge—two hawthorn trees. They are very mountains of trees, for hawthorns, and their tops are above the eaves of my house. I would not miss the time of blossoming of those two trees for aught; and one of them has white blossoms and the other has pink. And the time came for them to blossom, and so they did, for they are well behaved trees as any could wish; and on the one side of my front walk was a mass of white blossoms, and on the other side a mass of pink. Solid banks of blossoms they were, with a green leaf showing through here and there, even to the tips of the trees. I found Old Goodwin viewing them from the road. And it was come to be the last week in May. And, though I found him gazing at my trees—I have a pride in them, which may be pardoned—I said not much.

"There is much for a man to see, here and there," I said, "when he is retired."

And once more he laughed, but he made me a reply to this. "True enough, Adam," he answered, "true enough. There is enough for a man to see—and I think there is enough for him to do."

So June was come. It was in June that my appetite for clams was become ripe; and we digged in my clam beds more than ever, and put some heart into the digging. It was Old Goodwin and I that did the digging, for the most part—he loved it—while Eve sat on the bank and watched us. Sometimes she would dig, but more often she did but watch, cheering us, the while, with observations; and, now and then, I would go and sit beside her and leave Old Goodwin. But he did not mind—did not appear to notice. Every evening, after supper, we came, Eve and I, to the bank. And Old Goodwin joined us there and we stayed until the sun was set and we had said our good-nights to him. And it befell, on an evening that was thick with fog—it is apt to be a thick fog toward the last of June—out at sea the fog lies all day, rolling in over the land by the end of the afternoon—it befell, on this evening, that I had been watching the fog. It sent its skirmishers ahead and covered the shore, only to uncover it; for the skirmisher must move fast—and it is not large, being but a skirmisher. And then would come another, and hide another piece of shore—haply my point with the pine upon it; and I could see the top of the pine sticking up out of it, like a sentinel. But always the main body of the fog followed fast after, dark and dim and gray. And as it enveloped us at last, something—I know not what it was—made me turn about; and there, in the path, up under the trees, stood Eve's mother. No doubt she thought she was safe there and would not be seen. And I saw there, for a moment, a mighty pride that struggled for its life, and grief and longing that were yet mightier. Ghost-like I saw it—but I saw it. Then it, too, was blotted out. I thought that I heard a faint cry in the fog.

And Eve turned toward me, startled. "What was that, Adam?" she asked. "I thought I heard some one cry out."

"In a fog, Eve," I answered, "one hears many strange sounds." Old Goodwin turned and smiled at me, a smile of comprehension.

So June came to an end, and July was come. And, now and then, I came again upon Mrs. Goodwin at our bank, and twice I found her on the shore near the steep path that led up to my pine. But each time, she swiftly turned, and fled so fast that I should have some trouble in catching her, save in a foot-race. And that, I thought, seemed to lack dignity. Racing along the beach after Mrs. Goodwin, as if she had been some trespasser! I laughed—which was the wrong thing to do. For she but went the faster as she heard my laugh—was well nigh running. Poor lady! To be laughed at by her son-in-law! But I was not laughing at her. I saw her shoulders shake as she were sobbing, and she put her hands up quickly to her eyes.

The terns were come, long since. And, one morning, I was watching them, lazily, from my bank. I was alone, that morning, lying stretched out on the sand, my head against the bank; and I saw the terns, in regular procession, flying swiftly down the wind, along the shore, and beating slowly up against it. Now and then a tern would stop, and hover for an instant; then again take up his slow beating, his beak pointing to the water and moving restlessly from side to side. Or, if he dove, it was too far for me to see whether his strike succeeded; for the fish that they catch are very small and hard to see. But over my clam beds—just before me—was a favoured spot. Here, each tern hovered for some while, and dove; dove once or twice or thrice, it might be,—until he had succeeded in his fishing—then began, once more, his beat to windward. For their fishing was successful, here; and, with a rapid flutter of the wings, they gobbled their victim down, whole—and, I suppose, alive. Poor little fish! Alive in a living tomb! And, as I thought these thoughts, I heard a sound behind me, on the bank. I raised my head—and there was Mrs. Goodwin. She was leaning against a tree—Eve's tree—and she was gazing at the terns, too, but mournfully. And, with all her gazing, I doubt whether she saw aught of the sight that was before her eyes.

Slowly, I got upon my feet, for I would not startle her. But she was startled none the less. She showed it in her eyes as they met mine.

"Mrs. Goodwin," I said softly, "Mrs. Goodwin——"

What more I would have said I do not know, for she broke in upon my speech.

"You!" she said. "You!" And she said no more, but rose quickly; and gathered her skirts about her and fled up the path and was gone from me.

I hesitated for a moment, gazing after her; then I sat me down again. And I fell to musing and I watched the terns. They had scattered, with screams of anger, as I rose, but were, by this, once more busied with their fishing. What could I do? I doubted not that I had done the wrong thing, rising up before her—but, it seemed, I had a talent for the wrong thing—else aught that I might do would seem wrong—in her eyes. Eve went to see her every day, but I—I sighed, and put the matter from me. I had done my best—and would do my best, whatever befell. And I saw the terns at their fishing, and I bethought me that I was hungry, for it must be dinner time. I glanced up at the sun—I carry no watch—what should a clammer do with a watch? And I saw that he had passed the noon-point a half-hour since, and something more. It should be nearly one o'clock. So I took my way homeward, along the shore.

So the summer passed. And we—Old Goodwin and Eve and I, with some one of my friends or of my neighbours, as it chanced—scarce gave the stones time to cool before we had them hot again. I had some fear that my clam beds would give out. Mrs. Goodwin I saw as I had seen her; on the shore or on the bank—but always at a distance—and she fled, ever, at the sight of me. So I took no notice of her; and that seemed to be the wrong thing, too. It did not matter what I did. And the summer was come to an end—a happy summer for me, and for Old Goodwin, too, I think—and I had had my fill of clams. It was October; and in my house was a nurse, white-capped and white aproned—it gave me the horrors, making my house seem a hospital—and she was waiting.

Paternity has its responsibilities, so I am told by all who have the good fortune to be fathers—and from those who have not, I hear no less of it—more, perhaps. But, though I squared my shoulders, the load is light as yet, so that they bear it passing well. For who could feel the load heavy, for a mite that lies by his mother, as yet, and turns to the world but a red and wrinkled face, serious and thoughtful and unsmiling? For he has not yet smiled; and I doubt whether I am right in calling his face thoughtful. He is bent upon two things; and to those two things he directs all his attention, with a concentration that is commendable. And no sooner is his hunger satisfied than he composes him to sleep, graciously permitting Eve to hold his little red fist—if it is quite comfortable for himself. He regards me with a grave contemplation, on occasion, as if I were some unknown animal—which, of course, I am—no doubt he would look upon a hippopotamus or upon a bear with as little fear and as much affection—and, on occasion, he gives way to his feelings and laments, loudly. Then I disappear, and he stops crying, instantly. And I—I have not ventured to touch him yet—I regard him with an awe which grows as I regard him. For here is he—my son—that was not; and within these few days there has been born a new soul. It is the one great mystery, and I marvel; but a mystery I am content to leave it.

I remember well enough—it is not so long ago that I should forget it—I remember well that night—I had waited since midnight—and the morning that followed. I could not eat and I but paced to and fro, still waiting. And at last came the nurse, smiling, and said that I could soon go in to Eve.

So presently, after some further waiting, I went in. And there lay Eve, very white but very happy; and she smiled to see me come. And, having received my greeting, she turned back the covers and showed me my son. Only for an instant I saw him, then he was covered again. I was impelled to be respectful. But I must go, for Eve would rest her. Again I kissed her, and again she smiled.

"I am so happy, Adam," she said.

And I went down the stairs, and I nearly forgot my breakfast, in my joy. But, having eaten hastily, I went out, my heart glad within me. I took a turn up and down the yard, and paused under the pine to look along the shore. There was Mrs. Goodwin, and she was almost at the path. I waved my hat to her.

"You have a grandson, Mrs. Goodwin," I called to her, "and Eve is doing well."

I know not what she did then—I did not care what she did; for I was still waving my hat. Soon I should be shouting aloud. That would not do, for Eve; and I hurried out at my gate and almost ran Old Goodwin down.

"You have a grandson," I cried, for the second time; "and Eve is doing well."

And he made no reply, but smiled and smiled; and I shook him by the hand until he made a face and took his hand away and looked at it. And I did but laugh and push by him.

"Go in," I said, "go in. Eve is sleeping, and I—I must walk."

So he went in, and I went on, down the road. At the next corner I met Burdon; and, though I had not spoken to him for years—I have forgot what was the cause of it—I rushed up and took him by the hand. He seemed astonished, as well he might.

"Congratulate me," I cried; "for I have a son."

At that he grinned. "Mother doing well?" he asked. "I am glad—very glad." And he shook my hand with heartiness. I left him, looking after me, and grinning still.

But I went on swiftly, until the houses were all behind me, and before me were the woods and the everlasting hills. Yet a little while I waited—until the woods had shut me in—then I could wait no longer. I waved my hands and shouted to the echoing woods.

"Why hop ye so," I cried, "ye high hills?" And the hills sent me back my question again. And—well, I am glad that there was no one there to see what I did—they would surely have thought me gone out of my wits. And when I was, in a measure, quieted, I turned me about and went soberly back again; though I was ready enough to laugh if there had been any to laugh with me.

And now my son has grown apace, and no longer shows to the world a red and wrinkled face, but one that is fair, with some pink colour in his cheeks, where it should be. And his hair—he has a quantity of hair, which, as I understand, is not the habit of new-born infants—his hair is not black, as it was at first, but shows yellow at the ends. Indeed, I marveled somewhat at the blackness of his hair, for my hair is not black, and certainly Eve's is not. But, when I mentioned the matter, the nurse did but smile at my ignorance and say that it would be light enough in time. And my son has smiled at last—he does little else now—save when he is laughing. And I—I am become his slave, being no longer a strange animal, and when he wills I bend my head and let him twine his fingers in my hair and pull. He pulls well, and laughs the while, and crows mightily with the joy of it.

And, now, though it is come to the last of November, the fall is kind to us, and Eve walks beside the coach as the nurse wheels it. Where they go when I am not with them I do not know—but I suspect. For Mrs. Goodwin sent, every day, a maid to get the news of Eve. She would not come herself, though she was near it twenty times, and had well-nigh set her foot to the steep path; but, always, her stubborn pride prevented. But Old Goodwin is his grandson's shadow. I shall yet be jealous of him. And so it was come time that we speak of a certain weighty matter.

"Eve," said I, one day, "I suppose that you will have him christened." For whenever we say "him" we mean our son; and no doubt I should have said baptized—I did not know about such things.

And Eve was smiling. "Yes," she answered, "I should like it—and soon, Adam, if we may."

"And what is his name to be?" I asked. "For that is a trifle that must be settled first, I suppose."

"I suppose it must," she said. "And I—what would you name him, Adam?"

"I had thought of giving him your father's name," I answered, "but"—and I stammered and hesitated and grew red. But come it must. "That Rich man, Eve——"

She laughed aloud, with joy, I thought; and she seized me about the neck and kissed me. "Oh," she cried, "I *hoped* you would. And I will write to him, for he must be godfather."

And so she did write to him, and he came—laden with peace-offerings. And as I met him at my gate he took my hand and gripped it.

"Adam," he said—and this time, too, I doubted if he knew what he called me—but I did not care. "Adam, it was good of you to think of me—it was kind." His voice was not steady; but Eve was close behind me, and he must say his greetings to her. So I did not find out whether my voice was any steadier than his.

He spread his gifts before my son; and it befell that my son passed them all by, with no more than a grunt of approval, until he came to the silver cup. It was huge, more like a tankard than a cup, and Eve and I had laughed at it as a gift for a baby—but let it pass—at least it had no sharp corners. And when my son, in his inspection, had come to that cup, he gave a crow of delight and grasped it by the two handles, one on either side, and lifted it. I had not thought it possible, for it was heavy; but he had his heart set upon it, and he did it—and I was proud and let my pride show. And he managed to get the cup well nigh over his face, and then he roared into it; and the cup roared back at him again. He was astonished—he slipped the cup aside to see how we took it—then, seeing us laughing, he laughed, too, and roared again. Now he lies and plays by the hour with that cup, roaring into it, and making all manner of queer noises, and listens to it. And that Rich man sits beside him, and they play together.

Eve had the christening—or baptizing—in our little country church. I had left the whole to her, to manage as she saw fit; and when, in the church, I looked about, and saw those that she had bid to the feast, I was somewhat surprised—until I remembered. There were Old Goodwin and that Rich man, of course, and my friends; but there, too, were Judson and Burdon and my other neighbours. And there was Mrs. Goodwin, looking—but I did not look at her, after the first, so I know not how she looked. And when it was all done, I lingered, for a reason of my own, and walked with Judson, and Burdon walked with us. An old man walks but slowly. So it came to pass that we were the last. And, having entered my own house, I found Eve and Old Goodwin and that other Rich man sitting in a half circle; and, at the center of that circle, with my son in her arms, sat Mrs. Goodwin.

I walked up to her quickly. "Mrs. Goodwin," I said, "I rejoice that you are here,—at last."

So speaking, I held out my hand. And she took it, and would have spoken, too, but she could not. She hid her face on the shoulder of him that was but just baptized; and he, thinking, no doubt, that he had had enough of water for one day, set up a wail. And I turned me about and went forth and left them.

(*The End*)

When the Sea Grows Angry

PART II

"And now the Storm-blast came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong:
He struck with his o'ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.

"With sloping masts and dipping prow,
As who pursued with yell and blow
Still treads the shadow of his foe,
And forward bends his head,
The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,
And southward aye we fled."
COLERIDGE.

MARK TAPLEY'S CHEERFULNESS MEETS THE SEA

". . . I can give you a better piece of advice," said Mark. "Don't you nor any other friend of mine never go to sleep with his head in a ship any more."

The man gave a grunt of discontented acquiescence, turned over in his berth, and drew his blanket over his head.

". . . For," said Mr. Tapley, pursuing the theme by way of soliloquy, in a low tone of voice: "the sea is as nonsensical a thing as any going. It never knows what to do with itself. It hasn't got no employment for its mind, and is always in a state of vacancy. Like them Polar bears in the wild-beast shows as is constantly a-nodding their heads from side to side, it never *can* be quiet. Which is entirely owing to its uncommon stupidity."

"Is that you, Mark?" asked a faint voice from another berth.

"It's as much of me as is left, sir, after a fortnight of this work," Mr. Tapley replied. "What with leading the life of a fly, ever since I've been aboard—for I've been perpetually holding-on to something or other, in an upside-down position—what with that, sir, and putting a very little into myself, and taking a good deal out of myself, there ain't too much of me to swear by. How do *you* find yourself this morning, sir?"

"Very miserable," said Martin, with a peevish groan. "Ugh! This is wretched, indeed!"
CHARLES DICKENS.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests! in all time,—
Calm or convulsed, in breeze or gale or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving,—boundless, endless, and sublime,
The image of Eternity, the throne
Of the invisible: even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made: each zone
Obeys thee: thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone. BYRON.

"THE WRECK OF THE 'GROSVENOR'"

But such a gale as I am describing travels quickly; all overhead the sky was first cleared and then massed up with whirling clouds, before the wind struck us; the white surface of the sea, cleanly lined like the surf upon a beach, was plainly seen by us, even when the water all around was still unruffled; and *then*, with a prolonged and pealing yell, the gale and the spray it was lashing out of the sea were upon us. In a moment our decks were soaking—the masts creaked, and every shroud and stay sang to the sudden, mighty strain; the vessel staggered and reeled—stopped, as a heavy swell rolled under her bows and threw her all aslant against the hurricane, which screeched and howled through the rigging, and then fled forward under the yards, which had squared themselves as the starboard braces were slackened.

It was lucky for the *Grosvenor* that the gale struck her astern. So great was its fury that, had it taken her aback, I doubt if she would have righted.

This furious wind had cleared the horizon, and the water-line all around was distinctly figured against the sky. The sea was a sheet of foam, and, what will scarcely seem credible, the swell *subsided* under the lateral pressure of the wind, so that for a short time we seemed to be racing along a level surface of froth. Large masses of this froth, bubbly and crackling like wood in a fire, were jogged clean off the water and struck the decks or sides of the ship with reports like the discharge of a pistol; and no more than a handful of water blown against my face hit me with such a force, that for some moments I suffered the greatest torment, as though my eyes had been scalded, and I hardly knew whether I had not lost my sight. . . .

The sea now began to rise, and it was strange to watch it. First it boiled in short waves, which the wind shattered and blew flat. But other waves rose, too solid for the wind to level; they increased in bulk as they ran, and broke in coils of spray, while fresh and larger waves succeeded, and the ship began to pitch quickly in the young sea. . . . The wonderful violence of the wind could not be well appreciated by us who were running before it; but when the crew manned the braces and the helm was put to starboard, it seemed as if the wind would blow the ship out of the water. . . .

To be up aloft in weather of the kind I am describing is an experience no landsman can realize by imagination. To begin with, it is an immense job to *breathe*, for the wind stands like something solid in your mouth and up your nostrils, and makes the expelling of your breath a task fitter for a one-horse engine than a pair of human lungs. Then you have two remorseless forces at work in the shape of the wind and the sail doing their utmost to hurl you from the yard. The foretopsail was snugged as well as bunt-lines and clew-lines, hauled taut as steel bars, could bring it; and, besides, there were already three reefs in it. And yet it stood out like cast-iron, and all hands might have danced a hornpipe upon it without putting a crease into the canvas with their united weight. . . .

But what a wildly picturesque scene was the ocean, surveyed from the height of the foremast! The sea was now heavy, and furiously lashing the weather-bow; avalanches of spray ran up the side, and were blown in a veil of hurtling sleet and froth across the forecastle. Casting my eyes backward, the ship looked forlornly naked with no other canvas on her than the close-reefed maintop-sail, with the bare outlines of her main and after yards, and the slack ropes and lines blown to leeward in semi-circles, surging to and fro in long sweeps against the stars, which glimmered and vanished between the furiously whirling clouds. The hull of the vessel looked strangely narrow and long, contemplated from my elevation, upon the boiling seas; the froth of the water made an artificial light, and objects on deck were clear now, which, before the gale burst upon us, had been wrapped in impenetrable darkness.

W. CLARK RUSSELL.

Give me a spirit that on this life's rough sea
Loves t' have his sails fill'd with a lusty wind,
Even till his sail-yards tremble, his masts crack,
And his rapt ship run on her side so low
That she drinks water, and her keel plows air.
There is no danger to a man that knows
Where life and death is; there's not any law
Exceeds his knowledge; neither is it lawful
That he should stoop to any other law.
He goes before them and commands them all,
That to himself is a law rational. GEORGE CHAPMAN.

THE STORM THAT OVERWHELMED LAST ISLAND

O the stupendous Valse-Tourbillon! O the mighty Dancer! One—two—three! From northeast to east, from east to southeast, from southeast to south: then from the south he came, whirling the Sea in his arms. . . .

. . . Some one shrieked in the midst of the revels;—some girl who found her pretty slippers wet. What could it be? Thin streams of water were spreading over the level planking,—curling about the feet of the dancers. . . . What could it be? All the land had begun to quake, even as, but a moment before, the polished floor was trembling to the pressure of circling steps;—all the building shook now; every beam uttered its groan. What could it be?

There was a clamour, a panic, a rush to the windy night. Infinite darkness above and beyond; but the lantern-beams danced far out over an unbroken circle of heaving and swirling black water. Stealthily, swiftly, the measureless sea-flood was rising.

"Messieurs—Mesdames, ce n'est rien. Nothing serious, ladies, I assure you . . . Mais nous en avons vu bien souvent, les inondations comme celle-ci; ça passe vite! The water will go down in a few hours, ladies;—it never rises higher than this; il n'y a pas le moindre danger, je vous dis! Allons! il n'y a—My God! what is that?" . . .

For a moment there was a ghastly hush of voices. And through that hush there burst upon the ears of all a fearful and unfamiliar sound, as of a colossal cannonade—rolling up from the south, with volleying lightnings. Vastly and swiftly, nearer and nearer it came,—a ponderous and unbroken thunder-roll, terrible as the long muttering of an earthquake.

The nearest mainland—across mad Caillou Bay to the sea-marshes—lay twelve miles north; west, by the Gulf, the nearest solid ground was twenty miles distant. There were boats, yes!—but the stoutest swimmer might never reach them now! . . .

Then rose a frightful cry—the hoarse, hideous, indescribable cry of hopeless fear—the despairing animal-cry man utters when suddenly brought face to face with Nothingness, without preparation, without consolation, without possibility of respite. . . . Sauve qui peut! Some wrenched down the doors; some clung to the heavy banquet-tables, to the sofas, to the billiard-tables:—during one terrible instant—against fruitless heroisms, against futile generosities,—raged all the frenzy of selfishness, all the brutalities of panic. And then—then came, thundering through the blackness, the giant swells, boom on boom! . . . One crash!—the huge frame building rocks like a cradle, seesaws, crackles. What are human shrieks now?—the tornado is shrieking! Another!—chandeliers splinter; lights are dashed out; a sweeping cataract hurls in: the immense hall rises,—oscillates,—twirls upon a pivot,—crepitates,—crumbles into ruin. Crash again!—the swirling wreck dissolves into the wallowing of another monster billow; and a hundred cottages overturn, spin in sudden eddies, quiver, disjoint, and melt into the seething.

. . . So the hurricane passed—tearing off the heads of the prodigious waves, to hurl them a hundred feet in air—heaping up the ocean against the land—upturning the woods. Bays and passes were swollen to abysses; rivers regorged; the sea-marshes were changed to raging wastes of water. Before New Orleans the flood of the mile-broad Mississippi rose six feet above highest water-mark. One hundred and ten miles away, Donaldsonville trembled at the towering tide of the Lafourche. Lakes strove to burst their boundaries. Far-off river steamers tugged wildly at their cables,—shivering like tethered creatures that hear by night the approaching howl of destroyers. Smoke-stacks were hurled overboard, pilot-houses torn away, cabins blown to fragments.

And over roaring Kaimbuck Pass—over the agony of Caillou Bay—the billowing tide rushed unresisted from the Gulf—tearing and swallowing the land in its course—ploughing out deep-sea channels where sleek herds had been grazing but a few hours before—rending islands in twain—and ever bearing with it through the night, enormous vortex of wreck and vast wan drift of corpses. . . . *Chita.* LAFCADIO HEARN.

Dark as death and white as snow the sea-swell scowls and shines,
Heaves and yearns and pants for prey, from ravening lip to lip,
Strong in rage of rapturous anguish, lines on hurtling lines,
Ranks on charging ranks, that break and rend the battling ship.
All the night is mad and murderous—who shall front the night? SWINBURNE.

THE TRAMP IN A GALE

. . . "I love the sea," a beautiful woman once said to me (we, then, looked over it from a height, and that sea was but the sediment of the still blue air, for it was that wistful time, early October. I also said I loved it).

This I was remembering, when the concrete floor of the cabin rose and slanted acutely, and I fell absurd-wise, striking nearly every item in the cabin. Sitting on a sea-chest, I began to consider whether it was only the books about the sea I had hitherto loved, and not the sea itself. Perhaps it were better not live with it always, if you would love it. I know the sea is at its best in London, near midnight, when you are within the arms of a great chair, before the right fire, selecting phases of such voyages as you will never make if you are wise. There are no real dreams. I will never believe again that the sea is loved by any one whose life is married to it. It is the creation of Omnipotence, which is not human and understandable, and so the springs of its behaviour are hidden. The sea does not assume its royal blue to please you. Its brute and dark desolation is not raised to overwhelm you. You disappear then because you happen to be there. It carries the foolish to fortune, and drags the calculating wise to the strewn bones. Yet, I guessed that night off Cornwall, if I pray now as one of the privileged and lucky foolish, this very occasion may prove to be one set apart for the sole use of the calculating wise: because that is the way things happen at sea. There, of course, is the whole trouble in appealing to Omnipotence. Think of me entering the western ocean at night as a most inconspicuous though self-important item sitting on a sea-chest, and praying for particular favour, when perhaps it was ordained hundreds of ships that night should have anxious passengers. Though the hairs of my head were all numbered, I could not expect to be spared, for I could see that to spare me would be to extend pity to all. . . .

This day the *Capella* ceased to be a marine engine to me. . . . She was such a diminished body, too, in that world. A wave passing amidships was a mount of polished obsidian, having minor hollows and ridges on its slopes, like conchoidal fractures in its glass. It rose directly and acutely from our foothold to a summit that was awesome because the eye traveled to it over a long up-slope; this hill had intervened to obscure with suddenness thirty degree of light; and the mind shrank from contemplating water which overshadowed a narrow standing-place with such high bulk toppling in collapse. The steamer, falling over to that side, brought my eyes close to the beginning of this mobile down, where it swirled by in a vitreous flux, tortured lines of green foam buried far but plain in its translucent deeps. Her task against the head seas and the squalls was so hard and unrelenting that the murmur of her heart, which seemed to grow louder to a moaning when her body was buried to the rails, the panic of her cries when the screw raced, when she lost her hold, her noble and rhythmic efforts, the sense of her concentrated and unremitting power given by the smoke driving in violence from her oscillating funnel, the cordage quivering in taut curves, the seas bursting in her face as clouds, falling roaring inboard then to smother half her length, she presently to raise her heavy body out of an acre of foam, the cascades streaming from her in veils—all this was like great music. I learned why a ship has a name. It is for the same reason that you and I have names. She has happenings according to her own world. She shows perversities and virtues her parents never dreamed into the plans they laid for her; her heredity cannot be explained by the general chemics of iron and steel, but something counts in her of both the happy men and the sullen men whose bright and dark energies poured into her rivets and plates as they hammered, and now suffuse her body. She was revealed to me, "our" ship. She was one for pride and trust. She was slow, but that slowness was of her dignity and size; she had much valour in her. . . . But was she slow? She seemed but slow. The eyes judged by the assailing hills, vast and swift; those hills which were so quick, and dark, and great, moving barely inferior to the clouds which traveled with them. There was the uplifted ocean, and, pressing down to it, sundered from it only by the gale—the gale forced them apart—there lowered a ceiling just above our heads which would have been night but that its darkness was thinned by some solvent day.

Late that afternoon the second mate, who was on watch, saw a wave moving down on us unusually high and dominant, and instinctively he put his hand in his pocket for his whistle. The skipper, looking up through the chart-room window, saw the gloom of this wave ahead, and jumped for the bridge ladder to get at the telegraph to stop the engines. He was too late, we went under. The wave checked us with the shock of a grounding, came solid over our forelength, and broke on our structure amidships. When the *Capella* showed herself again, ventilators had gone, deck fittings and boats were smashed, and iron had been twisted like tinfoil.

At dusk, the seas, which in the daylight we could watch as dangers that came and passed, disappeared; the sight was stopped on dreadful apparitions. There were waves no more. We saw only vertical shadows, close at hand, swaying noiselessly high over us, without progressing, on the fading sky.

H. M. TOMLINSON.

THE WAVE

All the tumult of the wide expanse rushed toward the Douvres. Voices were heard in the darkness. What could they be? The ancient terror of the sea was there. At times they seemed to speak as if some one were uttering words of command. There were clamours, strange trepidations, and then that majestic roar which the mariners call the "Ocean's call." The indefinite and flying eddies of the wind whistled, while curling the waves and flinging them like giant quoits, cast by invisible athletes, against the breakers. The enormous surf streamed over all the rocks: torrents above, foam below. Then the roaring was redoubled. No uproar of men or beasts could yield an idea of that din which mingled with the incessant breaking of the sea. The clouds cannonaded, the hail-stones poured their volleys, the surf mounted to the assault. In some places the sea seemed motionless; in others the wind drove on the surf twenty fathoms a second. As far as the eye could reach the sea was white; ten leagues of yeasty water filled the horizon. Doors of fire were opened, clouds seemed burned by clouds, and showed like smoke above a nebulous red mass resembling burning embers. Floating conflagrations rushed together and amalgamated, each changing the shape of the other. Floods of water streamed from the sky; the firmament seemed to be firing by platoons. From the midst of the dark roof a terrible arsenal appeared to be emptied out, hurling downward from the gulf, pell-mell, waterspouts, hail, torrents, purple fire, phosphoric gleams, darkness and lightnings. . . .

The foam-flakes coming from all sides were like flights of down. The vast irritated ocean deluged the rocks, dashed over them and raged within, penetrated into the network of their interior fissures, and issued again from the granitic masses by the narrow chinks, forming a kind of inexhaustible fountain, playing peacefully in the midst of that deluge. Here and there a silvery network fell gracefully from these spouts in the sea. . . .

A heavy swell, visible from time to time in the blaze of the lightning, was rolling in the east beyond the Man rock. It resembled a huge wall of glass. It was green and without foam, and it stretched across the wide expanse. It was advancing toward the breakwater, increasing as it approached. It was a singular kind of dark gigantic cylinder, rolling upon the ocean. The thunder kept up a hollow rumbling.

The great wave struck the Man rock, broke in twain, and passed beyond. The broken wave, rejoined, formed a mountain of water, and instead of advancing in parallel line as before, came down perpendicularly upon the breakwater, in the shape of an enormous beam.

The shock was terrific: the whole wave became a roaring surf. . . .

For some moments the sea drowned everything. Nothing was visible except the furious waters,—an enormous breadth of foam, the whiteness of a winding-sheet blowing in the draught of a sepulchre; nothing was heard but the roaring storm working devastation around. . . .

The wave broke with a great shock; a second followed; then another and another still; then five or six almost together; then a last shock of tremendous force.

This last wave, which was an accumulation of forces, had a singular resemblance to a living thing. It would not have been difficult to imagine in the midst of that swelling mass the shapes of fins and gill-coverings. It fell heavily, and broke upon the barriers. Its almost animal form was torn to pieces in the shape of spouts and gushes, resembling the crushing to death of some sea hydra upon that block of rocks and timbers. The swell rushed through, subsiding but devastating as it went. The huge wave seemed to bite and cling to its victim as it died. The rock shook to its base. A savage howling mingled with the roar; the foam flew far, like the spouting of a leviathan.

Toilers of the Sea. VICTOR HUGO.

They rowed her in across the rolling foam,
The cruel, crawling foam,
The cruel, hungry foam,
To her grave beside the sea:
But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home,
Across the sands of Dee! CHARLES KINGSLEY.

THE OPEN PORT

Down came the gale with a whoo, and made all crack. The ship lay over pretty much, and the sea poured in at Mr. Grey's port. He applied his purchase to close it. But though his tackle gave him the force of a dozen hands, he might as well have tried to move a mountain: on the contrary, the tremendous sea rushed in and burst the port wide open. Grey, after a vain struggle with its might, shrieked for help; down tumbled the nearest hands, and hauled on the tackle in vain. Destruction was rushing on the ship, and on them first.

CHARLES READE.

"THE MUTINY OF THE ELSINORE"

We had a shift of wind to-day. In the height of a southwest gale, the wind shifted, in the instant, eight points, which is equivalent to a quarter of the circle. Imagine it! Imagine a gale howling out of the southwest. And then imagine the wind, in a heavier and more violent gale, abruptly smiting you from the northwest. We had been sailing through a circular storm, Captain West vouchsafed to me, before the event, and the wind could be expected to box the compass.

Clad in sea-boots, oilskins, and sou'wester, I had for some time been hanging upon the rail at the break of the poop, staring down fascinated at the poor devils of sailors, repeatedly up to their necks in water, or submerged, or dashed like straws about the deck, while they pulled and hauled, stupidly, blindly, and in evident fear, under the orders of Mr. Pike.

Mr. Pike was with them, working them and working with them. He took every chance they took, yet somehow he escaped being washed off his feet, though several times I saw him entirely buried from view. There was more than luck in the matter; for I saw him, twice, at the head of a line of the men, himself next to the pin. And twice, in this position, I saw the North Atlantic curl over the rail and fall upon them. And each time he alone remained, holding the turn of the rope on the pin, while the rest of them were rolled and sprawled helplessly away . . .

In the height of the gusts, in my position where the seas did not break, I found myself compelled to cling tightly to the rail to escape being blown away. My face was stung to severe pain by the high-driving spindrift, and I had a feeling that the wind was blowing the cobwebs out of my sleep-starved brain.

And all the time, slender, aristocratic, graceful in streaming oilskins, in apparent unconcern, giving no orders, effortlessly accommodating his body to the violent rolling of the *Elsinore*, Captain West strolled up and down.

JACK LONDON.

Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea
Forc'd by the tide to combat with the wind;
Now sways it that way, like the self-same sea
Forc'd to retire by fury of the wind:
Some time the flood prevails; and then the wind:
Now one the better: then another best;
Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,
Yet neither conqueror nor conquered. SHAKESPEARE.

SUDDENNESS IN THE SOUTH SEAS

"You lost the *Sea Ranger* because you were a drunken sot," said Herrick. "Now you're going to lose the *Farallone.* You're going to drown here the same as you drowned others, and be damned. And your daughter shall walk the streets, and your sons be thieves like their father."

For the moment the words struck the captain white and foolish. "My God!" he cried, looking at Herrick as upon a ghost; "my God, Herrick!"

"Look behind you, then!" reiterated the assailant.

The wretched man, already partly sobered, did as he was told, and in the same breath of time leaped to his feet, "Down staysail!" he trumpeted. The hands were thrilling for the order, and the great sail came with a run, and fell half overboard among the racing foam. "Jib topsail halyards! Let the stays'l be," he said again.

But before it was well uttered, the squall shouted aloud and fell, in a solid mass of wind and rain commingled on the *Farallone,* and she stooped under the blow and lay like a thing dead. From the mind of Herrick reason fled; he clung in the weather rigging, exulting; he was done with life, and he gloried in the release; he gloried in the wild noises of the wind and the choking onslaught of the rain; he gloried to die so, and now, amid this coil of the elements. And meanwhile, in the waist, up to his knees in water,—so low the schooner lay,—the captain was hacking at the fore-sheet with a pocket-knife. It was a question of seconds, for the *Farallone* drank deep of the encroaching seas. But the hand of the captain had the advance. The foresail boom tore apart the last strands of the sheet, and crashed to leeward; the *Farallone* leaped up into the wind and righted; and the peak and throat halyards, which had long been let go, began to run at the same instant.

For some ten minutes more she careered under the impulse of the squall; but the captain was now master of himself and of his ship, and all danger at an end. And then, sudden as a trick-change upon the stage, the squall blew by, the wind dropped into light airs, the sun beamed forth again upon the tattered schooner; and the captain, having secured the foresail boom, and set a couple of hands to the pump, walked aft, sober, a little pale, and with the sodden end of a cigar still stuck between his teeth, even as the squall had found it. *The Ebb Tide.* ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

A CORDIAL FOR THE SEA

"Take one ounce of Sirupe of Clove-gilliflowers, one drachm of Confectio Alchermes, one ounce and a half of Borrage water, and the like of Mint-water, one ounce of Mr. Mountford's water, and as much of Cinnamon-water, temper all these together in a Cordial, and take a spoonful at a time when you are at sea." W. J. GENT (1653).

COMING TO IT

The ship took a long careening roll, and the sea leapt out of the darkness, sparkled and gleamed in the light, and detonated upon the deck. Murmurs and cries mingled with the sough of the water through the scuppers. The forms of men, safe in the shelter of the alleys, were silhouetted against the far brightness of the kitchens, whence had come great crashes of falling metal. Above the straining canvas, the guy-ropes hummed and tackle squeaked as it was flung about by the wind and the scend of the ship. As she drew out from the horns of the Dark Gulf, she began to wallow on the outer edge of a hurricane.

WILLIAM MCFEE.

Wild, wild the storm, and the sea high running,
Steady the roar of the gale, with incessant undertone muttering,
Shouts of demoniac laughter fitfully piercing and pealing
Waves, air, midnight, their savagest trinity lashing,
Out in the shadows there milk-white combs careering,
On beachy slush and sand spirts of snow fierce slanting,
Where through the murk the easterly death-wind breasting,
Through cutting swirl and spray watchful and firm advancing,
(That in the distance! is that a wreck? is the red signal flaring?)
Slush and sand of the beach tireless till daylight wending,
Steadily, slowly, through hoarse roar never remitting,
Along the midnight edge by those milk-white combs careering,
A group of dim, weird forms, struggling, the night confronting,
That savage trinity warily watching. WALT WHITMAN.

AFTER THE FOG

Harvey waked to find the "first half" at breakfast, the fo'c'sle door drawn to a crack, and every square inch of the schooner singing its own tune. The black bulk of the cook balanced behind the tiny galley over the glare of the stove, and the pots and pans in the pierced wooden board before it jarred and racketed to each plunge. Up and up the fo'c'sle climbed, yearning and surging and quivering, and then, with a clear, sickle-like swoop, came down into the seas. He could hear the flaring bows cut and squelch, and there was a pause ere the divided waters came down on the deck above, like a volley of buck-shot. Followed the woolly sound of the cable in the hawse-hole; a grunt and squeal of the windlass; a yaw, a punt, and a kick, and the *We're Here* gathered herself together to repeat the motions. . . .

"It's blown clear," Disko cried, and all the fo'c'sle tumbled up for a bit of fresh air. The fog had gone, but a sullen sea ran in great rollers behind it. The *We're Here* slid, as it were, into long, sunk avenues and ditches which felt quite sheltered and homelike if they would only stay still; but they changed without rest or mercy, and flung up the schooner to crown one peak of a thousand grey hills, while the wind hooted through her rigging as she zigzagged down the slopes. Far away a sea would burst in a sheet of foam, and the others would follow suit as at a signal, till Harvey's eyes swam with the vision of interlacing whites and grays. Four or five Mother Carey's chickens stormed round in circles, shrieking as they swept past the bows. A rain-squall or two strayed aimlessly over the hopeless waste, ran down wind and back again, and melted away.

Captains Courageous. RUDYARD KIPLING.

If you would know the age of the earth look upon the sea in a storm. The grayness of the whole immense surface, the wind-furrows upon the faces of the waves, the great masses of foam, tossed about and waving like matted white locks, give to the sea in a gale an appearance of hoary age, lusterless, dull, without gleams, as though it had been created before light itself.

JOSEPH CONRAD.

THE GRASS-GREEN SEA-MONSTER

But then came the great storms and all was changed. The storms alone were to blame.

One morning I awoke with a miserable feeling; I breathed with difficulty. I went out to see whether the sky had not come down: it seemed to have fallen, and now lay man-high over the island. Stillness everywhere. The grass, the sea, the air. Over the sea lay the long smoke trail of a steamer that was already out of sight, and this trail, too, stood still. A gray, aged sky gazed down on me. What had become of all things living?

An hour later a great change came. The gulls were the first to scent the feast. They sailed rapidly, in wide circles, their bellies close to the water, and screamed wildly. On the horizon an insignificant, lead-coloured cloud-wall rose up quickly, as though shoved out of a trap-door, and as it rose it grew darker and darker, almost black. Perpendicular, whitish shreds of cloud flew before it. The sea grew somber and began to wrinkle like the forehead of an angry beast that is losing patience. The pinions of the fast-flying gulls showed chalk-white against the black cloud. The swallows flew around the cliffs in zig-zag lines, and cried and gurgled. On a rock sat a king-fisher, which gazed out to sea, and from time to time flapped its wings.

But my heart beat.

Suddenly a whizzing blow struck us, and the whole island was wrapped in a huge cloud of dust, as though it were going up in smoke. The grass-blades lay close to the ground, and pebbles whiz through the air. There it was!

By all the gods, what a song it was! It was the song of chaos when nothing existed save the black waters and the naked stones; it was the battle song of primordial titans struggling for supremacy over the sea and earth and dashing each other to pieces. The sea groaned heavily, the rocks trumpeted, and all this tumult was merged into one hollow, whirring uproar that seemed to shake the earth. There was thunder and lightning in the air, and the atmosphere was all atremble. Like a gigantic ventilator the whirring air tore the flesh from one's bones, jerked at lips and eyelids, flattened down ears, bent noses whither it willed.

The coast all around was covered with foam and seemed buried in snow. The cliffs in the sea wore waving white crests. The sea was tigered as far as the horizon; a few snow-white caps of foam, with night between—that was all there was of the sea. That, and nothing more. The foam-caps raged against the island; the nearer they came, the more life-like they grew. They came in rows, like white steeds, their manes streaming, foaming at the mouth, with trampling forefeet. They galloped against the cliffs, leaped high in the air, neighed, shook their manes, and, shattered, sank back into the sea. And already the next row came galloping on, hei-hei, hopp-hopp! whipped on by the wind. They flew up, flew on, and were dashed to atoms.

There it was! Father in heaven—there it is! What shall I do? Tell me what song to sing! Shall I sing of the grass-green sea-monster who sleeps in the deep and who has now risen and is whirling like a mad top? BERNHARD KELLERMANN.

(*To be concluded*)

The Venus of Ille

By PROSPER MÉRIMÉE

Pr Mérimée

Ἱλεὼς ἦν δ᾽ἐγὼ, ᾽έστω ὁ ἀνδρίας
καὶ ἤπιος, ὀύτως ἀνδρεῖος ὢν.
ΛΟΥΚΙΑΝΟΥ ΦΙΛΟΨΕΥΔΗΣ.[1]

I DESCENDED the last hillside at Canigou, and, although the sun had already set, I could distinguish the houses of the little town of Ille, in the plain, toward which my steps were turned.

"You know," I said to the Catalanian who had been my guide since the previous day—"no doubt you know where M. de Peyrehorade lives?"

"Do I know it!" he exclaimed. "I know his house as well as I know my own; and if it wasn't so dark I would point it out to you. It is the prettiest in Ille. M. de Peyrehorade is a rich man; and he is marrying his son to a lady even richer than himself."

"Is the marriage to take place soon?" I asked.

"Very soon; probably the violinists are already ordered for the wedding. Perhaps it will be to-night, or to-morrow, or the day after, for all I know. It will be at Puygarrig; for the son is to marry Mademoiselle de Puygarrig. It will be a very grand affair!"

I had been introduced to M. de Peyrehorade by my friend M. de P., who told me he was a very learned antiquarian and of extreme good nature. It would give him pleasure to show me all the ruins for ten leagues round. So I was looking forward to visit with him the district surrounding Ille, which I knew to be rich in monuments belonging to ancient times and the Middle Ages. This marriage, of which I now heard for the first time, would upset all my plans. I said to myself, I should be a kill-joy; but I was expected, and as M. de P. had written to say I was coming. I should have to present myself.

"I will bet you, monsieur," said my guide to me, when we were in the plain—"I will bet you a cigar that I can guess why you are going to M. de Peyrehorade's."

"But that is not a difficult thing to guess," I replied, holding out a cigar to him. "At this hour, after traversing six leagues amongst the Canigou hills, the grand question is supper."

"Yes, but to-morrow? . . . Wait, I will bet that you have come to Ille to see the statue. I guessed that when I saw you draw pictures of the Saints at Serrabona."

"The statue! What statue?" The word had excited my curiosity.

"What! did no one tell you at Perpignan that M. de Peyrehorade had found a statue in the earth?"

"Did you mean a statue in terra-cotta, or clay?"

"Nothing of the kind. It is actually in copper, and there is enough of it to make heaps of coins. It weighs as much as a church-bell. It is deep in the ground, at the foot of an olive tree that we dug up."

"You were present then, at the find?"

"Yes, sir. M. de Peyrehorade told Jean Coll and me, a fortnight ago, to uproot an old olive tree which had been killed by the frost last year, for there was a very severe frost, you will remember. Well, then, whilst working at it with all his might, Jean Coll gave a blow with his pickaxe, and I heard *bimm!* . . . as though he had struck on a bell. 'What is that?' I said. He picked and picked again, and a black hand appeared, which looked like the hand of a dead man coming out of the ground. I felt frightened; I went to the master and said to him: 'There are dead folk, master, under the olive tree; I wish you would send for the priest.' 'What dead folk?' he asked. He came, and had no sooner seen the hand than he cried out, 'An antique statue! an antique statue!' You might have thought he had discovered a treasure. And then he set to with pickaxe and hands, and worked hard; he did almost as much work as the two of us together."

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[1] "If I am gracious, let the statue be also kind, seeing it is so nobly human."—*Lucian's "Philopseudes."*

"And what did you find in the end?"

"A huge black woman, more than half naked, saving your presence, sir, all in copper, and M. de Peyrehorade told us that it was an idol of pagan times . . . perhaps as old as Charlemagne!"

"I see what it is . . . some worthy Virgin in bronze which belonged to a convent that has been destroyed."

"The Blessed Virgin! Well, I never! . . . I should very soon have known if it had been the Blessed Virgin. I tell you it is an idol; you can see that plainly from its appearance. It stares at you with its great white eyes. . . . You might have said it was trying to put you out of countenance. It was enough to make one ashamed to look at her."

"White eyes were they? No doubt they were inlaid in the bronze; it might perhaps be a Roman statue."

"Roman! that's it. M. de Peyrehorade said that it was Roman. Ah! I can see you are as learned as he is."

"Is it whole and in good preservation?"

"Oh, it is all there, sir. It is much more beautiful and better finished than the painted plaster bust of Louis Philippe, which is at the town hall. But for all that the idol's face is not very nice to look at. She looks wicked . . . and she is so, too."

"Wicked! What mischief has she done you?"

"No mischief to me exactly; but I will tell you. We were down on all fours to raise her up on end, and M. de Peyrehorade was also tugging at the rope, although he had no more strength than a chicken, good man! With much trouble he got her straight. I picked up a tile to prop her up, when, good Lord! she fell upside down all in a heap. 'Look out there below!' I said, but I was not quick enough, for Jean Coll had not time to draw his leg out . . . "

"And was it hurt?"

"His poor leg was broken as clean as a pole. Goodness! when I saw it I was furious. I wanted to break up the idol with my pickaxe, but M. de Peyrehorade would not let me. He gave some money to Jean Coll, who, all the same, has been in bed the whole fortnight since it happened, and the doctor says that he will never walk with that leg again so well as with the other. It is a sad pity; he was our best runner, and, after M. de Peyrehorade's son, he was the cleverest tennis player. M. Alphonse de Peyrehorade was dreadfully sorry, for it was Coll against whom he played. It was fine to see them send the balls flying. Whizz! whizz! they never touched the ground."

And so we chatted till we reached Ille, and I very soon found myself in the presence of M. de Peyrehorade. He was a little old man, still hale and active; he was powdered, had a red nose, and his manner was jovial and bantering. When he had opened M. de P.'s letter he installed me in front of a well-appointed table and presented me to his wife and son as an illustrious archæologist, whose desire it was to raise the province of Roussillon from obscurity, in which it had been left by the neglect of the learned.

Whilst I was eating with a good appetite—for nothing makes one so hungry as mountain air—I examined my hosts. I have said a word or two about M. de Peyrehorade; I should add that he was vivacity itself. He talked and ate, got up, ran to his library to bring me books, showed me engravings, and poured out drinks for me; he was never still for two minutes. His wife was rather too stout, like most Catalanian women over forty, and she seemed to me a regular provincial, solely taken up with the cares of her household. Although the supper was ample for six people at least, she ran to the kitchen, had pigeons killed and dozens of them fried, besides opening I don't know how many pots of preserves. In a trice the table was loaded with dishes and bottles, and I should assuredly have died of indigestion if I had even tasted all that was offered me. However, at each dish that I refused there were fresh excuses. They were afraid I did not get what I liked at Ille—there are so few means of getting things in the provinces, and Parisians are so hard to please!

M. Alphonse de Peyrehorade stirred no more than a statue in the midst of his parents' comings and goings. He was a tall young man of twenty-six, with beautiful and regular features, but they were wanting in expression. His figure and athletic build quite justified the reputation he had gained in the country as an indefatigable tennis player. He was that evening exquisitely dressed, exactly like the latest fashion plate. But he seemed to me to be uneasy in his garments; he was as stiff as a post in his velvet collar, and could not turn round unless with his whole body. His fat and sunburnt hands, with their short nails, contrasted strangely with his costume. They were the hands of a labouring man appearing below the sleeves of a dandy. For the rest, he addressed me only once throughout the whole evening, and that was to ask me where I had bought my watch-chain, although he studied me from head to foot very inquisitively in my capacity as a Parisian.

"Ah, now, my honoured guest," said M. de Peyrehorade to me when supper drew to its conclusion, "you belong to me. You are in my house, and I shall not give you any rest until you have seen all the curiosities among our mountains. You must learn to know our Roussillon and to do it justice. You have no idea what we can show you—Phœnician, Celtic, Roman, Arabesque and Byzantine monuments. You shall see them all—lock, stock and barrel. I will take you everywhere, and will not let you off a single stone."

A fit of coughing compelled him to stop. I took advantage of it to tell him I should be greatly distressed if I disturbed him during the interesting event about to take place in his family. If he would kindly give me the benefit of his valuable advice about the excursion I ought to take, I should be able to go without putting him to the inconvenience of accompanying me. . . .

"Ah, you are referring to this boy's marriage!" he exclaimed, interrupting me. "That is all nonsense. It takes place the day after to-morrow. You shall celebrate the wedding with us; it will take place quietly, for the bride is in mourning for an aunt, whose heiress she is. Therefore there is to be neither fête nor ball. . . . It is a pity. . . . You would have seen our Catalanian women dance. . . . They are pretty, and you might perhaps have been tempted to follow Alphonse's example. One marriage, they say, leads to others. . . . On Saturday, after the young people are married, I shall be at liberty, and we will set out. I ask your forgiveness for the irksomeness of a provincial wedding. To a Parisian blasé with fêtes . . . and a wedding without a ball, too! However, you will see a bride . . . such a bride . . . you must tell me what you think of her. . . . But you are not a frivolous man, and you take no notice of women. I have better things than women to show you. I am going to show you something! I have a fine surprise for you to-morrow."

"Ah," I replied, "it is not easy to have a treasure in your house without the public knowing all about it. I think I can guess the surprise you have in store for me. You are thinking of your statue. I am quite prepared to admire it, for my guide's description of it has roused my curiosity."

"Ah! he told you about the idol, for that is what they call my beautiful Venus Tur—but I will not talk of it. To-morrow, as soon as it is daylight, you shall see her, and you shall tell me if I am not right in considering her a *chef-d'œuvre*. Upon my word, you could not have arrived at a better time! There are inscriptions which, poor ignorant, I explain after my own fashion . . . but a savant from Paris! . . . You will probably laugh at my interpretation, for I have written a treatise on it. . . . I—an old provincial antiquarian—I am going to venture. . . . I mean to make the press groan. If you would be so good as to read and correct it, I should be hopeful. . . . For example, I am curious to know how you would translate this inscription on the pedestal: '*CAVE*' . . .—but I do not want to ask you anything yet! To-morrow, to-morrow! Not a single word about the Venus to-day."

"You are quite right, Peyrehorade," said his wife, "to stop talking about your idol; you ought to see that you are preventing the gentleman from eating. Why, he has seen far more beautiful statues in Paris than yours. There are dozens of them in the Tuileries, and in bronze too."

"Just look at her ignorance—the blessed ignorance of the provinces!" interrupted M. de Peyrehorade. "Fancy, comparing a splendid antique statue to the flat figures of Coustou!

"'How irreverently of my affairs
The gods are pleased to talk!'

"Do you know my wife wanted to have my statue melted down to make a bell for our church? She would have been its godmother—one of Myro's *chef-d'œuvres*."

"*Chef-d'œuvre!* a fine *chef-d'œuvre* it is to break a man's leg!"

"Look here, wife," said M. de Peyrehorade in a determined voice, as he extended his right leg toward her, clad in a fine silk stocking, "if my Venus had broken this leg I should not have minded."

"Good gracious! Peyrehorade, how can you talk like that? Fortunately, the man is getting on well. . . . And yet I can not bring myself to look at the statue which did such an evil thing as that. Poor Jean Coll!"

"Wounded by Venus, sir," said M. de

Peyrehorade, laughing loudly. "The rascal complains of being wounded by Venus!

"'Veneris nec præmia nôris.'

Who has not suffered from the wounds of Venus?"

M. Alphonse, who understood French better than Latin, winked with an understanding air, and looked at me as though to say, "Do you understand that, you Parisian?"

Supper ended at last. For an hour I had not been able to eat any more. I was tired, and could not hide my frequent yawns. Madame de Peyrehorade saw it first, and said that it was time to retire. Then began fresh apologies for the poor entertainment I should find. I should not be comfortable as in Paris; in the country things are so different! I must make allowances for the people of Roussillon. It was in vain I protested that after a journey among the mountains a bundle of straw would seem a delicious bed. They still begged me to pardon their poor rustic servants if they did not behave as well as they should. At last, accompanied by M. de Peyrehorade, I reached the room put apart for my use. The staircase, the top steps of which were of wood, led to the center of a corridor, out of which opened several rooms.

"To the right," said my host, "is the set of rooms that I intend for the future Madame Alphonse. Your room is at the end of the passage opposite. You will understand," he added, with a look which he meant to be sly—"you will readily understand that newly married people wish to be by themselves. You are at one end of the house and they at the other."

We entered a very handsomely furnished room, where the first object that caught my eye was a bed seven feet long, six broad, and such a height that one needed a stool to get into it. My host pointed out the position of the bell, and satisfied himself that the sugar-bowl was full, and the smelling-bottles of eau de Cologne in their proper places on the toilette table; then he asked me repeatedly if I had all I wanted, wished me good-night and left me alone.

The windows were shut. Before undressing, I opened one to breathe the cool night air, which was delicious after such a lengthy supper. In front was Canigou Mountain, which is at all times beautiful, but to-night it seemed the fairest in the world, lighted up as it was by a splendid moon. I stood a few minutes to contemplate its marvelous outline, and was just going to close my window when, lowering my gaze, I saw the statue on a pedestal about forty yards from the house. It was placed in a corner of the quick-set hedge which separated a little garden from a large, perfectly level court, which, I learnt later, was the tennis ground for the town. This ground had been M. de Peyrehorade's property, but he had given it to the public at his son's urgent entreaties.

From my distance away it was difficult to make out the form of the statue; I could only judge of its height, which I guessed was about six feet. At that moment two town larrikins passed along the tennis court, close to the hedge, whistling the pretty Roussillon air, "Montagnes régalades." They stopped to look at the statue, and one of them even apostrophised her in a loud voice. He spoke the Catalanian dialect, but I had been long enough in the province of Roussillon to be able to understand almost all he said.

"Chi-ike, hussy!" (the Catalanian expression was more forcible than that). "Look here," he said, "you broke Jean Coll's leg for him! If you belonged to me I would have broken your neck."

"Bah! what with?" asked the other. "She is made of copper, and so hard that Stephen broke his file over it, trying to cut into it. It is copper from before the Flood, and harder than anything I can think."

"If I had my cold chisel" (apparently he was a locksmith's apprentice), "I would jolly soon scoop out her big white eyes; it would be like cracking a couple of nutshells for the kernels. I would do it for a *maravedi*."

They moved a few paces farther off.

"I must just wish the idol good-night," said the taller of the apprentices, stopping suddenly.

He stooped, and probably picked up a stone. I saw him stretch out his arm and throw something, and immediately after I heard a resounding blow from the bronze. At the same moment the apprentice raised his hand to his head and yelled out in pain.

"She has thrown it back at me!" he cried.

And then the two scamps took to flight as fast as they could. The stone had evidently rebounded from the metal, and had punished the rascal for the outrage done to the goddess.

I shut the window and laughed heartily.

Yet another vandal punished by Venus! Would that all destroyers of our ancient monuments could have their heads broken like that!

And with this charitable wish I fell asleep.

It was broad day when I awoke. Near my bed on one side stood M. de Peyrehorade in a dressing-gown; on the other a servant sent by his wife with a cup of chocolate in his hand.

"Come now, Parisian, get up! How lazy you people from the capital are!" said my host, while I hastily dressed myself. "It is eight o'clock, and you still in bed. I got up at six o'clock. I have been up-stairs three times; I listened at your door on tiptoe, but there was no sign of life at all. It is bad for you to sleep too much at your age. And my Venus waiting to be seen! Come, take this cup of Barcelona chocolate as fast as you can . . . it is quite contraband. You can't get such chocolate in Paris. Take in all the nourishment you can, for when you are before my Venus no one will be able to tear you away."

I was ready in five minutes; that is to say, I was only half shaved, wrongly buttoned and scalded by the chocolate which I had swallowed boiling hot. I went downstairs into the garden and was soon in front of a wonderfully fine statue. It was indeed a Venus of extraordinary beauty. The top of her body was bare, just as the ancients usually depicted their great deities; her right hand, raised up to her breast, was bent, with the palm inward, the thumb and two first fingers extended, whilst the other two were slightly curved. The other hand was near the hips, and held up the drapery which covered the lower part of the body. The attitude of this statue reminded me of that of the Morra Player, which, for some reason or other, goes by the name of Germanicus. Perhaps they wished to depict the goddess playing at the game of morra.

However that might be, it is impossible to conceive anything more perfect than the body of this Venus; nothing could be more harmonious or more voluptuous than its outlines, nothing more graceful or dignified than its drapery. I expected some work of the Lower Empire, and I beheld a masterpiece of the most perfect period of sculpture. I was specially struck with the exquisite truth of form, which gave the impression that it had been moulded by nature itself, if nature ever produces such perfect specimens.

The hair, which was raised off the forehead, looked as though it might have been gilded at some time. The head was small, like those of nearly all Greek statues, and bent slightly forward. As to the face, I should never be able to express its strange character; it was of quite a different type from that of any other antique statue I could recall to mind. It was not only the calm and austere beauty of the Greek sculptors, whose rule was to give a majestic immobility to every feature. Here, on the contrary, I noticed with astonishment that the artist had purposely expressed ill-nature to the point even of wickedness. Every feature was slightly contracted: the eyes were rather slanting, the mouth turned up at the corners, and the nostrils somewhat inflated. Disdain, irony, cruelty, could be traced on a face which was, notwithstanding, of incredible beauty. Indeed, the longer one looked at this wonderful statue, the more did the distressing thought obtrude itself that such marvellous beauty could be united with an utter absence of goodness.

"If the model ever existed," I said to M. de Peyrehorade, "and I doubt if Heaven ever produced such a woman, how I pity her lovers! She would delight to make them die of despair. There is something ferocious in her expression, and yet I never saw anything so beautiful."

"'It is Venus herself gloating over her prey,'"

cried M. de Peyrehorade, pleased with my enthusiasm.

That expression of fiendish scorn was perhaps enhanced by the contrast shown by her eyes, which were encrusted with silver, and shone brilliantly with the greenish-black colour that time had given to the whole statue. Those brilliant eyes produced a kind of illusion which recalled lifelike reality. I remembered what my guide had said, that she made those who looked at her lower their eyes. It was quite true, and I could hardly restrain an impulse of anger against myself for feeling rather ill at ease before that bronze face.

"Now that you have admired it minutely, my dear colleague in antiquarian research," said my host, "let us, by your leave, open a scientific conference. What say you to that inscription, which you have not yet noticed?"

He showed me the pedestal of the statue, and I read on it these words:

CAVE AMANTEM

"*Quid dicis, doctissime?*" he asked me, rubbing his hands together. "Let us see if we can hit on the meaning of this *CAVE AMANTEM*."

"But," I answered, "it has two meanings. It can be translated: 'Beware of him who loves thee; mistrust thy lovers.' But in that sense I do not know whether *CAVE AMANTEM* would be good Latin. Looking at the lady's diabolic expression, I would rather believe that the artist intended to put the spectator on his guard against her terrible beauty; I would therefore translate it: 'Beware if *she* loves thee.'"

"Humph!" said M. de Peyrehorade; "yes, that is an admissible interpretation; but, without wishing to displease you, I prefer the first translation, and I will tell you why. You know who Venus's lover was?"

"There were several."

"Yes, but the chief one was Vulcan. Should one not rather say, 'In spite of all thy beauty and thy scornful manner, thou shalt have for thy lover a blacksmith, a hideous cripple'? What a profound moral, monsieur, for flirts!"

I could hardly help smiling at this far-fetched explanation.

"Latin is a difficult tongue, because of its concise expression," I remarked, to avoid contradicting my antiquarian friend outright; and I stepped further away to see the statue better.

"One moment, colleague," said M. de Peyrehorade, seizing me by the arm, "you have not seen everything. There is still another inscription. Climb up on the pedestal and look at the right arm." And saying this, he helped me up.

I held on to the neck of the Venus unceremoniously, and began to make myself better acquainted with her. I only looked at her for a moment, right in the face, and I found her still more wicked, and still more beautiful. Then I discovered that there were some written characters in an ancient, running hand, it seemed to me, engraved on the arm. With the help of spectacles I spelt out the following, whilst M. de Peyrehorade repeated every word as soon as pronounced, with approving gesture and voice. It read thus:

VENERI TVRBVL . . .
EVTYCHES MYRO
IMPERIO FECIT.

After the word *TVRBVL* in the first line, I thought some letters had been effaced; but *TVRBVL* was perfectly legible.

"What do you say to that?" asked my host, radiantly smiling with malice, for he knew very well that I could not easily extricate myself from this *TVRBVL*.

"I can not explain that word yet," I said to him; "all the rest is easy. 'By order' Eutyches Myro made this great offering to Venus."

"Good. But what do you make of *TVRBVL?* What is *TVRBVL?*"

"*TVRBVL* puzzles me greatly; I can not think of any epithet applied to Venus which might assist me. Stay, what do you say to *TVRBVLENTA?* Venus, who troubles and disturbs. . . . You notice I am all the time thinking of her malignant expression. *TVRBVLENTA* would not be at all a bad epithet for Venus," I added modestly, for I was not myself quite satisfied with my explanation.

"Venus the turbulent! Venus the brawler! Ah! you think, then, that my Venus is a Venus of the pot-house? Nothing of the kind, monsieur. She is a Venus belonging to the great world. And now I will expound this *TVRBVL*. . . . You will at least promise not to divulge my discovery before my treatise is published. I shall become famous, you see, by this find. . . . You must leave us poor provincial devils a few ears to glean. You Parisian savants are rich enough."

From the top of the pedestal, where I still perched, I solemnly promised that I would never be so dishonourable as to steal his discovery.

"*TVRBVL* . . . monsieur," he said, coming nearer and lowering his voice for fear any one else but myself should hear, "read *TVRBVLNERÆ*."

"I do not understand any better."

"Listen carefully. A league from here, at the base of the mountain, is a village called Boulternère. It is a corruption of the Latin word *TVRBVLNERA*. Nothing is commoner than such an inversion. Boulternère, monsieur, was a Roman town. I have always been doubtful about this, for I have never had any proof of it. The proof lies here. This Venus was the local goddess of the city of Boulternère; and this word Boulternère, which I have just shown to be of ancient origin, proves a still more curious thing, namely, that Boulternère, after being a Roman town, became a Phœnician one!"

He stopped a minute to take breath, and to enjoy my surprise. I had to repress a strong inclination to laugh.

"Indeed," he went on, "*TVRBVLNERA* is pure Phœnician. *TVR* pronounce *TOUR*. . . . *TOUR* and *SOUR*, are they not the same word? *SOUR* is the Phœnician name for Tyre. I need not remind you of its meaning. *BVL* is Baal, Bâl, Bel, Bul, slight differences in pronunciation. As to *NERA*, that gives me some trouble. I am tempted to think, for want of a Phœnician word, that it comes from the Greek *νηρός*—damp, marshy. That would make it a hybrid word. To justify *νηρός* I will show you at Boulternère how the mountain streams there form poisonous swamps. On the other hand, the ending *NERA* might have been added much later, in honour of Nera Pivesuvia, the wife of Tetricus, who may have done some benevolent act to the city of Turbul. But, on account of the marshes, I prefer the derivation from *νηρός*."

He took a pinch of snuff with a satisfied air.

"But let us leave the Phœnicians and return to the inscription. I translate, then: 'To the Venus of Boulternère Myro dedicates by command this statue, the work of his hand.'"

I took good care not to criticise his etymology, but I wanted, on my own account, to put his penetrative faculties to the proof, so I said to him: "Wait a bit, monsieur; Myro dedicated something, but I do not in the least see that it was this statue."

"What!" he exclaimed, "was not Myro a famous Greek sculptor? The talent would descend to his family; and one of his descendants made this statue. Nothing can be clearer."

"But," I replied, "I see a little hole in the arm. I fancy it has been used to hold something, perhaps a bracelet, which this Myro gave to Venus as an expiatory offering, for Myro was an unlucky lover. Venus was incensed against him, and he appeased her by consecrating a golden bracelet. You must remember that *fecit* is often used for *consecravit*. The terms are synonymous. I could show you more than one instance if I had access to Gruter or, better still, Orellius. It is natural that a lover should behold Venus in his dreams, and that he should imagine that she commanded him to give her statue a golden bracelet. Myro consecrated a bracelet to her. . . . Then the barbarians, or perhaps some sacrilegious thief——"

"Ah! it is easily seen that you are given to romancing," cried my host, lending his hand to help me down. "No, monsieur, it is a work after the School of Myro. Only look at the work, and you will agree."

Having made it a rule never to contradict pig-headed antiquarians outright, I bowed my head as though convinced, and said: "It is a splendid piece of work."

"Ah! my God!" exclaimed M. de Peyrehorade, "here is yet another mark of vandalism! Some one has thrown a stone at my statue!"

He had just seen a white mark a little below the breast of the Venus. I noticed a similar mark on the fingers of the right hand, which at first I supposed had been scraped by the stone in passing, or perhaps a fragment of it might have broken off by the shock and rebounded upon the hand. I told my host the insult that I had witnessed and the prompt punishment which had followed. He laughed heartily, and compared the apprentice to Diomede, wishing he might see all his comrades changed into white birds, as the Greek hero did.

The breakfast bell interrupted this famous interview; and, as on the previous evening, I was forced to eat as much as four people. Then M. de Peyrehorade's tenants came to see him, and whilst he gave them audience, his son took me to see a carriage which he had bought for his *fiancée* at Toulouse, and, of course, I admired it properly. After that I went with him to the stables, where he kept me half an hour praising his horses and telling me their pedigrees and the prizes he had won at the country races. At last he spoke of his future bride, by a sudden transition from the gray mare that he intended for her.

"We shall see her to-day. I wonder if you will think her pretty. You are so difficult to please in Paris; but everybody here and at Perpignan thinks her lovely. The best of it is she is very wealthy. Her aunt, who lived at Prades, left her all her money. Oh, I am going to be ever so happy!"

I was deeply shocked to see a young man much more affected by the dowry than by the beautiful looks of his bride-to-be.

"Are you learned in jewellery?" continued M. Alphonse. "What do you think of this ring which I am going to give her to-morrow?"

So saying, he drew from the first joint of his little finger a large ring blazing with diamonds, formed by the clasping of two hands: a most poetic idea, I thought. It was of ancient workmanship, but I guessed that it had been retouched when the diamonds were set. Inside the ring was engraved in gothic letters: "*Sempr' ab ti*" ("Ever thine").

"It is a lovely ring," I said; but added, "the diamonds have taken from its original character somewhat."

"Oh, it is much prettier as it is now," he replied, smiling. "There are one thousand two hundred francs' worth of diamonds in it. My mother gave it me. It was an old family ring . . . from the days of chivalry. It was worn by my grandmother, who had it from her grandmother. Goodness knows when it was made!"

"The custom in Paris," I said, "is to give a very plain ring, usually made of two different metals, say, gold and platinum. For instance, the other ring which you have on that finger would be most suitable. This one is so large, with its diamonds and hands in relief, that no glove would go over it."

"Oh, Madame Alphonse can arrange that as she likes. I think she will be pleased enough to have it. Twelve hundred francs on one's finger is very pleasing. That little ring," he added, looking with a satisfied expression at the plain ring which he held in his hand, "was given me one Shrove Tuesday by a woman in Paris, when I was staying there two years ago. Ah! that is the place to enjoy oneself in! . . ." And he sighed regretfully.

We were to dine at Puygarrig that day, at the house of the bride's parents; we drove in carriages, and were soon at the Castle, which was about a league and a half from Ille. I was introduced and received like one of the family. I will not talk of the dinner, nor of the conversation which took place, and in which I had but little part. M. Alphonse, who sat by the side of his future bride, whispered in her ear every quarter of an hour. She hardly raised her eyes, and blushed modestly every time her intended spoke to her, though she replied without embarrassment.

Mademoiselle de Puygarrig was eighteen years of age, and her lithe, delicate figure was a great contrast to the bony limbs of her sturdy lover. She was more than beautiful: she was enchanting. I admired the perfect naturalness of all her replies. Her expression was kindly, but nevertheless was not devoid of a light touch of maliciousness which reminded me, do what I would, of my host's Venus. While making this comparison to myself I wondered if the superior beauty which undoubtedly belonged to the statue was not largely owing to her tigerish expression, for strength, even when accompanied by evil passions, always induces wonder and a sort of involuntary admiration.

What a pity, I reflected, as we left Puygarrig, that such a charming person should be so rich, and that her dowry should be the cause of her being sought by a man so unworthy of her!

Whilst on the return to Ille I found it difficult to know what to talk of to Madame de Peyrehorade, with whom I thought I ought to converse.

"You are very strong-minded people here in Roussillon," I exclaimed, "to have a wedding on a Friday. In Paris we are more superstitious; no man dare take a wife on that day."

"Oh, please don't talk of it," she said; "if it had depended only on me, I would certainly have chosen another day. But Peyrehorade wanted it, and would not give way. It troubles me, however. Suppose some misfortune should happen? There must be something in it, else why should everybody be afraid of a Friday?"

"Friday," her husband cried, "is the day dedicated to Venus. An excellent day for a wedding. You will notice, my dear colleague, that I only think of my Venus. What an honour! It was on that account I chose Friday. To-morrow, if you are willing, we will offer her a small sacrifice before the ceremony—two ring-doves and incense, if I can find any."

"For shame, Peyrehorade!" interrupted his wife, who was scandalized in the highest degree. "Offer incense to an idol! It would be an abomination! What would be said about you through the countryside?"

"At all events," said M. de Peyrehorade, "you will let me put a wreath of roses and lilies on her head?

"'Manibus date lilia plenis.'

You see, monsieur, the charter is but a vain thing. We have no religious freedom."

The arrangements for the morrow were regulated in the following manner: Every one had to be ready and dressed for the wedding at ten o'clock prompt. After taking chocolate we were to be driven to Puygarrig. The civil marriage was to take place at the village registry, and the religious ceremony in the Castle chapel. After that there would be luncheon. Then we were to spend the time as we liked until seven o'clock, when we were all to return to M. de Peyrehorade's house, where the two families would sup together. The remainder of the time would naturally be spent in eating as much as possible, as there would be no dancing.

Ever since eight o'clock I had sat before the Venus, pencil in hand, beginning over again for the twentieth time the head of the statue, without being able to seize the expression. M. de Peyrehorade came and went, giving me advice and repeating his

Phœnician derivations. Then he placed some Bengal roses on the pedestal of the statue, and addressed to it, in a tragi-comical air, vows for the couple about to live under his roof. He went in to see about his toilette toward nine o'clock, and at the same time M. Alphonse appeared, well groomed, in a new suit, white gloves, patent-leather shoes, chased buttons and a rose in his button-hole.

"You must take my wife's portrait," he said, leaning over my drawing; "she, too, is pretty."

Then began on the tennis ground, to which I have already referred, a game which at once attracted M. Alphonse's attention. I was tired, and in despair at being unable to reproduce that diabolical face, so I soon left my drawing to watch the players. There were among them several Spanish muleteers who had come the night before. They were men from Aragon and from Navarre, almost all clever players. Although the local players were encouraged by the presence and advice of M. Alphonse, they were very soon beaten by these new champions. The patriotic onlookers were filled with concern, and M. Alphonse looked at his watch. It was still only half-past nine. His mother was not ready yet. He hesitated no longer, threw off his coat, asked for a vest and challenged the Spaniards. I looked at him with amusement and in some surprise.

"The honour of our country must be upheld," he said.

Then I saw how very handsome he was. He was roused to passion. The toilette, which had just now filled his thoughts to the exclusion of everything else, was completely forgotten. A few minutes before he hardly dared turn his head, for fear of spoiling his cravat. Now he thought nothing of his curled hair or of his beautifully got up frilled shirt. And his *fiancée!* I really believe that, if necessary, he would have adjourned the wedding. I saw him hastily put on a pair of sandals, turn up his sleeves, and with a self-satisfied manner range himself at the head of the vanquished party, like Cæsar when he rallied his soldiers at Dyrrachium. I leapt the hedge and took up a position comfortably under the shade of a nettle tree in such a way as to be able to see both camps.

Contrary to general expectation, M. Alphonse missed the first ball; true, it grazed the ground, and bounded with surprising force near one of the players from Aragon, who seemed the head of the Spaniards.

He was a man of about forty, strong, yet spare in appearance; he stood six feet high, and his olive skin was of almost as deep a tint as the bronze of the Venus.

M. Alphonse threw his racquet on the ground in a furious rage.

"It is this cursed ring!" he cried, "which pressed into my finger and made me miss a sure thing."

With some difficulty he took off his diamond ring, and I went nearer to take it, but he forestalled me, ran to the Venus, slipped the ring on its fourth finger, and retook his position at the head of his townsmen.

He was pale, but cool and determined. From that time he made no more fouls, and the Spaniards were completely beaten. The enthusiasm of the spectators was a fine sight: some uttered shrieks of delight and threw their caps in the air: others shook hands with him and called him the pride of their countryside. If he had repulsed an invasion, I doubt if he would have received heartier or more sincere congratulations. The disappointment of the vanquished added still more to the brilliance of his victory.

"We must have another match, my fine fellows," he said to the muleteer from Aragon in a condescending tone; "but I must give you odds."

I would have preferred M. Alphonse to be more modest, and I was almost sorry for his rival's humiliation.

The Spanish giant felt the insult keenly; I saw him go pale under his tanned skin. He looked miserably at his racquet and ground his teeth; then, in a choking voice he said: "Me lo pagarás."[1]

The voice of M. de Peyrehorade interrupted his son's triumph; my host was extremely astonished not to find him superintending the preparation of the new carriage, and was even more surprised to see him with racquet in hand, flushed from the game.

M. Alphonse ran to the house, bathed his face and hands, put on his new coat again and his patent-leather shoes, and five minutes after we were in full trot on the road to Puygarrig. All the tennis players of the town and a large crowd of spectators followed us with shouts of joy. The stout horses which drew us could hardly keep ahead of these dauntless Catalanians.

We were at Puygarrig, and the procession was forming into order to walk to the registry when M. Alphonse suddenly put his hand up to his head and whispered to me:

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[1] "But you will pay for it."

"What a blunder! I have forgotten the ring! It is on Venus's finger, devil take her! Do not tell my mother, whatever happens. Perhaps she will not notice the omission."

"You could send some one for it," I said.

"No! my servant has stayed behind at Ille. I dare hardly trust these fellows here with twelve hundred francs worth of diamonds. What a temptation that will be to some one! Besides, what would the people here think of my absent-mindedness? They would make fun of me. They would call me the husband of the statue. . . . If only no one steals it! Fortunately, the idol frightens the young rascals. They dare not go within arm's length of her. Well, it doesn't matter; I have another ring."

The two ceremonies, civil and religious, were accomplished with suitable state. Mademoiselle de Puygarrig received the ring which had belonged to a Paris milliner, little thinking that her *fiancé* had sacrificed another's love-token to her. Then we sat down and drank, ate and sang for long enough. I was sorry the bride had to bear the coarse jollity which went on all around her; however, she took it with a better face than I should have thought possible, and her embarrassment was neither awkward nor affected. Possibly courage springs up under occasions that need it.

The banquet broke up Lord knows when—somewhere about four o'clock. The men went for a walk in the park, which was a magnificent one, or watched the peasants of Puygarrig dance on the Castle lawn, decked in their gala dresses.

In this way we passed several hours. In the meantime the women thronged round the bride, who showed them her wedding presents. Then she changed her toilette, and I noticed that she covered up her beautiful hair with a cap and a hat with feathers in it, for wives are most particular to don as quickly as possible those adornments which custom has forbidden them to wear when they are still unmarried.

It was nearly eight o'clock when we were ready to go back to Ille. But there was a pathetic scene first between Mademoiselle de Puygarrig and her aunt, who had been a mother to her, and was of advanced age and very religious: she had not been able to go to the town with us. At her departure she gave her niece a touching sermon on her wifely duties, which resulted in a flood of tears and endless embracings. M. de Peyrehorade compared this parting to the Rape of the Sabines. However, we got off at last, and during the journey every one exerted himself to cheer up the bride and make her laugh, but in vain.

At Ille supper awaited us; and *what* a supper! If the morning's coarse revel had shocked me, I was still more disgusted by the quips and jokes which circled round the bride and bridegroom. The bridegroom, who had disappeared for an instant before sitting down to supper, was pale and as chilly as an iceberg. He drank the old wine of Collioure constantly, which is almost as strong as brandy. I was on one side of him, and felt I must warn him:

"Do take care. They say this wine——"

I don't know what silly thing I said to him to show myself in harmony with the merry-makers.

"When they get up from the table I have something to say to you," he whispered, pushing my knee.

His solemn tone surprised me. I looked at him more attentively, and noticed a strange alteration in his features.

"Do you feel ill?" I asked.

"No."

And he began to drink again.

In the meantime, in the midst of cries and clapping hands, a child of eleven, who had slipped under the table, showed to the company a pretty white and rose-coloured ribbon which she had just taken from the bride's ankle. They called it her garter. It was soon cut into bits and distributed among the young people, who decorated their button-holes with it, according to a very old custom which is still preserved in a few patriarchal families. This made the bride blush to the whites of her eyes. But her confusion reached its height when M. de Peyrehorade, after calling for silence, sang some Catalanian verses to her, which he said were impromptus. I give the sense so far as I understood it:

"What is the matter with me, my friends? Has the wine I have taken made me see double? There are two Venuses here——"

The bridegroom turned round suddenly and looked scared, which set everybody laughing.

"Yes," continued M. de Peyrehorade, "there are two Venuses under my roof. One I found in the earth, like a truffle; the other came down to us from the heavens to share her girdle with us."

He meant, of course, her garter.

"My son, choose between the Roman and the Catalanian Venus which you prefer. The rascal takes the Catalanian, the better part, for the Roman is black and the Catalanian is white. The Roman is cold, and the Catalanian sets on fire all who come near her."

This conclusion excited such an uproar of noisy applause and loud laughter that I thought the roof would fall on our heads. There were but three grave faces at the table—those of the wedded pair and mine. I had a splitting headache; for besides, I know not why, a marriage always makes me feel melancholy. This one disgusted me rather, too.

The last couplets were sung by the deputy-mayor, and, I may say, they were very broad; then we went into the salon to witness the departure of the bride, who would soon be conducted to her chamber, as it was nearly midnight.

M. Alphonse drew me aside into the recess of a window, and said, as he turned his eyes away from me:

"You will laugh at me . . . but I do not know what is the matter with me. . . . I am bewitched, devil take it!"

My first thought was that he fancied he was threatened with some misfortune of the nature of those referred to by Montaigne and Madame de Sévigné: "The whole realm of love is filled with tragic stories."

I thought to myself that this kind of mishap only happens to men of genius.

"You have drunk too much Collioure wine, my dear M. Alphonse," I said. "I warned you."

"That may be. But this is something much more terrible."

His voice was broken, and I thought he was quite drunk.

"You know my ring?" he continued, after a pause.

"Yes. Has it been taken?"

"No."

"Therefore you have it?"

"No—I—I could not get it off the finger of that devil of a Venus."

"Nonsense! you did not pull hard enough."

"Yes, I did. . . . But the Venus . . . has clenched her finger."

He looked at me fixedly with a haggard expression, and leant against the framework to keep himself from falling.

"What a ridiculous tale!" I said. "You pushed the ring on too far. To-morrow you must use pincers, only take care not to injure the statue."

"No, I tell you. The finger of Venus has contracted and bent up; she closed her hand, do you hear? . . . She is my wife apparently, because I gave her my ring. . . . She will not give it back."

I shivered suddenly, and for a moment my blood ran cold. Then the deep sigh he gave sent a breath of wine into my face, and all my emotion disappeared.

"The wretched man is completely drunk," I thought.

"You are an antiquarian, monsieur," the bridegroom added in dismal tones; "you know all about such statues. . . . There is perhaps some spring, some devilish catch, I do not know of. If you would go and see."

"Willingly," I said. "Come with me."

"No, I would rather you went by yourself."

So I left the salon.

The weather had changed during supper, and rain began to fall heavily. I was going to ask for an umbrella, when I stopped short and reflected. "I should be a great fool," I said to myself, "to go and verify the tale of a tipsy man! Perhaps, besides, he intended to play some stupid joke on me to amuse the country people; and at the least I should be wet through to the skin and catch a bad cold."

I cast a glance on the dripping statue from the door, and went up to my room without returning to the salon. I went to bed, but sleep was long in coming. All the scenes that had occurred during the day returned to my mind. I thought of that beautiful, innocent young girl given up to a drunken brute. "What a detestable thing," I said to myself, "is a marriage of convenience! A mayor puts on a tricoloured sash, and a priest a stole; and behold, the noblest of girls may be dedicated to the Minotaur. What can two beings who do not love each other say at such a moment, a moment that lovers would buy at the price of life itself? Can a wife ever love a man who she has once discovered is coarse-minded? First impressions can never be obliterated, and I am certain M. Alphonse deserves to be hated."

During my monologue, which I abridge considerably, I had heard much coming and going about the house, doors open and shut, and carriages go away; then I thought I could hear the light steps of several women upon the staircase proceeding to the end of the passage opposite my room. It was probably the procession leading the bride to bed. Then they went downstairs again, and Madame de Peyrehorade's door shut. "How unhappy and strangely ill at ease that poor girl must feel!" I said to myself. I turned over on my bed in a bad temper. A bachelor cuts but a poor figure at a house where there is a wedding going on.

Silence has reigned for a long while, when it was interrupted by heavy steps coming up the stairs. The wooden stairs creaked loudly.

"What a clumsy lout!" I cried. "I bet he will fall down-stairs."

Then all became quiet again. I took up a book to change the current of my thoughts. It was a treatise on the Statistics of the Department, embellished with a preface by M. de Peyrehorade on the "Druidical Monuments of the Arrondissement of Prades." I fell into a doze at the third page.

I slept badly and waked several times. It must have been five in the morning, and I had been awake more than twenty minutes when the cock began to crow. Day had dawned. Then I distinctly heard the same heavy steps and the same creaking of the stairs that I had heard before I went to sleep. It struck me as very strange. I tried amidst my yawning to guess why M. Alphonse should rise so early; I could not think of any reason at all likely. I was going to close my eyes again when my attention was afresh excited by strange trampings, which were soon intermingled with the ringing of bells and the banging of doors, and then I could distinguish confused cries.

The drunken bridegroom must have set fire to the house! And at this reflection I leapt out of bed.

I dressed rapidly and went into the corridor. From the opposite end proceeded cries and wailings, and one piercing cry sounded above all the others—"My son! my son!" Evidently some accident had happened to M. Alphonse. I ran to the bridal chamber; it was full of people. The first sight which met my eyes was the young man, half-dressed, stretched across the bed, the wood of which was broken. He was livid and motionless, and his mother wept and cried by his side. M. de Peyrehorade was busy rubbing his son's temples with eau de Cologne and holding smelling salts under his nose. Alas! his son had been dead a long time. Upon a couch at the other end of the room was the bride in the grip of terrible convulsions. She uttered inarticulate cries, and two strapping servants had the greatest difficulty in holding her down.

"My God!" I exclaimed, "what has happened?"

I went to the bedside and raised the body of the unfortunate young man; he was already cold and stiff. His clenched teeth and black face denoted the most frightful agony. It could be easily seen that his death had been violent and his agony terrible. There was, however, no trace of blood on his clothes. I opened his shirt and found a livid mark on his breast, which extended down his sides and back. One would have thought he had been strangled by a band of iron. My foot stumbled on something hard which was under the rug; I stooped and saw the diamond ring.

I led M. de Peyrehorade and his wife away into their room; then I had the bride carried out.

"You have a daughter left," I said to them; "you must give all your care to her." I then left them to themselves.

There seemed to me no doubt that M. Alphonse had been the victim of an assassination, and the perpetrators must have found some means to get into the bride's room during the night. Those bruises, however, on the chest and the circular direction of them puzzled me much, for neither a stick nor a bar of iron could have produced them. Suddenly I recollected to have heard that in Valence the bravoes use long leather bags full of fine sand to smother people whom they want to kill. Soon, too, I remembered the muleteer from Aragon and his threat, though I could hardly think that he would take such a terrible vengeance on a light jest.

I went into the house and hunted all over for any traces of their having broken into the house, but I found none whatever. I went to the garden to see if the assassins had got in from there, but I could not find any sure indication. Last night's rain had, moreover, so soaked the ground that it would not have retained the clearest imprint. But I noticed, notwithstanding, several deep footmarks in the earth; they were in two contrary directions, but in the same line, beginning at the corner of the hedge next to the tennis ground and ending at the front door to the house. These might have been the footmarks made by M. Alphonse when he went to look for his ring on the statue's finger. On the other side the hedge at that spot was not so thick, and it must have been here that the murderers made their escape. Passing and repassing in front of the statue, I stopped short a second to look at it. I confess that this time I could not look at its expression of ironical wickedness without fear, and my head was so full of the ghastly scenes I had just witnessed that I seemed to be looking at an infernal divinity which gloated over the misfortunes that had fallen on the house.

I regained my room and remained there until noon. Then I went down and asked for news of my host and hostess. They were a little calmer. Mademoiselle de Puygarrig—or, rather, the widow of M. Alphonse—had regained consciousness; she had even spoken to the magistrate of Perpignan, then on a tour of inspection in Ille, and this magistrate had taken down her statement. He asked me for mine. I told him what I knew, and did not conceal my suspicions regarding the muleteer from Aragon. He gave orders for his instant arrest.

"Have you learnt anything from Madame Alphonse?" I asked the magistrate, when my deposition had been taken down and signed.

"That unhappy young lady has gone mad," he said, with a sad smile; "mad, completely mad. See what she told me:

"She had been in bed, she said, for some moments with the curtains drawn, when the bedroom door opened and some one came in. Now Madame Alphonse lay on the side of the bed, with her face turned to the wall. She did not stir, supposing it to be her husband. In a second the bed creaked as though it were burdened with an enormous weight. She was terribly frightened, but dared not turn round. Five minutes, or perhaps ten—she could not tell how long—passed. Then she made an involuntary movement, or else the other person who was in the bed made one, and she felt the touch of something as cold as ice—these are her very words. She sat up in the bed, trembling in every limb. Shortly after the door opened again, and some one entered, who said: 'Good-night, my little wife,' and soon after the curtains were drawn. She heard a stifled cry. The person who was in bed by her side sat up, and seemed to stretch out its arms in front. Then she turned her head round . . . and saw, so she says, her husband on his knees by the bed, with his head as high as the pillow, in the arms of a green-looking giant who was strangling him with all its might. She said—and she repeated it to me over and over twenty times, poor lady!—she said that she recognized . . . can you guess? The bronze statue of Venus belonging to M. de Peyrehorade. . . . Since it came into the country everybody dreams of it, but I will proceed with the story of the unhappy mad girl. She lost consciousness at this sight, and probably for some time her reason. She cannot in any way tell how long she remained in a faint. When she came to she saw the phantom again—or the statue, as she persists in calling it—motionless, its legs and the lower half of the body in the bed, the bust and arms stretched out before it, and between its arms her lifeless husband. A cock crew, and then the statue got out of the bed, dropped the dead body, and went out. Madame Alphonse hung on to the bell, and you know the rest."

They brought in the Spaniard; he was calm, and defended himself with much coolness and presence of mind. He did not attempt to deny the remark I heard; he explained it by pretending that he meant nothing by it, but that on the following day, when he was more rested, he would have won a tennis match against his victor. I remember that he had added:

"A native of Aragon does not wait for his revenge till to-morrow when he is insulted. Had I thought M. Alphonse meant to insult me, I should have immediately stabbed him with my knife to the heart."

His shoes were compared with the footmarks in the garden; but his shoes were much larger than the marks.

Finally, the innkeeper with whom the man had lodged averred that he had spent the whole of that night in rubbing and doctoring one of his sick mules.

Moreover, this man from Aragon was quite noted and well known in the countryside, to which he came annually to trade. He was therefore released with many apologies.

I had forgotten the deposition of a servant who had been the last to see M. Alphonse alive. He saw him go up-stairs to his wife, and the bridegroom had called the man and asked him in an anxious manner if he knew where I was. Then M. Alphonse heaved a sigh, and stood for a moment in silence, adding afterward:

"Well, the devil must have carried him off too!"

I asked this man if M. Alphonse had his diamond ring on when he spoke to him. The servant hesitated before he replied; then he said that he thought not, that at all events it had not attracted his attention. "If he had worn that ring," he added, correcting himself, "I should certainly have noticed it, because I believed that he had given it to Madame Alphonse."

Whilst I interrogated this man I felt a little of the superstitious horror that Madame Alphonse's deposition had spread throughout the house. The magistrate looked at me and smiled, and I refrained from pressing my questions any further.

A few hours after the funeral of M. Alphonse, I prepared to leave Ille. M. de Peyrehorade's carriage was to take me to Perpignan. In spite of his state of feebleness the poor old man must accompany me to the gate of his grounds. He walked to it in silence, hardly able to drag himself along even with the help of my arm. Just as we were parting I cast a last glance at the Venus. I could see plainly that my host, although he did not share the terrors and hatred that his family felt for it, would like to get rid of the object that would ever afterward remind him of a frightful disaster. I resolved to try and persuade him to put it in a museum. I was hesitating to begin the subject when M. de Peyrehorade mechanically turned his head in the direction in which he saw me looking so attentively. He saw the statue, and immediately burst into tears. I embraced him, and, without venturing to say a single word, I stepped into the carriage.

Since my departure I have never learnt that anything was discovered to throw light on this mysterious catastrophe.

M. de Peyrehorade died some montns after his son. He bequeathed me his manuscripts in his will, which some day I may publish. But I have not been able to find the treatise relating to the inscriptions on the Venus.

P. S.—My friend M. de P. has just written to me from Perpignan to tell me that the statue no longer exists. After her husband's death, the first thing Madame de Peyrehorade did was to have it melted down and made into a bell, and in this fresh form it is used in the church at Ille. But, adds M. de P., it would seem that an evil fate pursues those who possess that piece of bronze. Since that bell began to ring in Ille the vines have twice been frost-bitten.

In Three Days

By ROBERT BROWNING

SO, I shall see her in three days
And just one night, but nights are short,
Then two long hours, and that is morn.
See how I come, unchanged, unworn!
Feel, where my life broke off from thine,
How fresh the splinters keep and fine,—
Only a touch and we combine!

Too long, this time of year, the days!
But nights, at least the nights are short.
As night shows where her one moon is,
A hand's-breadth of pure light and bliss,
So life's night gives my lady birth
And my eyes hold her! What is worth
The rest of heaven, the rest of earth?

O loaded curls, release your store
Of warmth and scent, as once before
The tingling hair did, lights and darks
Outbreaking into fairy sparks,
When under curl and curl I pried
After the warmth and scent inside,
Through lights and darks how manifold—
The dark inspired, the light controlled!
As early Art embrowns the gold.

What great fear, should one say, "Three days
That change the world might change as well
Your fortune; and if joy delays,
Be happy that no worse befell!"
What small fear, if another says,
"Three days and one short night beside
May throw no shadow on your ways;
But years must teem with change untried,
With chance not easily defied,
With an end somewhere undescried."
No fear!—or if a fear be born
This minute, it dies out in scorn.
Fear? I shall see her in three days
And one night, now the nights are short,
Then just two hours, and that is morn.

CLIO
THALIE
ERATO
EUTERPE
POLYMNIE
CALLIOPE
TERPSICHORE
URANIE

The Tenth Muse: *Advertisa*

THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED, BUT—

IN MEMORIAM

I will be loading live hogs at Mount Albion Wednesday, April 27.
Fred Robertson. 4-23-3

Charlottetown (P. E. I.) Evening Patriot.

A BARMAID that can speak English and Spanish at once. Apply at the Spanish House Bar, 147 Water Lane.

Kingston (Jamaica, B. W. I.) Daily Gleaner.

WANTED—Experienced ready-to-wear woman in one of the oldest and most exclusive ready-to-wear stores in Parkersburg.

Charleston (W. Va.) Gazette.

YOUNG WOMAN for sandwiches, help on counter. Cedar Lunch, 151 Washington st.

Los Angeles (Cal.) Daily News.

"For Raffle, on June 27, one live white baby. Interested parties apply to the ——— Theatre, Flushing, Queens." *Flushing (N. Y.) Newspaper.*
[*After considerable excitement on the part of the public and the S. P. C. C.—it proved to be a little pig.*]

FORD ton truck, $30; funs good. 219 W. So. Temp. Was. 6757 week days.

Salt Lake City (Utah) Tribune.

STRAYED—One cream cream colored Milch Cow, one slipped horn and short piece of rope around, on May 6. $5 reward for any information as to her whereabout. C. A. Brown, Cullman, R. 4. 19may-1pd

Cullman (Ala.) Tribune.

HAPPINESS AND SUCCESS for all unmarried people. Box 447. Station C, Los Angeles.

Los Angeles (Cal.) Daily News.

Miss Kirby Paramount is now selecting her pajamas and negligées and cordially invites you to shop with her.

Card in New York Department Store.

TO EXCHANGE—Landscape work for dental work, now or in fall.

Kansas City (Mo.) Star.

LOST—Airdale pup with front feet, named Pal. 4495 Winona ct. G. 4620M.

Denver (Colo.) Post.

MAN or woman piano tuner, must be able to run a car, one with some experience taking care of sick, at their home, preferred. Address B., Citizen office. 5 9 tfd.

Winsted (Conn.) Citizen.

WILLIAM M. FISHER
HOUSE AND
WINDOW CLEANING

Spring is Here
How about those dirty widows
Everett 2693-W
15 HENDERSON ST. EVERETT

Everett (Mass.) Herald and Republican.

FOR SALE—RIDGEWOOD—Plot in setting of trees and rocks in most picturesque location on damned stream. Finished lawn and shrubbery. Six minutes to station. 19tf.

Ridgewood (N. J.) paper.

Since I have lost my two best friends I feel like getting clear of my stock and real estate because I must have the money. Next I am too lonesome all alone. If anybody owes me any money I advise them to pay up in a respectable way and I will receipt the bill or else I shall put it in the attorney's hands. I expect to go out of business soon. Remember my clearance sale. If you want maple syrup guaranteed see me. If you have any farm products or hides call on me. I got the best market for farm products. I will buy anything you have on hand.

JACOB METZ
Rockwood.

Gloversville (N. Y.) Morning Herald.

FOR SALE—100 year old laying White Leghorn hens. Mrs. Norton Park, Carman, Ill. B535.

Burlington (N. J.) Gazette.

MATTRESS

You will be ready for a hard day's work after a night of perfect relaxation on this mattress. To-day only. . . . . $800 UP

Newcastle (Ind.) Courier.

GIRL wants to do light house work with a young baby. Call 1117 Richard pl. NW.

Canton (Ohio) Repository.

EPILEPSY—Bottle FREE

Everyday Life.

AMERICAN GENTLEMAN—As housekeeper-companion to elderly lady—widow or business woman; capable of assuming full charge. Tel. Derby 1831-5. *New Haven (Conn.) Register.*

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

I, Margaret Heater, having left my bed and board on account of the unbearable life with my husband, John Heater, I will not be responsible for any debts run by him or his family. (Signed) Margaret Heater.

Dover (N. J.) Advance.

WHY EDITORS LEAVE HOME

All the vacancies in the borough school teachers have been filled.

Tunkhannock (Pa.) Republican and New Age.

However affectionate and endearing their names two Loves have found it impossible to agree and two Kisses couldn't get along, so divorce suits have been filed. Mrs. Alfrieda Love seeks separation from George A. Love, who, she says deserted her. Mrs. Julia Kiss also wants to divorce her husband because of desertion. Both families have one child.

Columbus (Ohio) Ohio State Journal.

The Roseburg fire department responded to fifteen alarms during the month of April, according to Fire Chief James Fletcher. This is one of the heaviest months for fire alarms for several years. The fire loss for the month is estimated at $6,300, which does not include the loss at the W. Cobb place in thirty members and the allowance brooder house with several hundred chicks was destroyed recently. This loss is not included in the report as the property is outside the city limits. As the volunteer firemen are paid $1 for each alarm and $2 where it is necessary to use either water or chemical. As the department has approximately Edenbower, where a chicken is only $75 per month the officers are now busy trying to figure out how to make the ghost walk at the next meeting.

Roseburg (Ore.) News-Review.

Charles Edward Gilkey and Cleo Drillon, both of this city, were married to Justice R. W. Adams Monday afternoon shortly after they had drawn their marriage license from the county recorder.

Boise (Idaho) Capital News.

Lawrence Tibbett again stood forth among the principals by virtue of the swill and power which he brings to the role of King Sadgar.

New York Herald Tribune.

The first annual Short Course which is being held today and tomorrow is going over big. A good group of interested farmers are attending each session today.

If you are not attending you will not be losing your time by doing so.

Sheldon (N. Dak.) Progress.

John Anderson returned to his work on the local N. P. section after a forced lay-off caused by his death. He resumed his duties March 1st. Chet Mulholland was retired.

Buffalo (N. Dak.) Express.

Miss Lottie Whitney and W. B. Civil were married Sunday evening at Fifth avenue Methodist church, the pastor, the Rev. W. C. Martin performing the ceremony which took place at the conclusion of the regular evening service. Mr. and Mrs. Civil will make their home in East Wilmington. At the conclusion of the ceremony the choir sang "Oh what shall the harvest be."

Wilmington (N. C.) Morning Star.

It makes no difference how smart you are the old cow won't back up to you while you are sitting in the shade to be milked.

Topeka (Kan.) Daily Capital.

The still was in operation and the officers captured the plant and four gallons of "firewater" and destroyed a large amount of beer, and also the two men, who offered no resistance.

Troy (N. C.) Herald-Montgomerian.

Miss Adelaide Serina, 73 East 119th Street, who was rescued from the Hudson River last night by Patrolman John Erlich, of the West 100th Street Station, was allowed today to return to her home from Knickerbocker Hospital, where she was treated for submission.

New York Evening Post.

Mme. Nungesser started to ring out with a flood of French, great tears streaming down her cheeks. She didn't understand anything—nothing at all, but the expression on the young Yank's face, but she stepped forward, took him in her arms, pulled his head down on a level with her own rugged, deeply lined visage and killed him again and again.

San Francisco Chronicle.

In this issue of the Herald is the announcement of Lumpkin & Dunn, undertakers, concerning their ew quarters in which the firm is now ready for business next door to Moody's store on Texas avenue.

They claim to have fitted up one of the most up-to-date funeral homes to be found outside the big cities, and extend welcome to the living—as well as the dead—to visit the new establishment and see the splendid service they are now prepared to give.

Mart (Tex.) Herald.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Connoran and Mr. and Mrs. Ray Young of Des Moines are the parents of a baby daughter born last Wednesday.

Indianola (Iowa) Tribune.

Mrs. Isabella Pritchard, 70 years old, testified in the state's dissolution suit against the House of David today that Benjamin Purnell, leader of the colony, offered her $500 "to keep her mouth shut" after her daughters had charged Purnell with mistreating them.

The offer, she said, was made by Ada Ross, acting as Benjamin's emissary, after she had faced the colony leader and accused him.

"I came 6,000 miles from Australia believing you were the seventh messenger and we had found immorality."

Atlanta (Ga.) Tri-Weekly Constitution.

The graduation exercises will be hell this Thursday evening at 8 p. m.

Le Mars (Iowa) paper.

There is a Tavern in the Town

By JAMES STEPHENS

I MET the old gentleman marching solemnly across Cork Hill. There was a tram-car in his immediate rear, a cab in front of him, an outside-car and a bicycle on his right hand, and a dray laden with barrels on his left. The drivers of all these vehicles were entreating him in one voice to stroll elsewhere. He looked around and, observing that matters were complicated, he opened his umbrella, held it over his head, and awaited events with the most admirable fortitude. When I had escorted him to the pavement, and further to his own hostelry, he seized the third button of my waistcoat and spake as follows:—

"It is an admirable example of the wisdom of nature that she has refrained in every case from equipping her creatures with wheels instead of legs, and she might easily have done this. So far as I am aware there are but four methods of progression in nature—these are, flying, swimming, walking and crawling. None of these are performed with a rotary motion, and all are admirably adapted to the people using them, and are sufficiently expeditious to suit their needs.

"There is no doubt that the most primitive of movements is that of crawling, and by this method of progression, one is brought into an intimate contact with the earth which cannot fail to be beneficial. I do not see any real difficulty in the way of our again becoming a race of happy and crawling people. The initial essay towards this end is to shed our arms and legs as useless incumbrances, and then to aim at a stronger growth of jaw and cranium. Among certain organisms it will be found that the jaws are the most immediately useful parts of the body, performing the most varied and delicate functions with the greatest ease. A dog, for example, will, with the one organ, play with a ball, kill a cat, or nip the calf of a Christian, and, when the moon is high, he can make a noise with his mouth which is as loud and quite as melodious as the professional clamour of a ballad-vocalist.

"One of the greatest evils of civilization is the longing for speed, which, within the past hundred years, has developed from a simple vice to a complicated mania. Long ago men were accustomed to use their legs in order to propel themselves forward, and, when greater speed was necessary, they assisted their legs with their hands—this was coeval with, or shortly after, the arboreal age. Next came the hunting epoch, when some person, probably a commercial traveler, dropped off a tree onto a horse's back, and finding the movement pleasant he informed his companions of his adventure and demonstrated to them how it had been performed. It is from this occurrence we may date the degradation of the human race and the industry of horse-stealing. There followed the pastoral age, when nuts were, more or less, abandoned as a food and tillage became general. The necessity for conveying the crops from the field to the camp excited some lazy individual to invent a cart, and, thus, wheels came into use and the doom of humanity as an instinctive and natural race was sealed.

"While we walked on our own legs we were natural and instinctive creatures, open to every impression of nature and able to tell the time without clocks, but when we adopted mechanical methods of progession we became unnatural and mechanical people whizzing restlessly and recklessly from here to yonder, for no purpose save the mere sensual pleasure of movement, and we are at this date simply debauched by travel and have shortened the world to less than one-tenth of its actual size as well as destroyed our abilities for simple and rational enjoyment.

"If we continue using these artificial means of locomotion there is no doubt that the race will become atrophied in the legs, but with extraordinary results. The spectacle of an egg-shaped humanity squatting painfully on engines is not a pleasant one to contemplate, nor is the prospect of a world wherein there will be neither breeches nor boots good for the moralist or economist to dwell upon.

"In order to conserve the happiness of the world every inventor should be squashed in the egg, more particularly those having anything to do with wheels, cogs or levers. The wheel has no counterpart in nature, and is unthinkable to any but a diseased and curious mind. Man will never more be happy until he has broken all the machinery he can find, with a hammer, and has then thrown the hammer into the sea; and then he can, by experiment, become almost as rooted in the earth as a tree or an artesian well. It is a bad thing to have an indefinite horizon. It is a good thing to grow knowing one part of the world as thoroughly as one knows the inside of one's boots. Legs make for nationality, patriotism, and all the virtues which center in locality. Wheels make for diffuseness, imperialisms, cosmopolitanisms. By the use of legs humanity has stalked into manhood. By the use of wheels we are rapidly rolling into a race of commercial travelers, touts, gad-abouts, and members of parliament, folk with the hanging jaws of astonishment avid for curios, and with mental, moral and optical indigestion.

"I believe that the Spanyols and Mandibaloes, two Mongol races inhabiting the countries at the rear of the Great Chow Desert, were the first people to deal largely with wheels. The men of these nations were used, when traveling, to affix two small wheels upon their shoulder blades, and on coming to any slight incline in their path they would curl up their legs, lie on their backs and free-wheel as distantly as the slant of the ground permitted, greatly, no doubt, to the astonishment of less sophisticated people. But, knowing their habits, their enemies were wont to lie in wait at the bottoms of hills and slopes, and when a Spanyol or Mandibaloe came wheeling down a hill with his legs up he was killed before he could regain a less complicated position, or one more fitted for defense or offense. Thus, these races became rapidly extinct, and are now only remembered by the tracks as wide as a man's shoulder-blades which are occasionally found in parts of the post-tertiary formation."

The old gentleman released the third button of my waistcoat which he had held for so long and stepped with me out of the hostel. As it had begun to rain, he carefully folded up his umbrella, tucked it under his arm, and strode rapidly down the street. Some small boys followed him for a little time singing, "We are the boys of Wexford, who fought with heart and hand," but I drove these away.

The Pessimist

(*The Sum of Life*)

By BEN KING

NOTHING to do but work,
  Nothing to eat but food,
Nothing to wear but clothes
  To keep one from going nude.

Nothing to breathe but air,
  Quick as a flash 'tis gone;
Nowhere to fall but off,
  Nowhere to stand but on.

Nothing to comb but hair,
  Nowhere to sleep but in bed,
Nothing to weep but tears,
  Nothing to bury but dead.

Nothing to sing but songs,
  Ah well, alas! alack!
Nowhere to go but out,
  Nowhere to come but back.

Nothing to see but sights,
  Nothing to quench but thirst,
Nothing to have but what we've got;
  Thus thro' life we are cursed.

Nothing to strike but a gait;
  Everything moves that goes.
Nothing at all but common sense
  Can ever withstand these woes.

The Woman of Three Cows

Old Ballad of Munster

Translated from the Irish by James Clarence Mangan

O WOMAN of Three Cows, agragh! don't let your tongue thus rattle!
O don't be saucy, don't be stiff, because you may have cattle.
I have seen—and, here's my hand to you, I only say what's true—
A many a one with twice your stock not half so proud as you.

Good luck to you, don't scorn the poor, and don't be their despiser,
For worldly wealth soon melts away, and cheats the very miser;
And death soon strips the proudest wreath from haughty human brows;
Then don't be stiff, and don't be proud, good Woman of Three Cows!

See where Momonia's heroes lie, proud Owen More's descendants,
'Tis they that won the glorious name, and had the grand attendants!
If *they* were forced to bow to Fate, as every mortal bows,
Can *you* be proud, can *you* be stiff, my Woman of Three Cows?

The brave sons of the Lord of Clare, they left the land to mourning!
Mavrone! for they were banished, with no hope of their returning—
Who knows in what abodes of want those youths were driven to house?
Yet *you* can give yourself these airs, O Woman of Three Cows!

Think of Donnell of the Ships, the chief whom nothing daunted—
See how he fell in distant Spain, unchronicled, unchanted!
He sleeps, the great O'Sullivan, where thunder cannot rouse—
Then ask yourself, should *you* be proud? good Woman of Three Cows!

O'Ruark, Maguire, those souls of fire, whose names are shrined in story—
Think how their high achievements once made Erin's greatest glory—
Yet now their bones lie mould'ring under weeds and cypress boughs,
And so, for all your pride, will yours, O Woman of Three Cows!

Th' O'Carrolls also, famed when fame was only for the boldest,
Rest in forgotten sepulchres with Erin's best and oldest;
Yet who so great as they of yore in battle or carouse?
Just think of that, and hide your head, good Woman of Three Cows!

Your neighbour's poor, and you it seems are big with big ideas,
Because, *inagh!* you've got three cows—one more, I see, than *she* has;
That tongue of yours wags more at times than charity allows,
But, if you're strong, be merciful, great Woman of Three Cows!

THE SUMMING UP

Now, there you go! you still, of course, keep up your scornful bearing;
And I'm too poor to hinder you; but, by the cloak I'm wearing,
If I had but *four* cows myself, e'en though you were my spouse,
I'd thwack you well to cure your pride, my Woman of Three Cows!

The Virginian

By OWEN WISTER

Owen Wister

XVII

SCIPIO MORALIZES

INTO what mood was it that the Virginian now fell? Being less busy, did he begin to "grieve" about the girl on Bear Creek? I only know that after talking so lengthily he fell into a nine days' silence. The talking part of him deeply and unbrokenly slept.

Official words of course came from him as we rode southward from the railroad, gathering the Judge's stray cattle. During the many weeks since the spring round-up, some of these animals had as usual got very far off their range, and getting them on again became the present business of our party.

Directions and commands—whatever communications to his subordinates were needful to the forwarding of this—he duly gave. But routine has never at any time of the world passed for conversation. His utterances, such as, "We'll work Willo' Creek to-morro' mawnin'," or, "I want the wagon to be at the fawks o' Stinkin' Water by Thursday," though on some occasions numerous enough to sound like discourse, never once broke the man's true silence. Seeming to keep easy company with the camp, he yet kept altogether to himself. That talking part of him—the mood which brings out for you your friend's spirit and mind as a free gift or as an exchange—was down in some dark cave of his nature, hidden away. Perhaps it had been dreaming; perhaps completely reposing. The Virginian was one of those rare ones who are able to refresh themselves in sections. To have a thing on his mind did not keep his body from resting. During our recent journey—it felt years ago now!—while our caboose on the freight train had trundled endlessly westward, and the men were on the ragged edge, the very jumping-off place, of mutiny and possible murder, I had seen him sleep like a child. He snatched the moments not necessary for vigil. I had also seen him sit all night watching his responsibility, ready to spring on it and fasten his teeth in it. And now that he had confounded them with their own attempted weapon of ridicule, his powers seemed to be profoundly dormant. That final pitched battle of wits had made the men his captives and admirers—all save Trampas. And of him the Virginian did not seem to be aware.

But Scipio le Moyne would say to me now and then, "If I was Trampas, I'd pull my freight." And once he added, "Pull it kind of casual, yu' know, like I wasn't noticing myself do it."

"Yes," our friend Shorty murmured pregnantly, with his eye upon the quiet Virginian, "he's sure studying his revenge."

"Studying your pussy-cat," said Scipio. "He knows what he'll do. The time ain't arrived." This was the way they felt about it; and not unnaturally this was the way they made me, the inexperienced Easterner, feel about it. That Trampas also felt something about it was easy to know. Like the leaven which leavens the whole lump, one spot of sulkiness in camp will spread its dull flavour through any company that sits near it; and we had to sit near Trampas at meals for nine days.

His sullenness was not wonderful. To feel himself forsaken by his recent adherents, to see them gone over to his enemy, could not have made his reflections pleasant. Why he did not take himself off to other climes—"pull his freight casual," as Scipio said—I can explain only thus: pay was due him—"time," as it was called in cow-land; if he would have this money, he must stay under the Virginian's command until the Judge's ranch on Sunk Creek should be reached; meanwhile, each day's work added to the wages in store for him; and finally, once at Sunk Creek, it would be no more the Virginian who commanded him; it would be the real ranch foreman. At the ranch he would be the Virginian's equal again, both of them taking orders from their officially recognized superior, this foreman. Shorty's word about "revenge" seemed to me like putting the thing backwards. Revenge, as I told Scipio, was what I should be thinking about if I were Trampas.

"He dassent," was Scipio's immediate view. "Not till he's got strong again. He got laughed plumb sick by the bystanders, and whatever spirit he had was broke in the presence of us all. He'll have to recuperate." Scipio then spoke of the Virginian's attitude. "Maybe revenge ain't just the right word for where this affair has got to now with him. When yu' beat another man at his own game like he done to Trampas, why, yu've had all the revenge yu' can want, unless you're a hog. And he's no hog. But he has got it in for Trampas. They've not reckoned to a finish. Would you let a man try such spitework on you and quit thinkin' about him just because yu'd headed him off?" To this I offered his own notion about hogs and being satisfied. "Hogs!" went on Scipio, in a way that dashed my suggestion to pieces; "hogs ain't in the case. He's got to deal with Trampas somehow—man to man. Trampas and him can't stay this way when they get back, and go workin' same as they worked before. No, sir; I've seen his eye twice, and I know he's goin' to reckon to a finish."

I still, in Scipio's opinion, must have been slow to understand, when on the afternoon following this talk I invited him to tell me what sort of "finish" he wanted, after such a finishing as had been dealt Trampas already. Getting "laughed plumb sick by the bystanders" (I borrowed his own not overstated expression) seemed to me a highly final finishing. While I was running my notions off to him, Scipio rose, and, with the frying-pan he had been washing, walked slowly at me.

"I do believe you'd oughtn't to be let travel alone the way you do." He put his face close to mine. His long nose grew eloquent in its shrewdness, while the fire in his bleached blue eye burned with amiable satire. "What has come and gone between them two has only settled the one point he was aimin' to make. He was appointed boss of this outfit in the absence of the regular foreman. Since then all he has been playin' for is to hand back his men to the ranch in as good shape as they'd been handed to him, and without losing any on the road through desertion or shooting or what not. He had to kick his cook off the train that day, and the loss made him sorrowful, I could see. But I'd happened to come along, and he jumped me into the vacancy, and I expect he is pretty near consoled. And as boss of the outfit he beat Trampas, who was settin' up for opposition boss. And the outfit is better than satisfied it come out that way, and they're stayin' with him; and he'll hand them all back in good condition, barrin' that lost cook. So for the present his point is made, yu' see. But look ahead a little. It may not be so very far ahead yu'll have to look. We get back to the ranch. He's not boss there any more. His responsibility is over. He is just one of us again, taking orders from a foreman they tell me has showed partiality to Trampas more'n a few times. Partiality! That's what Trampas is plainly trusting to. Trusting it will fix him all right and fix his enemy all wrong. He'd not otherwise dare to keep sour like he's doing. Partiality! D' yu' think it'll scare off the enemy?" Scipio looked across a little creek to where the Virginian was helping throw the gathered cattle on the bed-ground. "What odds"—he pointed the frying-pan at the Southerner—"d' yu' figure Trampas's being under any foreman's wing will make to a man like him? He's going to remember Mr. Trampas and his spite-work if he's got to tear him out from under the wing, and maybe tear off the wing in the operation. And I am goin' to advise your folks," ended the complete Scipio, "not to leave you travel so much alone—not till you've learned more life."

He had made me feel my inexperience, convinced me of innocence, undoubtedly; and during the final days of our journey I no longer invoked his aid to my reflections upon this especial topic: What would the Virginian do to Trampas? Would it be another intellectual crushing of him, like the frog story, or would there be something this time more material—say muscle, or possibly gunpowder—in it? And was Scipio, after all, infallible? I didn't pretend to understand the Virginian; after several years' knowledge of him he remained utterly beyond me. Scipio's experience was not yet three weeks long. So I let him alone as to all this, discussing with him most other things good and evil in the world, and being convinced of much further innocence; for Scipio's twenty-odd years were indeed a library of life. I have never met a better heart, a shrewder wit, and looser morals, with yet a native sense of decency and duty somewhere, hard and fast enshrined.

But all the while I was wondering about the Virginian: eating with him, sleeping with him (only not so sound as he did), and riding beside him often for many hours.

Experiments in conversation I did make—and failed. One day particularly, while, after a sudden storm of hail had chilled the earth numb and white like winter in fifteen minutes, we sat drying and warming ourselves by a fire that we built, I touched upon that theme of equality on which I knew him to hold opinions as strong as mine. "Oh," he would reply, and "Cert'nly"; and when I asked him what it was in a man that made him a leader of men, he shook his head and puffed his pipe. So then, noticing how the sun had brought the earth in half an hour back from winter to summer again, I spoke of our American climate.

It was a potent drug, I said, for millions to be swallowing every day.

"Yes," said he, wiping the damp from his Winchester rifle.

Our American climate, I said, had worked remarkable changes, at least.

"Yes," he said; and did not ask what they were.

So I had to tell him. "It has made successful politicians of the Irish. That's one. And it has given our whole race the habit of poker."

Bang! went his Winchester. The bullet struck close to my left. I sat up angrily.

"That's the first foolish thing I ever saw you do!" I said.

"Yes," he drawled slowly, "I'd ought to have done it sooner. He was pretty near lively again." And then he picked up a rattlesnake six feet behind me. It had been numbed by the hail, part revived by the sun, and he had shot its head off.

XVIII

"WOULD YOU BE A PARSON?"

After this I gave up my experiments in conversation. So that by the final afternoon of our journey, with Sunk Creek actually in sight, and the great grasshoppers slatting their dry song over the sage-brush, and the time at hand when the Virginian and Trampas would be "man to man," my thoughts rose to a considerable pitch of speculation.

And now that talking part of the Virginian, which had been nine days asleep, gave its first yawn and stretch of waking. Without preface, he suddenly asked me, "Would you be a parson?"

I was mentally so far away that I couldn't get back in time to comprehend or answer before he had repeated:—

"What would yu' take to be a parson?"

He drawled it out in his gentle way, precisely as if no nine days stood between it and our last real intercourse.

"Take?" I was still vaguely moving in my distance. "How?"

His next question brought me home.

"I expect the Pope's is the biggest of them parson jobs?"

It was with an "Oh!" that I now entirely took his idea. "Well, yes; decidedly the biggest."

"Beats the English one? Archbishop—ain't it?—of Canterbury? The Pope comes ahead of him?"

"His Holiness would say so if his Grace did not."

The Virginian turned half in his saddle to see my face—I was, at the moment, riding not quite abreast of him—and I saw the gleam of his teeth beneath his mustache. It was seldom I could make him smile, even to this slight extent. But his eyes, with his next words, grew remote again in their speculation.

"His Holiness and his Grace. Now if I was to hear 'em namin' me that-a-way every mawnin', I'd sca'cely get down to business."

"Oh, you'd get used to the pride of it."

"'Tisn't the pride. The laugh is what would ruin me. 'Twould take 'most all my attention keeping a straight face. The Archbishop"—here he took one of his wide mental turns—"is apt to be a big man in them Shakespeare plays. Kings take talk from him they'd not stand from anybody else; and he talks fine, frequently. About the bees, for instance, when Henry is going to fight France. He tells him a beehive is similar to a kingdom. I learned that piece." The Virginian could not have expected to blush at uttering these last words. He knew that his sudden colour must tell me in whose book it was he had learned the piece. Was not her copy of *Kenilworth* even now in his cherishing pocket? So he now, to cover his blush, very deliberately recited to me the Archbishop's discourse upon bees and their kingdom:—

"'Where some, like magistrates, correct at home....
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
Make loot upon the summer's velvet buds;
Which pillage they with merry march bring home
To the tent-royal of their emperor:
He, busied in his majesty, surveys
The singing masons building roofs of gold.'

"Ain't that a fine description of bees a-workin'? 'The singing masons building roofs of gold!' Puts 'em right before yu', and is poetry without bein' foolish. His Holiness and his Grace. Well, they could not hire me for either o' those positions. How many religions are there?"

"All over the earth?"

"Yu' can begin with ourselves. Right hyeh at home I know there's Romanists, and Episcopals—"

"Two kinds!" I put in. "At least two of Episcopals."

"That's three. Then Methodists and Baptists, and—"

"Three Methodists!"

"Well, you do the countin'."

I accordingly did it, feeling my revolving memory slip cogs all the way round. "Anyhow, there are safely fifteen."

"Fifteen." He held this fact a moment. "And they don't worship a whole heap o' different gods like the ancients did?"

"Oh, no!"

"It's just the same one?"

"The same one."

The Virginian folded his hands over the horn of his saddle, and leaned forward upon them in contemplation of the wide, beautiful landscape. "One God and fifteen religions," was his reflection. "That's a right smart of religions for just one God."

This way of reducing it was, if obvious to him, so novel to me that my laugh evidently struck him as a louder and livelier comment than was required. He turned on me as if I had somehow perverted the spirit of his words.

"I ain't religious. I know that. But I ain't *un*religious. And I know that too."

"So do I know it, my friend."

"Do you think there ought to be fifteen varieties of good people?" His voice, while it now had an edge that could cut anything it came against, was still not raised. "There ain't fifteen. There ain't two. There's one kind. And when I meet it, I respect it. It is not praying nor preaching that has ever caught me and made me ashamed of myself, but one or two people I have knowed that never said a superior word to me. They thought more o' me than I deserved, and that made me behave better than I naturally wanted to. Made me quit a girl oncet, in time for her not to lose her good name. And so that's one thing I have never done. And if ever I was to have a son or somebody I set store by, I would wish their lot to be to know one or two good folks mighty well—men or women—women preferred."

He had looked away again to the hills behind Sunk Creek ranch, to which our walking horses had now almost brought us.

"As for parsons"—the gesture of his arm was a disclaiming one—"I reckon some parsons have a right to tell yu' to be good. The bishop of this hyeh Territory has a right. But I'll tell yu' this: a middlin' doctor is a pore thing, and a middlin' lawyer is a pore thing; but keep me from a middlin' man of God."

Once again he had reduced it, but I did not laugh this time. I thought there should in truth be heavy damages for malpractice on human souls. But the hot glow of his words, and the vision of his deepest inner man it revealed, faded away abruptly.

"What do yu' make of the proposition yondeh?" As he pointed to the cause of this question he had become again his daily, engaging, saturnine self.

Then I saw over in a fenced meadow, to which we were now close, what he was pleased to call "the proposition." Proposition in the West does, in fact, mean whatever you at the moment please,—an offer to sell you a mine, a cloud-burst, a glass of whiskey, a steamboat. This time it meant a stranger clad in black, and of a clerical deportment which would in that atmosphere and to a watchful eye be visible for a mile or two.

"I reckoned yu' hadn't noticed him," was the Virginian's reply to my ejaculation. "Yes. He set me goin' on the subject a while back. I expect he is another missionary to us pore cow-boys."

I seemed from a hundred yards to feel the stranger's forceful personality. It was in his walk—I should better say stalk—as he promenaded along the creek. His hands were behind his back, and there was an air of waiting, of displeased waiting, in his movement.

"Yes, he'll be a missionary," said the Virginian conclusively; and he took to singing, or rather to whining, with his head tilted at an absurd angle upward at the sky:—

"'Dar is a big Car'lina nigger,
About de size of dis chile or p'raps a little bigger,
By de name of Jim Crow.
Dat what de white foks call him.
If ever I sees him I 'tend for to maul him,
Just to let de white foks see
Such an animos as he
Can't walk around the streets and scandalize me.'"

The lane which was conducting us to the group of ranch buildings now turned a corner of the meadow, and the Virginian went on with his second verse:—

"'Great big fool, he hasn't any knowledge.
Gosh! how could he, when he's never been to scollege?
Neither has I.
But I'se come mighty nigh;
I peaked through de door as I went by.'"

He was beginning a third stanza, but stopped short; a horse had neighed close behind us.

"Trampas," said he, without turning his head, "we are home."

"It looks that way." Some ten yards were between ourselves and Trampas, where he followed.

"And I'll trouble yu' for my rope yu' took this mawnin' instead o' your own."

"I don't know as it's your rope I've got." Trampas skilfully spoke this so that a precisely opposite meaning flowed from his words.

If it was discussion he tried for, he failed. The Virginian's hand moved, and for one thick, flashing moment my thoughts were evidently also the thoughts of Trampas. But the Virginian only held out to Trampas the rope which he had detached from his saddle.

"Take your hand off your gun, Trampas. If I had wanted to kill yu' you'd be lying nine days back on the road now. Here's your rope. Did yu' expect I'd not know it? It's the only one in camp the stiffness ain't all drug out of yet. Or maybe yu' expected me to notice and—not take notice?"

"I don't spend my time in expectations about you. If——"

The Virginian wheeled his horse across the road. "Yu're talkin' too soon after reachin' safety, Trampas. I didn't tell yu' to hand me that rope this mawnin', because I was busy. I ain't foreman now; and I want that rope."

Trampas produced a smile as skilful as his voice. "Well, I guess your having mine proves this one is yours." He rode up and received the coil which the Virginian held out, unloosing the disputed one on his saddle. If he had meant to devise a slippery, evasive insult, no small trick in cow-land could be more offensive than this taking another man's rope. And it is the small tricks which lead to the big bullets. Trampas put a smooth coating of plausibility over the whole transaction. "After the rope corral we had to make this morning"—his tone was mock explanatory—"the ropes was all strewed round camp, and in the hustle I——"

"Pardon me," said a sonorous voice behind us, "do you happen to have seen Judge Henry?" It was the reverend gentleman in his meadow, come to the fence. As we turned round to him he spoke on, with much rotund authority in his eye. "From his answer to my letter, Judge Henry undoubtedly expects me here. I have arrived from Fetterman according to my plan which I announced to him, to find that he has been absent all day—absent the whole day."

The Virginian sat sidewise to talk, one long, straight leg supporting him on one stirrup, the other bent at ease, the boot half lifted from its dangling stirrup. He made himself the perfection of courtesy. "The Judge is frequently absent all night, seh."

"Scarcely to-night, I think. I thought you might know something about him."

"I have been absent myself, seh."

"Ah! On a vacation, perhaps?" The divine had a ruddy face. His strong glance was straight and frank and fearless; but his smile too much reminded me of days bygone, when we used to return to school from the Christmas holidays, and the masters would shake our hands and welcome us with: "Robert, John, Edward, glad to see you all looking so well! Rested, and ready for hard work, I'm sure!"

That smile does not really please even good, tame little boys; and the Virginian was nearing thirty.

"It has not been vacation this trip, seh," said he, settling straight in his saddle. "There's the Judge driving in now, in time for all questions yu' have to ask him."

His horse took a step, but was stopped short. There lay the Virginian's rope on the ground. I had been aware of Trampas's quite proper departure during the talk; and as he was leaving, I seemed also to be aware of his placing the coil across the cantle of its owner's saddle. Had he intended it to fall and have to be picked up? It was another evasive little business, and quite successful, if designed to nag the owner of the rope. A few hundred yards ahead of us Trampas was now shouting loud cow-boy shouts. Were they to announce his return to those at home, or did they mean derision? The Virginian leaned, keeping his seat, and, swinging down his arm, caught up the rope, and hung it on his saddle somewhat carefully. But the hue of rage spread over his face.

From his fence the divine now spoke, in approbation, but with another strong, cheerless smile. "You pick up that rope as if you were well trained to it."

"It's part of our business, seh, and we try to mind it like the rest." But this, stated in a gentle drawl, did not pierce the missionary's armour; his superiority was very thick.

We now rode on, and I was impressed by the reverend gentleman's robust, dictatorial back as he proceeded by a short cut through the meadow to the ranch. You could take him for nothing but a vigorous, sincere, dominating man, full of the highest purpose. But whatever his creed, I already doubted if he were the right one to sow it and make it grow in these new, wild fields. He seemed more the sort of gardener to keep old walks and vines pruned in their antique rigidity. I admired him for coming all this way with his clean, short, gray whiskers and his black, well-brushed suit. And he made me think of a powerful locomotive stuck puffing on a grade.

Meanwhile, the Virginian rode beside me, so silent in his volcanic wrath that I did not perceive it. The missionary coming on top of Trampas had been more than he could stand. But I did not know, and I spoke with innocent cheeriness.

"Is the parson going to save us?" I asked; and I fairly jumped at his voice:——

"Don't talk so much!" he burst out. I had got the whole accumulation!

"Who's been talking?" I in equal anger screeched back. "I'm not trying to save you. I didn't take your rope." And having poured this out, I whipped up my pony.

But he spurred his own alongside of me; and glancing at him, I saw that he was now convulsed with internal mirth. I therefore drew down to a walk, and he straightened into gravity.

"I'm right obliged to yu'," he laid his hand in its buckskin gauntlet upon my horse's mane as he spoke, "for bringing me back out o' my nonsense. I'll be as serene as a bird now—whatever they do. A man," he stated reflectively, "any full-sized man, ought to own a big lot of temper. And like all his valuable possessions, he'd ought to keep it and not lose any." This was his full apology. "As for salvation, I have got this far: somebody," he swept an arm at the sunset and the mountains, "must have made all that, I know. But I know one more thing I would tell Him to His face: if I can't do nothing long enough and good enough to earn eternal happiness, I can't do nothing long enough and bad enough to be damned. I reckon He plays a square game with us if He plays at all, and I ain't bothering my haid about other worlds."

As we reached the stables, he had become the serene bird he promised, and was sentimentally continuing:—

"'De sun is made of mud from de bottom of de river;
De moon is made o' fox-fire, as you might disciver;
De stars like de ladies' eyes,
All round de world dey flies,
To give a little light when de moon don't rise.'"

If words were meant to conceal our thoughts, melody is perhaps a still thicker veil for them. Whatever temper he had lost, he had certainly found again; but this all the more fitted him to deal with Trampas, when the dealing should begin. I had half a mind to speak to the Judge, only it seemed beyond a mere visitor's business. Our missionary was at this moment himself speaking to Judge Henry at the door of the home ranch.

"I reckon he's explaining he has been a-waiting." The Virginian was throwing his saddle off as I loosened the cinches of mine. "And the Judge don't look like he was hopelessly distressed."

I now surveyed the distant parley, and the Judge, from the wagonful of guests whom he had evidently been driving upon a day's excursion, waved me a welcome, which I waved back. "He's got Miss Molly Wood there!" I exclaimed.

"Yes." The Virginian was brief about this fact. "I'll look afteh your saddle. You go and get acquainted with the company."

This favour I accepted; it was the means he chose for saying he hoped, after our recent boiling over, that all was now more than right between us. So for the while I left him to his horses, and his corrals, and his Trampas, and his foreman, and his imminent problem.

XIX

DR. MAC BRIDE BEGS PARDON

JUDGE and Mrs. Henry, Molly Wood, and two strangers, a lady and a gentleman, were the party which had been driving in the large three-seated wagon. They had seemed a merry party. But as I came within hearing of their talk, it was a fragment of the minister's sonority which reached me first:—

". . . more opportunity for them to have the benefit of hearing frequent sermons," was the sentence I heard him bring to completion.

"Yes, to be sure, sir." Judge Henry gave me (it almost seemed) additional warmth of welcome for arriving to break up the present discourse. "Let me introduce you to the Rev. Dr. Alexander MacBride. Doctor, another guest we have been hoping for about this time," was my host's cordial explanation to him of me. There remained the gentleman with his wife from New York, and to these I made my final bows. But I had not broken up the discourse.

"We may be said to have met already." Dr. MacBride had fixed upon me his full, mastering eye; and it occurred to me that if they had policemen in heaven, he would be at least a centurion in the force. But he did not mean to be unpleasant; it was only that in a mind full of matters less worldly, pleasure was left out. "I observed your friend was a skilful horseman," he continued. "I was saying to Judge Henry that I could wish such skilful horsemen might ride to a church upon the Sabbath. A church, that is, of right doctrine, where they would have opportunity to hear frequent sermons."

"Yes," said Judge Henry, "yes. It would be a good thing."

Mrs. Henry, with some murmur about the kitchen, here went into the house.

"I was informed," Dr. MacBride held the rest of us, "before undertaking my journey, that I should find a desolate and mainly godless country. But nobody gave me to understand that from Medicine Bow I was to drive three hundred miles and pass no church of any faith."

The Judge explained that there had been a few a long way to the right and left of him. "Still," he conceded, "you are quite right. But don't forget that this is the newest part of a new world."

"Judge," said his wife, coming to the door, "how can you keep them standing in the dust with your talking?"

This most efficiently did break up the discourse. As our little party, with the smiles and the polite holdings back of new acquaintanceship, moved into the house, the Judge detained me behind all of them long enough to whisper dolorously, "He's going to stay a whole week."

I had hopes that he would not stay a whole week when I presently learned of the crowded arrangements which our hosts, with many hospitable apologies, disclosed to us. They were delighted to have us, but they hadn't foreseen that we should all be simultaneous. The foreman's house had been prepared for two of us, and did we mind? The two of us were Dr. MacBride and myself; and I expected him to mind. But I wronged him grossly. It would be much better, he assured Mrs. Henry, than straw in a stable, which he had tried several times, and was quite ready for. So I saw that though he kept his vigorous body clean when he could, he cared nothing for it in the face of his mission. How the foreman and his wife relished being turned out during a week for a missionary and myself was not my concern, although while he and I made ready for supper over there, it struck me as hard on them. The room with its two cots and furniture was as nice as possible; and we closed the door upon the adjoining room, which, however, seemed also untenanted.

Mrs. Henry gave us a meal so good that I have remembered it, and her husband the Judge strove his best that we should eat it in merriment. He poured out his anecdotes like wine, and we should have quickly warmed to them; but Dr. MacBride sat among us, giving occasional heavy "ha-ha's," which produced, as Miss Molly Wood whispered to me, a "dreadfully cavernous effect." Was it his sermon, we wondered, that he was thinking over? I told her of the copious sheaf of them I had seen him pull from his wallet over at the foreman's. "Goodness!" said she. "Then are we to hear one every evening?" This I doubted; he had probably been picking one out suitable for the occasion. "Putting his best foot foremost," was her comment; "I suppose they have best feet, like the rest of us." Then she grew delightfully sharp. "Do you know, when I first heard him I thought his voice was hearty. But if you listen, you'll find it's merely militant. He never really meets you with it. He's off on his hill watching the battle-field the whole time."

"He will find a hardened pagan here."

"Judge Henry?"

"Oh, no! The wild man you're taming. He's brought you *Kenilworth* safe back."

She was smooth. "Oh, as for taming him! But don't you find him intelligent?"

Suddenly I somehow knew that she didn't want to tame him. But what did she want to do? The thought of her had made him blush this afternoon. No thought of him made her blush this evening.

A great laugh from the rest of the company made me aware that the Judge had consummated his tale of the "Sole Survivor."

"And so," he finished, "they all went off as mad as hops because it hadn't been a massacre." Mr. and Mrs. Ogden—they were the New Yorkers—gave this story much applause, and Dr. MacBride half a minute later laid his "ha-ha," like a heavy stone, upon the gayety.

"I'll never be able to stand seven sermons," said Miss Wood to me.

"Talking of massacres,"—I now hastened to address the already saddened table,—"I have recently escaped one myself."

The Judge had come to an end of his powers. "Oh, tell us!" he implored.

"Seriously, sir, I think we grazed pretty wet tragedy; but your extraordinary man brought us out into comedy safe and dry."

This gave me their attention; and, from that afternoon in Dakota when I had first stepped aboard the caboose, I told them the whole tale of my experience: how I grew immediately aware that all was not right, by the Virginian's kicking the cook off the train; how, as we journeyed, the dark bubble of mutiny swelled hourly beneath my eyes; and how, when it was threatening I know not what explosion, the Virginian had pricked it with humour, so that it burst in nothing but harmless laughter.

Their eyes followed my narrative: the New Yorkers, because such events do not happen upon the shores of the Hudson; Mrs. Henry, because she was my hostess; Miss Wood followed for whatever her reasons were—I couldn't see her eyes; rather, I *felt* her listening intently to the deeds and dangers of the man she didn't care to tame. But it was the eyes of the Judge and the missionary which I saw riveted upon me indeed until the end; and they forthwith made plain their quite dissimilar opinions.

Judge Henry struck the table lightly with his fist. "I knew it!" And he leaned back in his chair with a face of contentment. He had trusted his man, and his man had proved worthy.

"Pardon me." Dr. MacBride had a manner of saying "pardon me," which rendered forgiveness well-nigh impossible. The Judge waited for him.

"Am I to understand that these—a—cowboys attempted to mutiny, and were discouraged in this attempt upon finding themselves less skilful at lying than the man they had plotted to depose?"

I began an answer. "It was other qualities, sir, that happened to be revealed and asserted by what you call his lying that——"

"And what am I to call it, if it is not lying? A competition in deceit in which, I admit, he outdid them."

"It's their way to——"

"Pardon me. Their way to lie? They bow down to the greatest in this?"

"Oh," said Miss Wood in my ear, "give him up."

The Judge took a turn. "We-ell, Doctor—" He seemed to stick here.

Mr. Ogden handsomely assisted him. "You've said the word yourself, Doctor. It's the competition, don't you see? The trial of strength by no matter what test."

"Yes," said Miss Wood, unexpectedly. "And it wasn't that George Washington couldn't tell a lie. He just wouldn't. I'm sure if he'd undertaken to he'd have told a much better one than Cornwallis."

"Ha-ha, madam! You draw an ingenious subtlety from your books."

"It's all plain to me," Ogden pursued. "The men were morose. This foreman was in the minority. He cajoled them into a bout of tall stories, and told the tallest himself. And when they found they had swallowed it whole—well, it would certainly take the starch out of me," he concluded. "I couldn't be a serious mutineer after that."

Dr. MacBride now sounded his strongest bass. "Pardon me. I cannot accept such a view, sir. There is a levity abroad in our land which I must deplore. No matter how leniently you may try to put it, in the end we have the spectacle of a struggle between men where lying decides the survival of the fittest. Better, far better, if it was to come, that they had shot honest bullets. There are worse evils than war."

The Doctor's eye glared righteously about him. None of us, I think, trembled; or, if we did, it was with emotions other than fear. Mrs. Henry at once introduced the subject of trout-fishing, and thus happily removed us from the edge of whatever sort of precipice we seemed to have approached; for Dr. MacBride had brought his rod. He dilated upon this sport with fervour, and we assured him that the streams upon the west slope of the Bow Leg Mountains would afford him plenty of it. Thus we ended our meal in carefully preserved amity.

XX

THE JUDGE IGNORES PARTICULARS

“Do you often have these visitations?” Ogden inquired of Judge Henry. Our host was giving us whiskey in his office; and Dr. MacBride, while we smoked apart from the ladies, had repaired to his quarters in the foreman's house previous to the service which he was shortly to hold.

The Judge laughed. “They come now and then through the year. I like the bishop to come. And the men always like it. But I fear our friend will scarcely please them so well.”

“You don't mean they'll——”

“Oh, no. They'll keep quiet. The fact is, they have a good deal better manners than he has, if he only knew it. They'll be able to bear him. But as for any good he'll do——”

“I doubt if he knows a word of science,” said I, musing about the Doctor.

“Science! He doesn't know what Christianity is yet. I've entertained many guests, but none— The whole secret,” broke off Judge Henry, “lies in the way you treat people. As soon as you treat men as your brothers, they are ready to acknowledge you—if you deserve it—as their superior. That's the whole bottom of Christianity, and that's what our missionary will never know.”

There was a somewhat heavy knock at the office door, and I think we all feared it was Dr. MacBride. But when the Judge opened, the Virginian was standing there in the darkness.

“So!” The Judge opened the door wide. He was very hearty to the man he had trusted. “You're back at last.”

“I came to repawt.”

While they shook hands, Ogden nudged me. “That the fellow?” I nodded. “Fellow who kicked the cook off the train?” I again nodded, and he looked at the Virginian, his eye and his stature.

Judge Henry, properly democratic, now introduced him to Ogden.

The New Yorker also meant to be properly democratic. “You're the man I've been hearing such a lot about.”

But familiarity is not equality. “Then I expect yu' have the advantage of me, seh,” said the Virginian, very politely. “Shall I repawt to-morro'?” His grave eyes were on the Judge again. Of me he had taken no notice; he had come as an employee to see his employer.

“Yes, yes; I'll want to hear about the cattle to-morrow. But step inside a moment now. There's a matter—” The Virginian stepped inside, and took off his hat. “Sit down. You had trouble—I've heard something about it,” the Judge went on.

The Virginian sat down, grave and graceful. But he held the brim of his hat all the while. He looked at Ogden and me, and then back at his employer. There was reluctance in his eye. I wondered if his employer could be going to make him tell his own exploits in the presence of us outsiders; and there came into my memory the Bengal tiger at a trained-animal show I had once seen.

“You had some trouble,” repeated the Judge.

“Well, there was a time when they maybe wanted to have notions. They're good boys.” And he smiled a very little.

Contentment increased in the Judge's face. “Trampas a good boy, too?”

But this time the Bengal tiger did not smile. He sat with his eye fastened on his employer.

The Judge passed rather quickly on to his next point. “You've brought them all back, though, I understand, safe and sound, without a scratch?”

The Virginian looked down at his hat, then up again at the Judge, mildly. “I had to part with my cook.”

There was no use; Ogden and myself exploded. Even upon the embarrassed Virginian a large grin slowly forced itself. “I guess yu' know about it,” he murmured. And he looked at me with a sort of reproach. He knew it was I who had told tales out of school.

“I only want to say,” said Ogden, conciliatingly, “that I know I couldn't have handled those men.”

The Virginian relented. “Yu' never tried, seh.”

The Judge had remained serious; but he showed himself plainly more and more contented. “Quite right,” he said. “You had to part with your cook. When I put a man in charge, I put him in charge. I don't make particulars my business. They're to be always his. Do you understand?”

“Thank yu'.” The Virginian understood

that his employer was praising his management of the expedition. But I don't think he at all discerned—as I did presently—that his employer had just been putting him to a further test, had laid before him the temptation of complaining of a fellow workman and blowing his own trumpet, and was delighted with his reticence. He made a movement to rise.

"I haven't finished," said the Judge. "I was coming to the matter. There's one particular—since I do happen to have been told. I fancy Trampas has learned something he didn't expect."

This time the Virginian evidently did not understand, any more than I did. One hand played with his hat, mechanically turning it round.

The Judge explained. "I mean about Roberts."

A pulse of triumph shot over the Southerner's face, turning it savage for that fleeting instant. He understood now, and was unable to suppress this much answer. But he was silent.

"You see," the Judge explained to me, "I was obliged to let Roberts, my old foreman, go last week. His wife could not have stood another winter here, and a good position was offered to him near Los Angeles."

I did see. I saw a number of things. I saw why the foreman's house had been empty to receive Dr. MacBride and me. And I saw that the Judge had been very clever indeed. For I had abstained from telling any tales about the present feeling between Trampas and the Virginian; but he had divined it. Well enough for him to say that "particulars" were something he let alone; he evidently kept a deep eye on the undercurrents at his ranch. He knew that in Roberts, Trampas had lost a powerful friend. And this was what I most saw, this final fact, that Trampas had no longer any intervening shield. He and the Virginian stood indeed man to man.

"And so," the Judge continued speaking to me, "here I am at a very inconvenient time without a foreman. Unless," I caught the twinkle in his eyes before he turned to the Virginian, "unless you're willing to take the position yourself. Will you?"

I saw the Southerner's hand grip his hat as he was turning it round. He held it still now, and his other hand found it and gradually crumpled the soft crown in. It meant everything to him: recognition, higher station, better fortune, a separate house of his own, and—perhaps—one step nearer to the woman he wanted. I don't know what words he might have said to the Judge had they been alone, but the Judge had chosen to do it in our presence, the whole thing from beginning to end. The Virginian sat with the damp coming out on his forehead, and his eyes dropped from his employer's.

"Thank yu'," was what he managed at last to say.

"Well, now, I'm greatly relieved!" exclaimed the Judge, rising at once. He spoke with haste, and lightly. "That's excellent. I was in something of a hole," he said to Ogden and me; "and this gives me one thing less to think of. Saves me a lot of particulars," he jocosely added to the Virginian, who was now also standing up. "Begin right off. Leave the bunk house. The gentlemen won't mind your sleeping in your own house."

Thus he dismissed his new foreman gayly. But the new foreman, when he got outside turned back for one gruff word,—"I'll try to please yu'." That was all. He was gone in the darkness. But there was light enough for me, looking after him, to see him lay his hand on a shoulder-high gate and vault it as if he had been the wind. Sounds of cheering came to us a few moments later from the bunk house. Evidently he had "begun right away," as the Judge had directed. He had told his fortune to his brother cow-punchers, and this was their answer.

"I wonder if Trampas is shouting too?" inquired Ogden.

"Hm!" said the Judge. "That is one of the particulars I wash my hands of."

I knew that he entirely meant it. I knew, once his decision taken of appointing the Virginian his lieutenant for good and all, that, like a wise commander-in-chief, he would trust his lieutenant to take care of his own business.

"Well," Ogden pursued with interest, "haven't you landed Trampas plump at his mercy?"

The phrase tickled the Judge. "That is where I've landed him!" he declared. "And here is Dr. MacBride."

XXI

IN A STATE OF SIN

THUNDER sat imminent upon the missionary's brow. Many were to be at his mercy soon. But for us he had sunshine still.

"I am truly sorry to be turning you upside down," he said importantly. "But it seems the best place for my service." He spoke of the tables pushed back and the chairs gathered in the hall, where the storm would presently break upon the congregation. "Eight-thirty?" he inquired.

This was the hour appointed, and it was only twenty minutes off. We threw the unsmoked fractions of our cigars away, and returned to offer our services to the ladies. This amused the ladies. They had done without us. All was ready in the hall.

"We got the cook to help us," Mrs. Ogden told me, "so as not to disturb your cigars. In spite of the cow-boys, I still recognize my own country."

"In the cook?" I rather densely asked.

"Oh, no! I don't have a Chinaman. It's in the length of after-dinner cigars."

"Had you been smoking," I returned, "you would have found them short this evening."

"You make it worse," said the lady; "we have had nothing but Dr. MacBride."

"We'll share him with you now," I exclaimed.

"Has he announced his text? I've got one for him," said Molly Wood, joining us. She stood on tiptoe and spoke it comically in our ears. "'I said in my haste, All men are liars.'" This made us merry as we stood among the chairs in the congested hall.

I left the ladies, and sought the bunk house. I had heard the cheers, but I was curious also to see the men, and how they were taking it. There was but little for the eye. There was much noise in the room. They were getting ready to come to church,—brushing their hair, shaving, and making themselves clean, amid talk occasionally profane and continuously diverting.

"Well, I'm a Christian, anyway," one declared.

"I'm a Mormon, I guess," said another.

"I belong to the Knights of Pythias," said a third.

"I'm a Mohammedist," said a fourth; "I hope I ain't goin' to hear nothin' to shock me."

And they went on with their joking. But Trampas was out of the joking. He lay on his bed reading a newspaper, and took no pains to look pleasant. My eyes were considering him when the blithe Scipio came in.

"Don't look so bashful," said he. "There's only us girls here."

He had been helping the Virginian move his belongings from the bunk house over to the foreman's cabin. He himself was to occupy the Virginian's old bed here. "And I hope sleepin' in it will bring me some of his luck," said Scipio. "Yu'd ought to've seen us when he told us in his quiet way. Well," Scipio sighed a little, "it must feel good to have your friends glad about you."

"Especially Trampas," said I. "The Judge knows about that," I added.

"Knows, does he? What's he say?" Scipio drew me quickly out of the bunk house.

"Says it's no business of his."

"Said nothing but that?" Scipio's curiosity seemed strangely intense. "Made no suggestion? Not a thing?"

"Not a thing. Said he didn't want to know and didn't care."

"How did he happen to hear about it?" snapped Scipio. "You told him!" he immediately guessed. "*He* never would." And Scipio jerked his thumb at the Virginian, who appeared for a moment in the lighted window of the new quarters he was arranging. "He never would tell," Scipio repeated. "And so the Judge never made a suggestion to him," he muttered, nodding in the darkness. "So it's just his own notion. Just like him, too, come to think of it. Only I didn't expect—well, I guess he could surprise me any day he tried."

"You're surprising me now," I said. "What's it all about?"

"Oh, him and Trampas."

"What? Nothing surely happened yet?" I was as curious as Scipio had been.

"No, not yet. But there will."

"Great Heavens, man! when?"

"Just as soon as Trampas makes the first move," Scipio replied easily.

I became dignified. Scipio had evidently been told things by the Virginian.

"Yes, I up and asked him plumb out," Scipio answered. "I was liftin' his trunk in at the door, and I couldn't stand it no longer, and I asked him plumb out. 'Yu've sure got Trampas where yu' want him.' That's what I said. And he up and answered and told me. So I know." At this point Scipio stopped; I was not to know.

"I had no idea," I said, "that your system held so much meanness."

"Oh, it ain't meanness!" And he laughed ecstatically.

"What do you call it, then?"

"He'd call it discretion," said Scipio. Then he became serious. "It's too blamed grand to tell yu'. I'll leave yu' to see it happen. Keep around, that's all. Keep around. I pretty near wish I didn't know it myself."

What with my feelings at Scipio's discretion, and my human curiosity, I was not in that mood which best profits from a sermon. Yet even though my expectations had been cruelly left quivering in mid-air, I was not sure how much I really wanted to "keep around." You will therefore understand how Dr. MacBride was able to make a prayer and to read Scripture without my being conscious of a word that he had uttered. It was when I saw him opening the manuscript of his sermon that I suddenly remembered I was sitting, so to speak, in church, and began once more to think of the preacher and his congregation. Our chairs were in the front line, of course; but, being next the wall, I could easily see the cow-boys behind me. They were perfectly decorous. If Mrs. Ogden had looked for pistols, dare-devil attitudes, and so forth, she must have been greatly disappointed. Except for their weather-beaten cheeks and eyes, they were simply American young men with mustaches and without, and might have been sitting, say, in Danbury, Connecticut. Even Trampas merged quietly with the general placidity. The Virginian did not, to be sure, look lik. Danbury, and his frame and his features showed out of the mass; but his eyes were upon Dr. MacBride with a creamlike propriety.

Our missionary did not choose Miss Wood's text. He made his selection from another of the Psalms, and when it came, I did not dare to look at anybody; I was much nearer unseemly conduct than the cow-boys. Dr. MacBride gave us his text sonorously, "'They are altogether become filthy; There is none of them that doeth good, no, not one.'" His eye showed us plainly that present company was not excepted from this. He repeated the text once more, then, launching upon his discourse, gave none of us a ray of hope.

I had heard it all often before; but preached to cow-boys it took on a new glare of untimeliness, of grotesque obsoleteness—as if some one should say, "Let me persuade you to admire woman," and forthwith hold out her bleached bones to you. The cow-boys were told that not only they could do no good, but that if they did contrive to, it would not help them. Nay, more: not only honest deeds availed them nothing, but even if they accepted this especial creed which was being explained to them as necessary for salvation, still it might not save them. Their sin was indeed the cause of their damnation, yet, keeping from sin, they might nevertheless be lost. It had all been settled for them not only before they were born, but before Adam was shaped. Having told them this, he invited them to glorify the Creator of the scheme. Even if damned, they must praise the person who had made them expressly for damnation. That is what I heard him prove by logic to these cow-boys. Stone upon stone he built the black cellar of his theology, leaving out its beautiful park and the sunshine of its garden. He did not tell them the splendour of its past, the noble fortress for good that it had been, how its tonic had strengthened generations of their fathers. No; wrath he spoke of, and never once of love. It was the bishop's way, I knew well, to hold cow-boys by homely talk of their special hardships and temptations. And when they fell he spoke to them of forgiveness and brought them encouragement. But Dr. MacBride never thought once of the lives of these waifs. Like himself, like all mankind, they were invisible dots in creation; like him, they were to feel as nothing, to be swept up in the potent heat of his faith. So he thrust out to them none of the sweet but all the bitter of his creed, naked and stern as iron. Dogma was his all in all, and poor humanity was nothing but flesh for its canons.

Thus to kill what chance he had for being of use seemed to me more deplorable than it did evidently to them. Their attention merely wandered. Three hundred years ago they would have been frightened; but not in this electric day. I saw Scipio stifling a smile when it came to the doctrine of original sin. "We know of its truth," said Dr. MacBride, "from the severe troubles and distresses to which infants are liable, and from death passing upon them before they are capable of sinning." Yet I knew he was a good man; and I also knew that if a missionary is to be tactless he might almost as well be bad.

I said their attention wandered, but I forgot the Virginian. At first his attitude might have been mere propriety. One can look respectfully at a preacher and be internally breaking all the commandments. But even with the text I saw real attention light in the Virginian's eye. And keeping track of the concentration that grew on him with each minute made the sermon short for me. He missed nothing. Before the end his gaze at the preacher had become swerveless. Was he convert or critic?

Convert was incredible. Thus was an hour passed before I had thought of time.

When it was over we took it variously. The preacher was genial and spoke of having now broken ground for the lessons that he hoped to instil. He discoursed for a while about trout-fishing and about the rumoured uneasiness of the Indians northward where he was going. It was plain that his personal safety never gave him a thought. He soon bade us good-night. The Ogdens shrugged their shoulders and were amused. That was their way of taking it. Dr. MacBride sat too heavily on the Judge's shoulders for him to shrug them. As a leading citizen in the Territory he kept open house for all comers. Policy and good-nature made him bid welcome a wide variety of travelers. The cow-boy out of employment found bed and a meal for himself and his horse, and missionaries had before now been well received at Sunk Creek Ranch.

"I suppose I'll have to take him fishing," said the Judge, ruefully.

"Yes, my dear," said his wife, "you will. And I shall have to make his tea for six days."

"Otherwise," Ogden suggested, "it might be reported that you were enemies of religion."

"That's about it," said the Judge. "I can get on with most people. But elephants depress me."

So we named the Doctor "Jumbo," and I departed to my quarters.

At the bunk house, the comments were similar but more highly salted. The men were going to bed. In spite of their outward decorum at the service, they had not liked to be told that they were "altogether become filthy." It was easy to call names; they could do that themselves. And they appealed to me, several speaking at once, like a concerted piece at the opera: "Say, do you believe babies go to hell?"—"Ah, of course he don't."—"There ain't no hereafter, anyway."—"Ain't there?"—"Who told yu'?"—"Same man as told the preacher we were all a sifted set of sons-of-guns."—"Well, I'm going to stay a Mormon."—"Well, I'm going to quit fleeing from temptation."—"That's so! Better get it in the neck after a good time than a poor one." And so forth. Their wit was not extreme, yet I should like Dr. MacBride to have heard it. One fellow put his natural soul pretty well into words, "If I happened to learn what they had predestinated me to do, I'd do the other thing, just to show 'em!"

And Trampas? And the Virginian? They were out of it. The Virginian had gone straight to his new abode. Trampas lay in his bed, not asleep, and sullen as ever.

"He 'ain't got religion this trip," said Scipio to me.

"Did his new foreman get it?" I asked.

"Huh! It would spoil him. You keep around, that's all. Keep around."

Scipio was not to be probed; and I went, still baffled, to my repose.

No light burned in the cabin as I approached its door.

The Virginian's room was quiet and dark; and that Dr. MacBride slumbered was plainly audible to me, even before I entered. Go fishing with him! I thought, as I undressed. And I selfishly decided that the Judge might have this privilege entirely to himself. Sleep came to me fairly soon, in spite of the Doctor. I was wakened from it by my bed's being jolted—not a pleasant thing that night. I must have started. And it was the quiet voice of the Virginian that told me he was sorry to have accidentally disturbed me. This disturbed me a good deal more. But his steps did not go to the bunk house, as my sensational mind had suggested. He was not wearing much, and in the dimness he seemed taller than common. I next made out that he was bending over Dr. MacBride. The divine at last sprang upright.

"I am armed," he said. "Take care. Who are you?"

"You can lay down your gun, seh. I feel like my spirit was going to bear witness. I feel like I might get an enlightening."

He was using some of the missionary's own language. The baffling I had been treated to by Scipio melted to nothing in this. Did living men petrify, I should have changed to mineral between the sheets. The Doctor got out of bed, lighted his lamp, and found a book; and the two retired into the Virginian's room, where I could hear the exhortations as I lay amazed. In time the Doctor returned, blew out his lamp, and settled himself. I had been very much awake, but was nearly gone to sleep again, when the door creaked and the Virginian stood by the Doctor's side.

"Are you awake, seh?"

"What? What's that? What is it?"

"Excuse me, seh. The enemy is winning on me. I'm feeling less inward opposition to sin."

The lamp was lighted, and I listened to some further exhortations. They must have taken half an hour. When the Doctor was in bed again, I thought that I heard him sigh. This upset my composure in the dark; but I lay face downward in the pillow, and the Doctor was soon again snoring. I envied him for a while his faculty of easy sleep. But I must have dropped off myself; for it was the lamp in my eyes that now waked me as he came back for the third time from the Virginian's room. Before blowing the light out he looked at his watch, and thereupon I inquired the hour of him.

"Three," said he.

I could not sleep any more now, and I lay watching the darkness.

"I'm afeared to be alone!" said the Virginian's voice presently in the next room. "I'm afeared." There was a short pause, and then he shouted very loud, "I'm losin' my desire afteh the sincere milk of the Word!"

"What? What's that? What?" The Doctor's cot gave a great crack as he started up listening, and I put my face deep in the pillow.

"I'm afeared! I'm afeared! Sin has quit being bitter in my belly."

"Courage, my good man." The Doctor was out of bed with his lamp again, and the door shut behind him. Between them they made it long this time. I saw the window become gray; then the corners of the furniture grow visible; and outside, the dry chorus of the blackbirds began to fill the dawn. To these the sounds of chickens and impatient hoofs in the stable were added, and some cow wandered by loudly calling for her calf. Next, some one whistling passed near and grew distant. But although the cold hue that I lay staring at through the window warmed and changed, the Doctor continued working hard over his patient in the next room. Only a word here and there was distinct; but it was plain from the Virginian's fewer remarks that the sin in his belly was alarming him less. Yes, they made this time long. But it proved, indeed, the last one. And though some sort of catastrophe was bound to fall upon us, it was myself who precipitated the thing that did happen.

Day was wholly come. I looked at my own watch, and it was six. I had been about seven hours in my bed, and the Doctor had been about seven hours out of his. The door opened, and he came in with his book and lamp. He seemed to be shivering a little, and I saw him cast a longing eye at his couch. But the Virginian followed him even as he blew out the now quite superfluous light. They made a noticeable couple in their underclothes: the Virginian with his lean race-horse shanks running to a point at his ankle, and the Doctor with his stomach and his fat sedentary calves.

"You'll be going to breakfast and the ladies, seh, pretty soon," said the Virginian, with a chastened voice. "But I'll worry through the day somehow without yu'. And to-night you can turn your wolf loose on me again."

Once more it was no use. My face was deep in the pillow, but I made sounds as of a hen who has laid an egg. It broke on the Doctor with a total instantaneous smash, quite like an egg.

He tried to speak calmly. "This is a disgrace. An infamous disgrace. Never in my life have I—" Words forsook him, and his face grew redder. "Never in my life—" He stopped again, because, at the sight of him being dignified in his red drawers, I was making the noise of a dozen hens. It was suddenly too much for the Virginian. He hastened into his room, and there sank on the floor with his head in his hands. The Doctor immediately slammed the door upon him, and this rendered me easily fit for a lunatic asylum. I cried into my pillow, and wondered if the Doctor would come and kill me. But he took no notice of me whatever. I could hear the Virginian's convulsions through the door, and also the Doctor furiously making his toilet within three feet of my head; and I lay quite still with my face the other way, for I was really afraid to look at him. When I heard him walk to the door in his boots, I ventured to peep; and there he was, going out with his bag in his hand. As I still continued to lie, weak and sore, and with a mind that had ceased all operation, the Virginian's door opened. He was clean and dressed and decent, but the devil still sported in his eye. I have never seen a creature more irresistibly handsome.

Then my mind worked again. "You've gone and done it," said I. "He's packed his valise. He'll not sleep here."

The Virginian looked quickly out of the door. "Why, he's leavin' us!" he exclaimed. "Drivin' away right now in his little old buggy!" He turned to me, and our eyes met solemnly over this large fact. I thought that I perceived the faintest tincture of dismay in the features of Judge Henry's new, responsible, trusty foreman. This was the first act of his administration. Once again he looked out at the departing missionary. "Well," he vindictively stated, "I cert'nly ain't goin' to run afteh him." And he looked at me again.

"Do you suppose the Judge knows?" I inquired.

He shook his head. "The windo' shades is all down still oveh yondeh." He paused.

"I don't care," he stated, quite as if he had been ten years old. Then he grinned guiltily. "I was mighty respectful to him all night."

"Oh, yes, respectful! Especially when you invited him to turn his wolf loose."

The Virginian gave a joyous gulp. He now came and sat down on the edge of my bed. "I spoke awful good English to him most of the time," said he. "I can, yu' know, when I cinch my attention tight on to it. Yes, I cert'nly spoke a lot o' good English. I didn't understand some of it myself!"

He was now growing frankly pleased with his exploit. He had builded so much better than he knew. He got up and looked out across the crystal world of light. "The Doctor is at one-mile crossing," he said. "He'll get breakfast at the N-lazy-Y." Then he returned and sat again on my bed, and began to give me his real heart. "I never set up for being better than others. Not even to myself. My thoughts ain't apt to travel around making comparisons. And I shouldn't wonder if my memory took as much notice of the meanness I have done as of—as of the other actions. But to have to sit like a dumb lamb and let a stranger tell yu' for an hour that yu're a hawg and a swine, just after you have acted in a way which them that know the facts would call pretty near white——"

"Trampas!" I could not help exclaiming. For there are moments of insight when a guess amounts to knowledge.

"Has Scipio told——"

"No. Not a word. He wouldn't tell me."

"Well, yu' see, I arrived home hyeh this evenin' with several thoughts workin' and stirrin' inside me. And not one o' them thoughts was what yu'd call Christian. I ain't the least little bit ashamed of 'em. I'm a human. But after the Judge—well, yu' heard him. And so when I went away from that talk and saw how positions was changed——"

A step outside stopped him short. Nothing more could be read in his face, for there was Trampas himself in the open door.

"Good morning," said Trampas, not looking at us. He spoke with the same cool sullenness of yesterday.

We returned his greeting.

"I believe I'm late in congratulating you on your promotion," said he.

The Virginian consulted his watch. "It's only half afteh six," he returned.

Trampas's sullenness deepened. "Any man is to be congratulated on getting a rise, I expect."

This time the Virginian let him have it. "Cert'nly. And I ain't forgetting how much I owe mine to you."

Trampas would have liked to let himself go. "I've not come here for any forgiveness," he sneered.

"When did yu' feel yu' needed any?" The Virginian was impregnable.

Trampas seemed to feel how little he was gaining this way. He came out straight now. "Oh, I haven't any Judge behind me, I know. I heard you'd be paying the boys this morning, and I've come for my time."

"You're thinking of leaving us?" asked the new foreman. "What's your dissatisfaction?"

"Oh, I'm not needing anybody back of me. I'll get along by myself." It was thus he revealed his expectation of being dismissed by his enemy.

This would have knocked any meditated generosity out of my heart. But I was not the Virginian. He shifted his legs, leaned back a little, and laughed. "Go back to your job, Trampas, if that's all your complaint. You're right about me being in luck. But maybe there's two of us in luck."

It was this that Scipio had preferred me to see with my own eyes. The fight was between man and man no longer. The case could not be one of forgiveness; but the Virginian would not use his official position to crush his subordinate.

Trampas departed with something muttered that I did not hear, and the Virginian closed intimate conversation by saying, "You'll be late for breakfast." With that he also took himself away.

The ladies were inclined to be scandalized, but not the Judge. When my whole story was done, he brought his fist down on the table, and not lightly this time. "I'd make him lieutenant-general if the ranch offered that position!" he declared.

Miss Molly Wood said nothing at the time. But in the afternoon, by her wish, she went fishing, with the Virginian deputed to escort her. I rode with them, for a while. I was not going to continue a third in that party; the Virginian was too becomingly dressed, and I saw *Kenilworth* peeping out of his pocket. I meant to be fishing by myself when that volume was returned.

But Miss Wood talked with skilful openness as we rode. "I've heard all about you and Dr. MacBride," she said. "How could you do it, when the Judge places such confidence in you?"

He looked pleased. "I reckon," he said, "I couldn't be so good if I wasn't bad oncet in a while."

"Why, there's a skunk," said I, noticing the pretty little animal trotting in front of us at the edge of the thickets.

"Oh, where is it? Don't let me see it!" screamed Molly. And at this deeply feminine remark, the Virginian looked at her with such a smile that, had I been a woman, it would have made me his to do what he pleased with on the spot.

Upon the lady, however, it seemed to make less impression. Or rather, I had better say, whatever were her feelings, she very naturally made no display of them, and contrived not to be aware of that expression which had passed over the Virginian's face.

It was later that these few words reached me while I was fishing alone:

"Have you anything different to tell me yet?" I heard him say.

"Yes; I have." She spoke in accents light and well intrenched. "I wish to say that I have never liked any man better than you. But I expect to!"

He must have drawn small comfort from such an answer as that. But he laughed out indomitably:

"Don't yu' go betting on any such expectation!" And then their words ceased to be distinct, and it was only their two voices that I heard wandering among the windings of the stream.

XXII

"WHAT IS A RUSTLER?"

We all know what birds of a feather do. And it may be safely surmised that if a bird of any particular feather has been for a long while unable to see other birds of its kind, it will flock with them all the more assiduously when they happen to alight in its vicinity.

Now the Ogdens were birds of Molly's feather. They wore Eastern, and not Western, plumage, and their song was a different song from that which the Bear Creek birds sang. To be sure, the piping of little George Taylor was full of hopeful interest; and many other strains, both striking and melodious, were lifted in Cattle Land, and had given pleasure to Molly's ear. But although Indians, and bears, and mavericks, make worthy themes for song, these are not the only songs in the world. Therefore the Eastern warblings of the Ogdens sounded doubly sweet to Molly Wood. Such words as Newport, Bar Harbor, and Tiffany's thrilled her exceedingly. It made no difference that she herself had never been to Newport or Bar Harbor, and had visited Tiffany's more often to admire than to purchase. On the contrary, this rather added a dazzle to the music of the Ogdens. And Molly, whose Eastern song had been silent in this strange land, began to chirp again during the visit that she made at the Sunk Creek Ranch.

Thus the Virginian's cause by no means prospered at this time. His forces were scattered, while Molly's were concentrated. The girl was not at that point where absence makes the heart grow fonder. While the Virginian was trundling his long, responsible miles in the caboose, delivering the cattle at Chicago, vanquishing Trampas along the Yellowstone, she had regained herself.

Thus it was that she could tell him so easily during those first hours that they were alone after his return, "I expect to like another man better than you."

Absence had recruited her. And then the Ogdens had reënforced her. They brought the East back powerfully to her memory, and her thoughts filled with it. They did not dream that they were assisting in any battle. No one ever had more unconscious allies than did Molly at that time. But she used them consciously, or almost consciously. She frequented them; she spoke of Eastern matters; she found that she had acquaintances whom the Ogdens also knew, and she often brought them into the conversation. For it may be said, I think, that she was fighting a battle—nay, a campaign. And perhaps this was a hopeful sign for the Virginian (had he but known it), that the girl resorted to allies. She surrounded herself, she steeped herself, with the East, to have, as it were, a sort of counteractant against the spell of the black-haired horseman.

And his forces were, as I have said, scattered. For his promotion gave him no more time for love-making. He was foreman now. He had said to Judge Henry, "I'll try to please yu'." And after the throb of emotion which these words had both concealed and conveyed, there came to him that sort of intention to win which amounts to a certainty. Yes, he would please Judge Henry!

He did not know how much he had already pleased him. He did not know that the Judge was humorously undecided which of his new foreman's first acts had the more delighted him: his performance with the missionary, or his magnanimity to Trampas.

"Good feeling is a great thing in any one," the Judge would say; "but I like to know that my foreman has so much sense."

"I am personally very grateful to him," said Mrs. Henry.

And indeed so was the whole company. To be afflicted with Dr. MacBride for one night instead of six was a great liberation.

But the Virginian never saw his sweetheart alone again; while she was at the Sunk Creek Ranch, his duties called him away so much that there was no chance for him. Worse still, that habit of birds of a feather brought about a separation more considerable. She arranged to go East with the Ogdens. It was so good an opportunity to travel with friends, instead of making the journey alone!

Molly's term of ministration at the schoolhouse had so pleased Bear Creek that she was warmly urged to take a holiday. School could afford to begin a little late. Accordingly, she departed.

The Virginian hid his sore heart from her during the moment of farewell that they had.

"No, I'll not want any more books," he said, "till yu' come back." And then he made cheerfulness. "It's just the other way round!" said he.

"What is the other way round?"

"Why, last time it was me that went traveling, and you that stayed behind."

"So it was!" And here she gave him a last scratch. "But you'll be busier than ever," she said; "no spare time to grieve about me!"

She could wound him, and she knew it. Nobody else could. That is why she did it.

But he gave her something to remember, too.

"Next time," he said, "neither of us will stay behind. We'll both go together."

And with these words he gave her no laughing glance. It was a look that mingled with the words; so that now and again in the train, both came back to her, and she sat pensive, drawing near to Bennington and hearing his voice and seeing his eyes.

How is it that this girl could cry at having to tell Sam Bannett she could not think of him, and then treat another lover as she treated the Virginian? I cannot tell you, having never (as I said before) been a woman myself.

Bennington opened its arms to its venturesome daughter. Much was made of Molly Wood. Old faces and old places welcomed her. Fatted calves of varying dimensions made their appearance. And although the fatted calf is an animal that can assume more divergent shapes than any other known creature,—being sometimes champagne and partridges, and again cake and currant wine,—through each disguise you can always identify the same calf. The girl from Bear Creek met it at every turn.

The Bannetts at Hoosic Falls offered a large specimen to Molly—a dinner (perhaps I should say a banquet) of twenty-four. And Sam Bannett of course took her to drive more than once.

"I want to see the Hoosic Bridge," she would say. And when they reached that well remembered point, "How lovely it is!" she exclaimed. And as she gazed at the view up and down the valley, she would grow pensive. "How natural the church looks," she continued. And then, having crossed both bridges, "Oh, there's the dear old lodge gate!" Or again, while they drove up the valley of the little Hoosic: "I had forgotten it was so nice and lonely. But after all, no woods are so interesting as those where you might possibly see a bear or an elk." And upon another occasion, after a cry of enthusiasm at the view from the top of Mount Anthony, "It's lovely, lovely, lovely," she said, with diminishing cadence, ending in pensiveness once more. "Do you see that little bit just there? No, not where the trees are—that bare spot that looks brown and warm in the sun. With a little sage-brush, that spot would look something like a place I know on Bear Creek. Only of course you don't get the clear air here."

"I don't forget you," said Sam. "Do you remember me? Or is it out of sight out of mind?"

And with this beginning he renewed his suit. She told him that she forgot no one; that she should return always, lest they might forget her.

"Return always!" he exclaimed. "You talk as if your anchor was dragging."

Was it? At all events, Sam failed in his suit.

Over in the house at Dunbarton, the old

lady held Molly's hand and looked a long while at her. "You have changed very much," she said finally.

"I am a year older," said the girl.

"Pshaw, my dear!" said the great-aunt. "Who is he?"

"Nobody!" cried Molly, with indignation.

"Then you shouldn't answer so loud," said the great-aunt.

The girl suddenly hid her face. "I don't believe I can love anyone," she said, "except myself."

And then that old lady, who in her day had made her courtesy to Lafayette, began to stroke her niece's buried head, because she more than half understood. And understanding thus much, she asked no prying questions, but thought of the days of her own youth, and only spoke a little quiet love and confidence to Molly.

"I am an old, old woman," she said. "But I haven't forgotten about it. They objected to him because he had no fortune. But he was brave and handsome, and I loved him, my dear. Only I ought to have loved him more. I gave him my promise to think about it. And he and his ship were lost." The great-aunt's voice had become very soft and low, and she spoke with many pauses. "So then I knew. If I had—if—perhaps I should have lost him; but it would have been after—ah, well! So long as you can help it, never marry! But when you cannot help it a moment longer, then listen to nothing but that; for, my dear, I know your choice would be worthy of the Starks. And now—let me see his picture."

"Why, aunty!" said Molly.

"Well, I won't pretend to be supernatural," said the aunt, "but I thought you kept one back when you were showing us those Western views last night."

Now this was the precise truth. Molly had brought a number of photographs from Wyoming to show to her friends at home. These, however, with one exception, were not portraits. They were views of scenery and of cattle round-ups, and other scenes characteristic of ranch life. Of young men she had in her possession several photographs, and all but one of these she had left behind her. Her aunt's penetration had in a way mesmerized the girl; she rose obediently and sought that picture of the Virginian. It was full length, displaying him in all his cowboy trappings,—the leathern chaps, the belt and pistol, and in his hand a coil of rope. Not one of her family had seen it, or suspected its existence. She now brought it downstairs and placed it in her aunt's hand.

"Mercy!" cried the old lady.

Molly was silent, but her eye grew warlike.

"Is that the way—" began the aunt. "Mercy!" she murmured; and she sat staring at the picture.

Molly remained silent.

Her aunt looked slowly up at her. "Has a man like that presumed——"

"He's not a bit like that. Yes, he's exactly like that," said Molly. And she would have snatched the photograph away, but her aunt retained it.

"Well," she said, "I suppose there are days when he does not kill people."

"He never killed anybody!" And Molly laughed.

"Are you seriously—" said the old lady.

"I almost might—at times. He is perfectly splendid."

"My dear, you have fallen in love with his clothes."

"It's not his clothes. And I'm not in love. He often wears others. He wears a white collar like anybody."

"Then that would be a more suitable way to be photographed, I think. He couldn't go round like that here. I could not receive him myself."

"He'd never think of such a thing. Why, you talk as if he were a savage."

The old lady studied the picture closely for a minute. "I think it is a good face," she finally remarked. "Is the fellow as handsome as that, my dear?"

More so, Molly thought. And who was he and what were his prospects? were the aunt's next inquiries. She shook her head at the answers which she received; and she also shook her head over her niece's emphatic denial that her heart was lost to this man. But when their parting came, the old lady said:—

"God bless you and keep you, my dear. I'll not try to manage you. They managed me—" A sigh spoke the rest of this sentence. "But I'm not worried about you—at least, not very much. You have never done anything that was not worthy of the Starks. And if you're going to take him, do it before I die so that I can bid him welcome for your sake. God bless you, my dear."

And after the girl had gone back to Bennington, the great-aunt had this thought: "She is like us all. She wants a man that is a man." Nor did the old lady breathe her knowledge to any member of the family. For she was a loyal spirit, and her girl's confidence was sacred to her.

"Besides," she reflected, "if even *I* can do nothing with her, what a mess *they'd* make of it! We should hear of her elopement next."

So Molly's immediate family never saw that photograph, and never heard a word from her upon this subject. But on the day that she left for Bear Creek, as they sat missing her and discussing her visit in the evening, Mrs. Bell observed: "Mother, how did you think she was?"—"I never saw her better, Sarah. That horrible place seems to agree with her."—"Oh, yes, agree. It seemed to me—" — "Well?"—"Oh, just somehow that she was thinking." —"Thinking?"—"Well, I believe she has something on her mind."—"You mean a man," said Andrew Bell.—"A man, Andrew?"—"Yes, Mrs. Wood, that's what Sarah always means."

It may be mentioned that Sarah's surmises did not greatly contribute to her mother's happiness. And rumour is so strange a thing that presently from the malicious outside air came a vague and dreadful word—one of those words that cannot be traced to its source. Somebody said to Andrew Bell that they heard Miss Molly Wood was engaged to marry a *rustler*.

"Heavens, Andrew!" said his wife; "what is a rustler?"

It was not in any dictionary, and current translations of it were inconsistent. A man at Hoosic Falls said that he had passed through Cheyenne, and heard the term applied in a complimentary way to people who were alive and pushing. Another man had always supposed it meant some kind of horse. But the most alarming version of all was that a rustler was a cattle thief.

Now the truth is that all these meanings were right. The word ran a sort of progress in the cattle country, gathering many meanings as it went. It gathered more, however, in Bennington. In a very few days, gossip had it that Molly was engaged to a gambler, a gold miner, an escaped stage robber, and a Mexican bandit; while Mrs. Flynt feared she had married a Mormon.

Along Bear Creek, however, Molly and her "rustler" took a ride soon after her return. They were neither married nor engaged, and she was telling him about Vermont.

"I never was there," said he. "Never happened to strike in that direction."

"What decided your direction?"

"Oh, looking for chances. I reckon I must have been more ambitious than my brothers—or more restless. They stayed around on farms. But I got out. When I went back again six years afterward, I was twenty. They was talking about the same old things. Men of twenty-five and thirty—yet just sittin' and talkin' about the same old things. I told my mother about what I'd seen here and there, and she liked it, right to her death. But the others—well, when I found this whole world was hawgs and turkeys to them, with a little gunnin' afteh small game throwed in, I put on my hat one mawnin' and told 'em maybe when I was fifty I'd look in on 'em again to see if they'd got any new subjects. But they'll never. My brothers don't seem to want chances."

"You have lost a good many yourself," said Molly.

"That's correct."

"And yet," said she, "sometimes I think you know a great deal more than I ever shall."

"Why, of course I do," said he, quite simply. "I have earned my living since I was fourteen. And that's from old Mexico to British Columbia. I have never stolen or begged a cent. I'd not want yu' to know what I know."

She was looking at him, half listening and half thinking of her great-aunt.

"I am not losing chances any more," he continued. "And you are the best I've got."

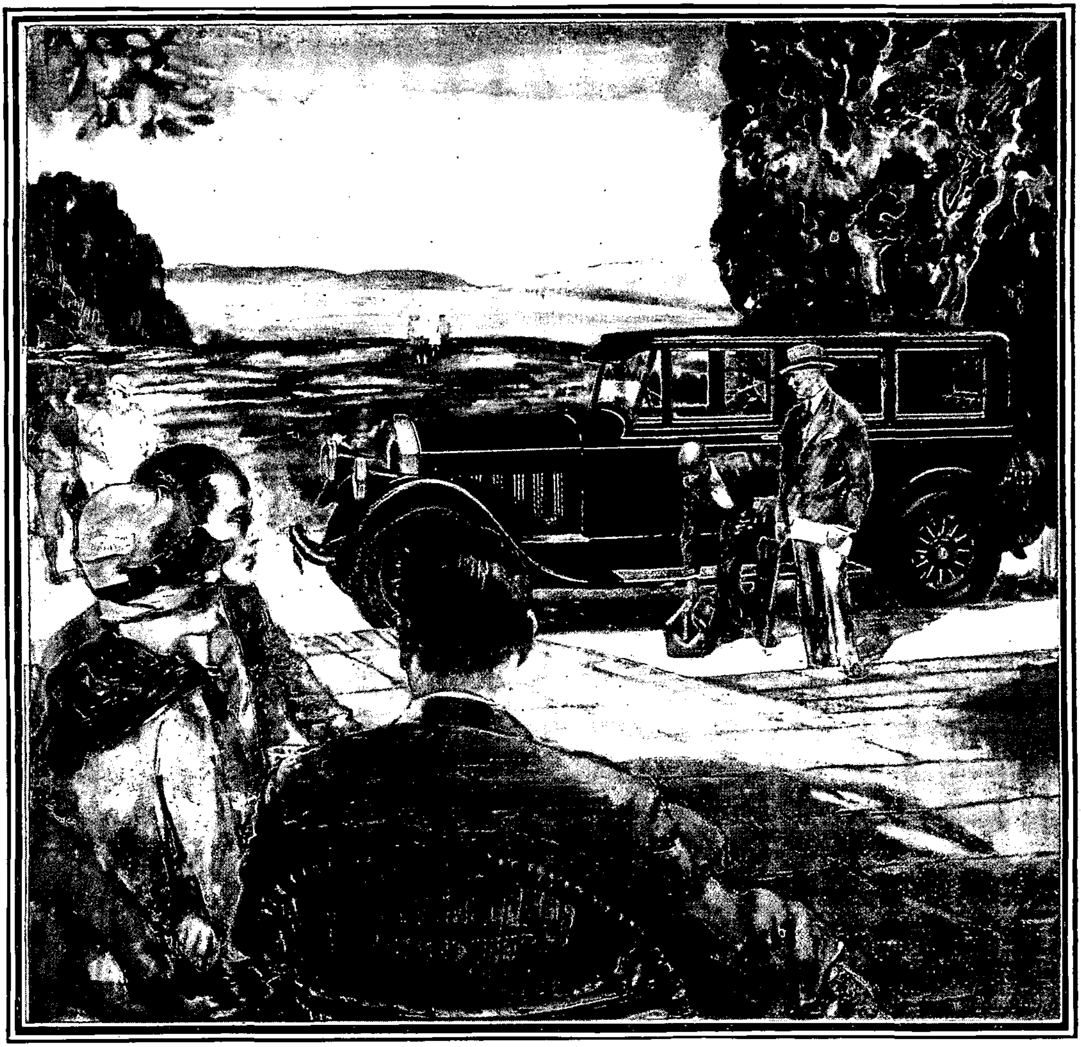
She was not sorry to have Georgie Taylor come galloping along at this moment and join them. But the Virginian swore profanely under his breath. And on this ride nothing more happened.

(*To be continued*)

Definitions by Ambrose Bierce

Faith, *n.* Belief without evidence in what is told by one who speaks without knowledge, of things without parallel.

Hospitality, *n.* The virtue which induces us to feed and lodge certain persons who are not in need of food and lodging.



—body by Pierce-Arrow

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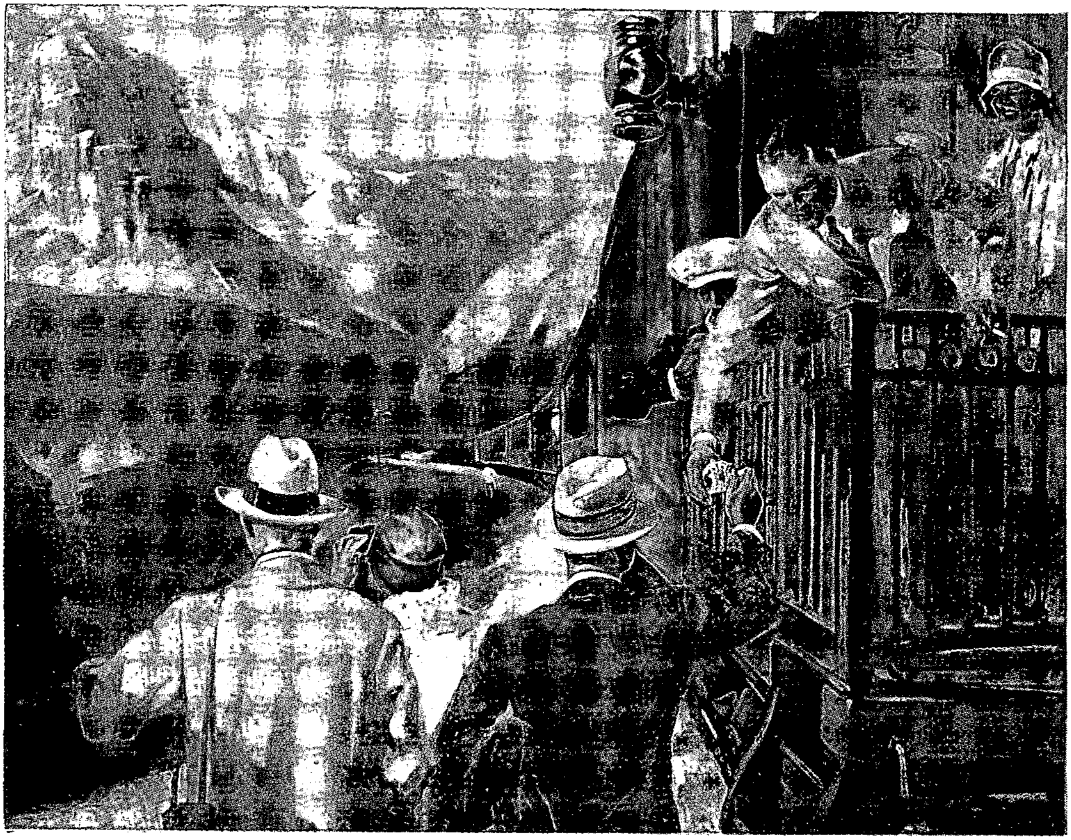

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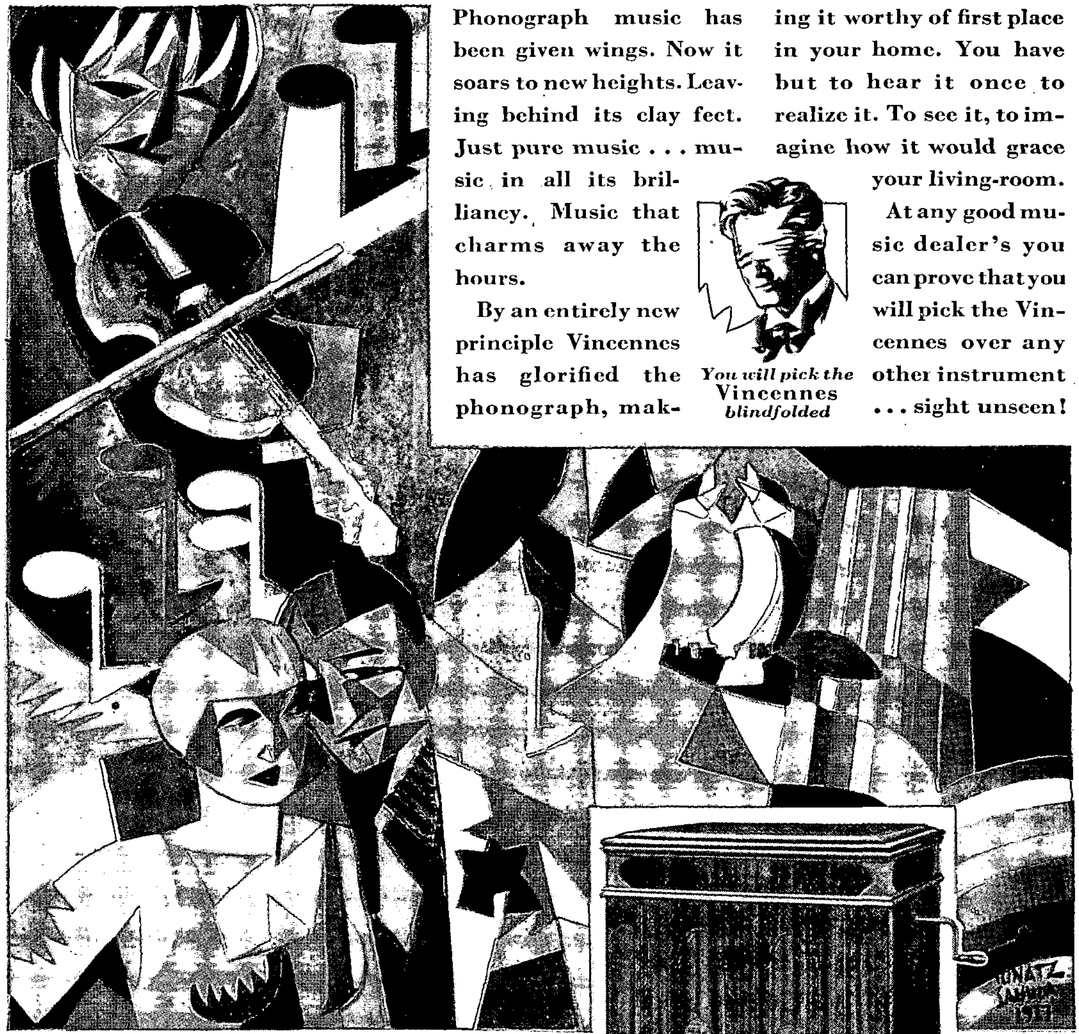

Phonograph music has been given wings. Now it soars to new heights. Leaving behind its clay feet. Just pure music . . . music in all its brilliancy. Music that charms away the hours.

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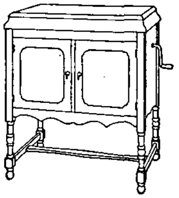
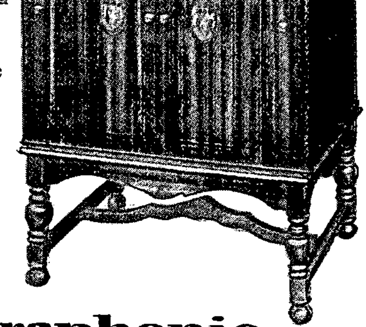


The same wonderful Veraphonic principle is scientifically applied to all models.



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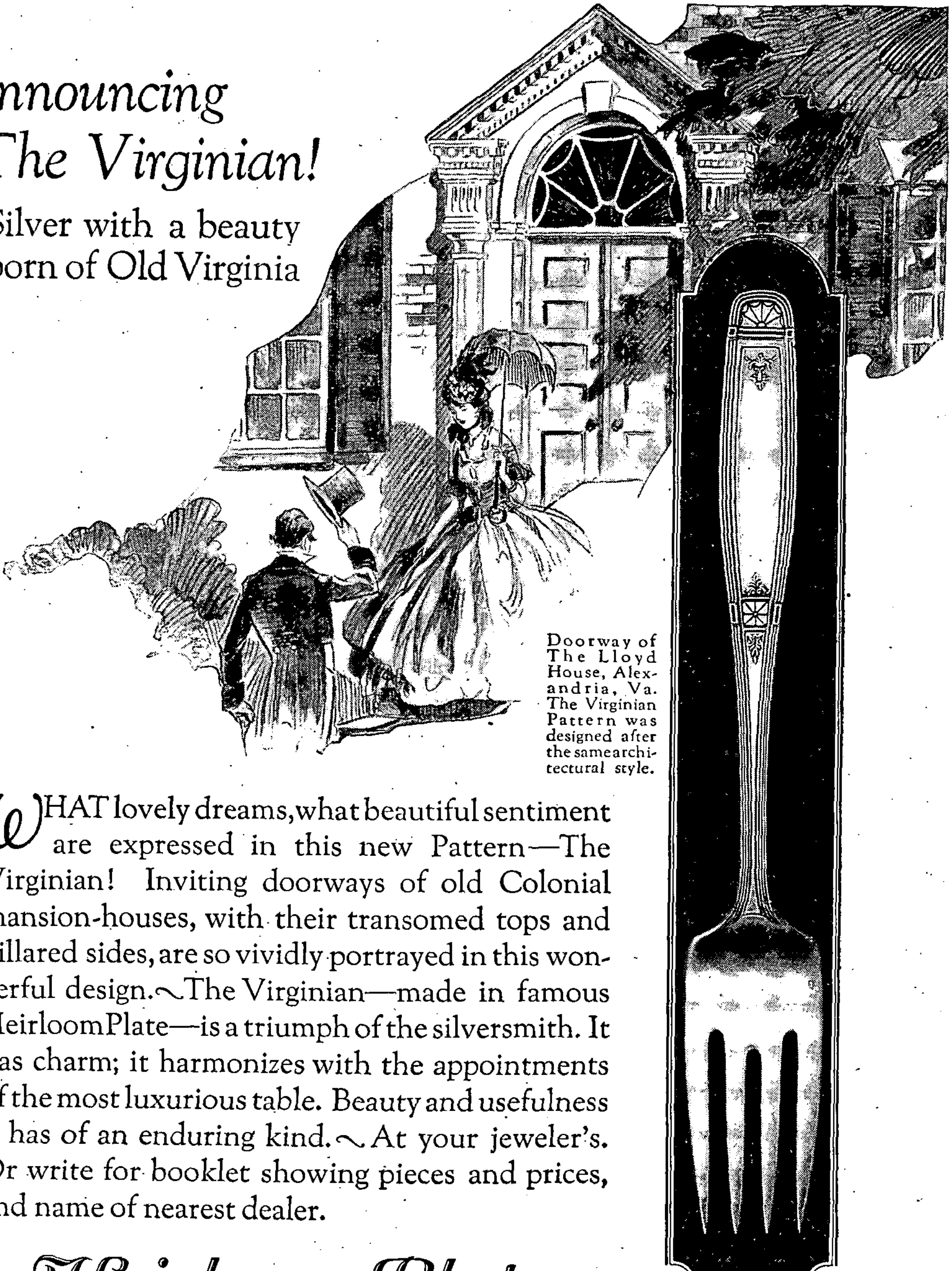

Doorway of The Lloyd House, Alexandria, Va. The Virginian Pattern was designed after the same architectural style.

WHAT lovely dreams, what beautiful sentiment are expressed in this new Pattern—The Virginian! Inviting doorways of old Colonial mansion-houses, with their transomed tops and pillared sides, are so vividly portrayed in this wonderful design. ⁓ The Virginian—made in famous Heirloom Plate—is a triumph of the silversmith. It has charm; it harmonizes with the appointments of the most luxurious table. Beauty and usefulness it has of an enduring kind. ⁓ At your jeweler's. Or write for booklet showing pieces and prices, and name of nearest dealer.

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From Generation to Generation

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The VIRGINIAN

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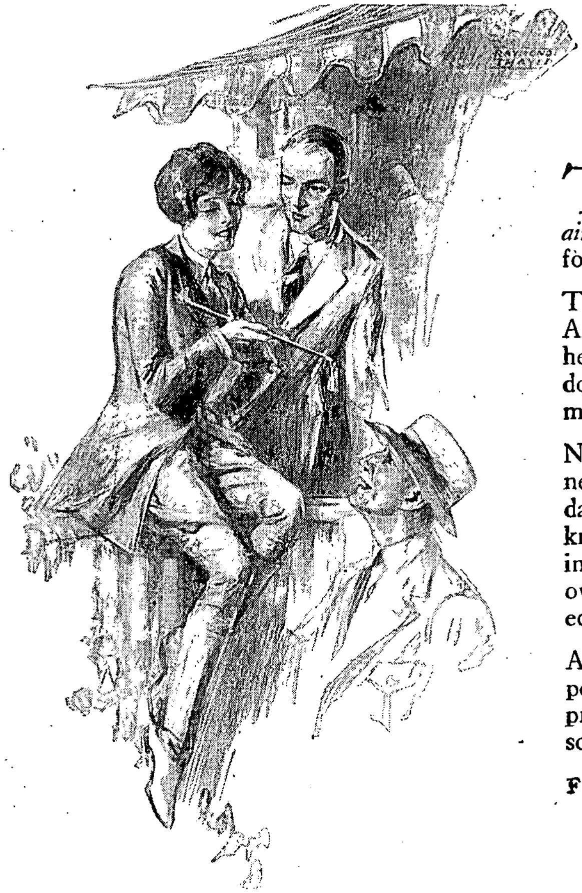

Where Franklin has pioneered and the motor world has followed

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The first four-cylinder car was built by Franklin. Also the first six-cylinder car, the first valve-in-head cylinder and the first closed body. In a dozen such matters Franklin pioneered and the motor world followed.

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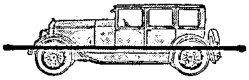
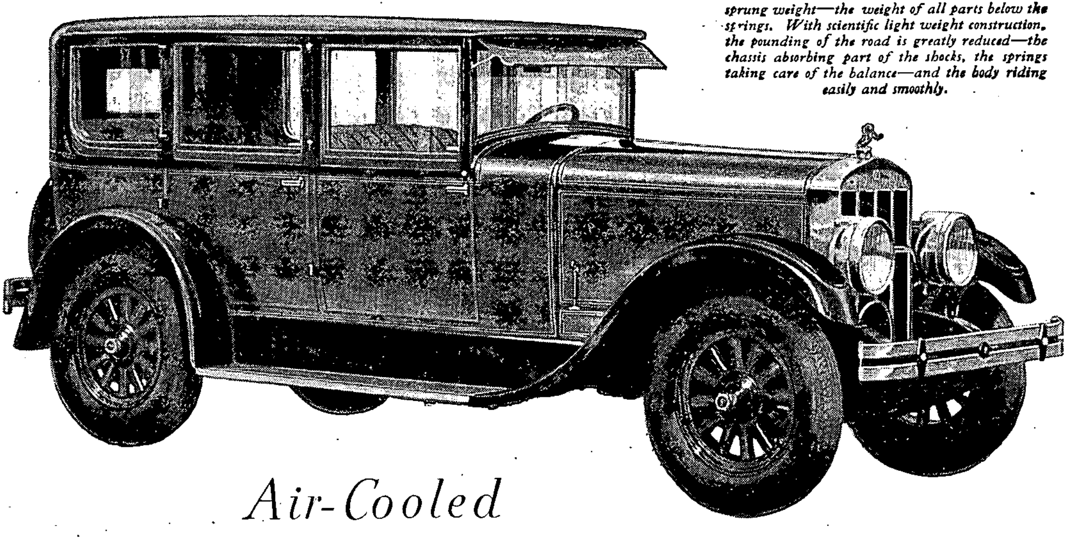
A demonstration reveals a degree of motor car performance *ahead of the times.* You then appreciate why the Franklin Owner's next car is so generally another Franklin.

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, SYRACUSE, N. Y.



Another Exclusive Superiority Feature—light unsprung weight—the weight of all parts below the springs. With scientific light weight construction, the pounding of the road is greatly reduced—the chassis absorbing part of the shocks, the springs taking care of the balance—and the body riding easily and smoothly.



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THE MUSIC FIELD

Advancement of Music and of Radio Broadcasting

AMERICA loves good music and plenty of it. There can be no doubt about that. And never were there such opportunities as today for its enjoyment within the home as well as in public. There is, too, greater interest than ever before being shown in the study and mastery of musical instruments of all kinds from the tuneful little harmonica to the majestic pipe organ.

New forces are at work to stimulate increased interest in music, both vocal and instrumental. In connection with the latter, much has already been written about the nation-wide interest that is being aroused in piano music and piano playing and the ways in which this is being accomplished. And considerably more will doubtless be heard of this as the months go by, for perhaps nothing could be more deeply significant of real progress in our musical development.

We have also seen in the past year such wonderful improvement in the phonograph and in the methods of recording phonograph music that it stands today on a far higher plane and in greater demand than ever before. The general public has been quick to respond and the improved phonograph music of today is finding new admirers by the thousands in every part of the country.

RADIO'S CONTRIBUTION TO MUSIC

Music has contributed greatly toward the popularity of the radio. In turn the radio can do much to reveal on a broad scale the wealth of fine music inherited from the past as well as the works of the best artists and composers of the present day. This co-operation is becoming more and more valuable to our musical progress through improvements in broadcasting methods and receiving equipment, insuring more perfect reception to listeners.

The radio is also doing much to help discover and encourage new talent among singers and musicians. Perhaps the most significant movement in this direction is the far-reaching plan recently announced for the Atwater Kent National Radio Audition, sponsored by the Atwater Kent Foundation.

While all the details cannot be presented here, the plan provides a means of discovering, encouraging and developing unknown American singers of exceptional talent and letting the world hear them by radio.

By this plan America's great, but as yet undiscovered young voices are to be found, wherever they are, brought out into the open and rewarded with money, musical tuition and fame. Many great singers have been discovered by accident. Voices of wonderful promise are often lost to the public through failure to find them and through inexpert training or lack of any training.

Every community in the United States will have an opportunity, first, to select by popular vote its best young singers, and then to enter them in state, sectional and national auditions to be broadcast by radio. The various winners of the National Audition will receive rich prizes in cash and instruction by the leading vocal teachers. Millions will enjoy the auditions as this unique contest proceeds and follow the careers made possible by popular acclaim and by the vote of musical experts.

This is but one of the various ways in which radio is lending itself to the advancement of music as well as to its popular enjoyment.

POOLEY
RADIO CABINETS
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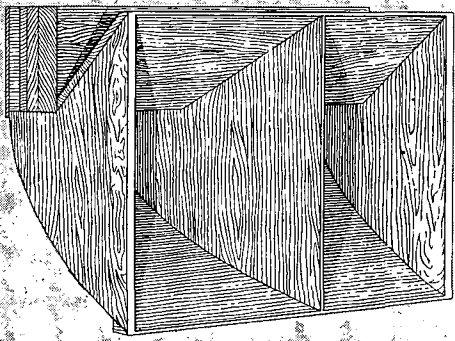
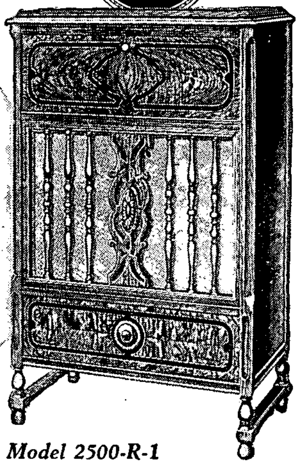
The POOLEY double horn speaker

(patent pending)



A true exponential horn, 60 inches long, with two amplifying chambers; one builds up the deepest bass notes, the other the treble. Result—a volume, clarity and truth of tone surpassing anything radio science has yet developed.



Model 2500-R-1

With new built-in Pooley double horn (patent pending) and special Atwater Kent reproducing unit.	$125
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Model 2300-R-1 Pooley double horn cabinet speaker. Same design as above with power equipment compartment, but without space for Receiver----------------------$90

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The Pooley Radio Cabinets and Cabinet Speakers that house this new double horn are superb examples of cabinet craftsmanship, beautiful in line, lasting in finish. There's a dealer near you who will be glad to demonstrate.

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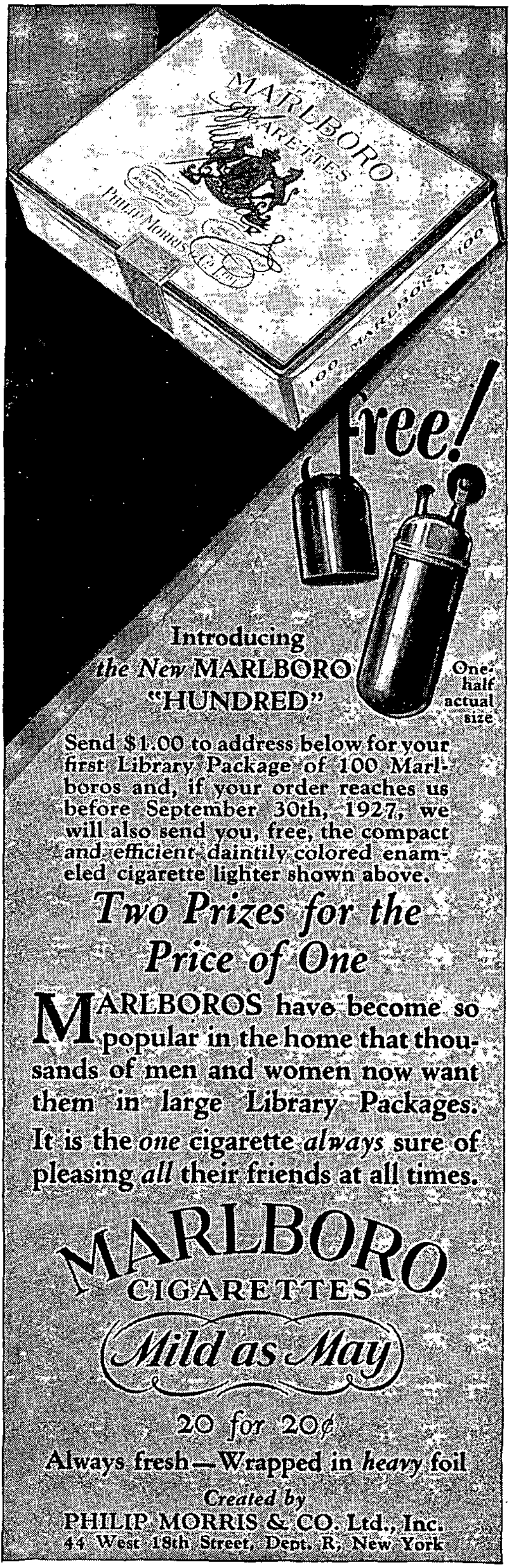

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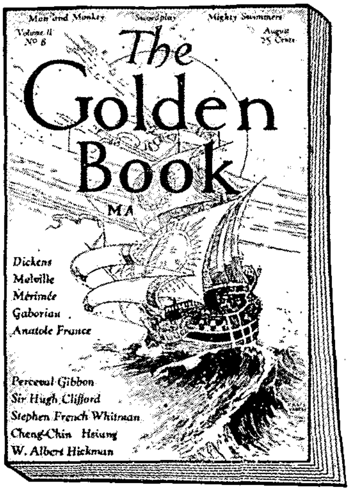
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NEXT TO THINKING MATTER

THE magazine as such has had its changing phases.

Many years ago it was chiefly a vehicle for literature. There still survive, particularly abroad, some magazines which carry on that tradition unaltered.

Then for a period the American magazine field appeared to be dominated by journalistic purpose. Current public affairs were made appetizing to millions.

And of late the bait for large circulations has been *entertainment.*

It is entirely too easy to disparage each of these phases of the magazine by a catch-word, such as "high-brow" and "muck-rake" and "dumb Dora." That is not our purpose here. Entertainment, for example, is a legitimate function of the printed page, and those many magazines which thrive by entertaining people, of whatever grade of intelligence, are useful and could ill be spared.

We rise merely to point out that there are also certain magazines which have not been swayed by passing fashions in editing, which were not in the past muck-rakers and are not in the present arenas for entertainment. Among these have been, for a long enough period to make the point positive, THE QUALITY GROUP magazines.

They have consistently held to their conception of a magazine, which is not far from the original meaning of the word, signifying a place where things are brought together to be drawn upon when needed.

They gather and give out literature, but they are not merely literary.

They are charged with current fact and opinion, but they are not merely journalistic.

They contain and generously supply entertainment, but they are not merely entertaining.

They know that there are just as many people as there ever were who want magazines in which literature, journalism, and *entertainment are kept in suitable proportion.* They see clearly and meet the demand of those who are not content to buy magazines just for momentary entertainment. They have not yielded to the mania for millions of readers, being unwilling to surrender, for the sake of drawing millions, their standards of good literature and earnest public purpose.

The reward for this steadfastness to a publishing ideal is the loyalty of 700,000 readers who appreciate that ideal. And a further reward is the recognition by a large body of astute advertisers that it is not enough to advertise to millions, that it is necessary to reach this substantial nucleus of people who have intelligence, buying power, and social leadership, and that—

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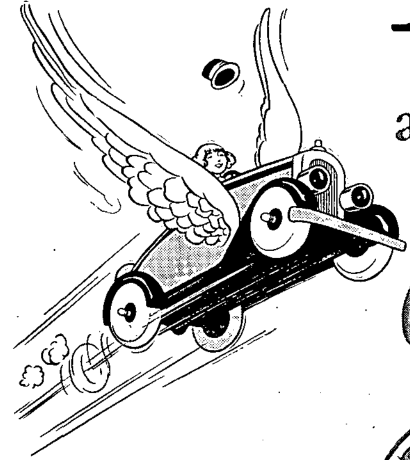

and get the benefits of *High Compression*

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ANTI-KNOCK
COMPOUND
ETHYL GASOLINE
CORPORATION
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MORE than a million motorists are now enjoying the benefits of high compression through Ethyl Gasoline. In two ways:

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It makes you unpopular

No matter how charming you may be, or how fond of you your friends are, you can't expect them to put up with halitosis (unpleasant breath) forever. Don't fool yourself that you are always free from halitosis. Few people escape it.

1/3
Had Halitosis
200 dentists declare that about every third patient is frequently halitoxic—and further declare they have been forced to use Listerine in self-defence.
Face to face evidence

Since you yourself cannot tell whether you offend this way, the wisest thing to do is to use Listerine, the safe antiseptic, before any engagement with nice people.

Immediately it destroys unpleasant odors arising from teeth and gums—the most common source of halitosis. And its antiseptic essential oils combat the action of bacteria in the mouth.

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Contains announcements of reputable banking houses, trust companies, savings banks, brokers, and other financial institutions. Inquiry is made concerning the institutions advertising under this heading, and none of questionable character is accepted. When writing to these institutions please mention THE GOLDEN BOOK.

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Adventures in Investing

Some Actual Experiences in the Difficult Art of Making Money Work Adequately Yet Safely

As related to BRADLEY KELLY

[TO READERS: *We shall be glad to publish (and pay for at regular rates) any interesting narratives of actual adventures in investing. Names of people may be fictitious, but the facts must be exact. Tell the precise securities bought; what was paid for them, the reasons which decided you to make the purchase—and what happened. Mistakes are often as illuminating as successes. Address* EDITOR, THE GOLDEN BOOK.]

How a Small-Town Fellow "Hit" the Stock Market

"*You can take a boy out of the country,*
But you can't take the country out of a boy."

T. C.—to-day a successful New York lawyer—was, in 1916, a State Senator's secretary with a $20 per week salary. Ambitious, of good appearance, and effective as a political speaker, he had been assigned to the New York City speakers' committee for the Presidential campaign.

While returning from a Democratic rally, he found himself riding in the same taxicab with one of the National Committeemen of his party, a man whose name was a household word at the time.

The "big man" spoke of Wall Street and the stock market. T. C. listened. "If you want to make some money quickly," he confided, "go to a stock broker to-morrow and buy ——— Leather." And T. C made his first visit to a broker's office.

He drew upon his slender savings bank account and bought ten shares of the stock, paying $150 down. In two days the stock went up ten points. Again he saw his political friend, who congratulated him on his purchase and advised him to "pyramid" his shares. T. C. had heard of the Pyramids of Egypt, but never of shares of stock. He asked questions and was enlightened.

The next day he felt the thrill of the capitalist. Boldly he strutted into his broker's office and ordered the "pyramid" of his earnings. "How easy," he thought, "to make money when you know how." The stock had gone up five more points.

Election Day found him back in his up-State hometown. Here he was looked upon by the natives as a "smart young fellow who was making his mark in New York." T. C. shared their feelings when he got the only New York paper thrown off the mail train at the depot, and found his stock still mounting.

In the office of the town's only lawyer, he startled the circle of local gossips by putting in a long-distance call to his broker. It was perhaps the first New York City call the village operator had ever put through.

"Pyramid again," he instructed. His figuring now showed a profit of $800 on his original investment of $150.

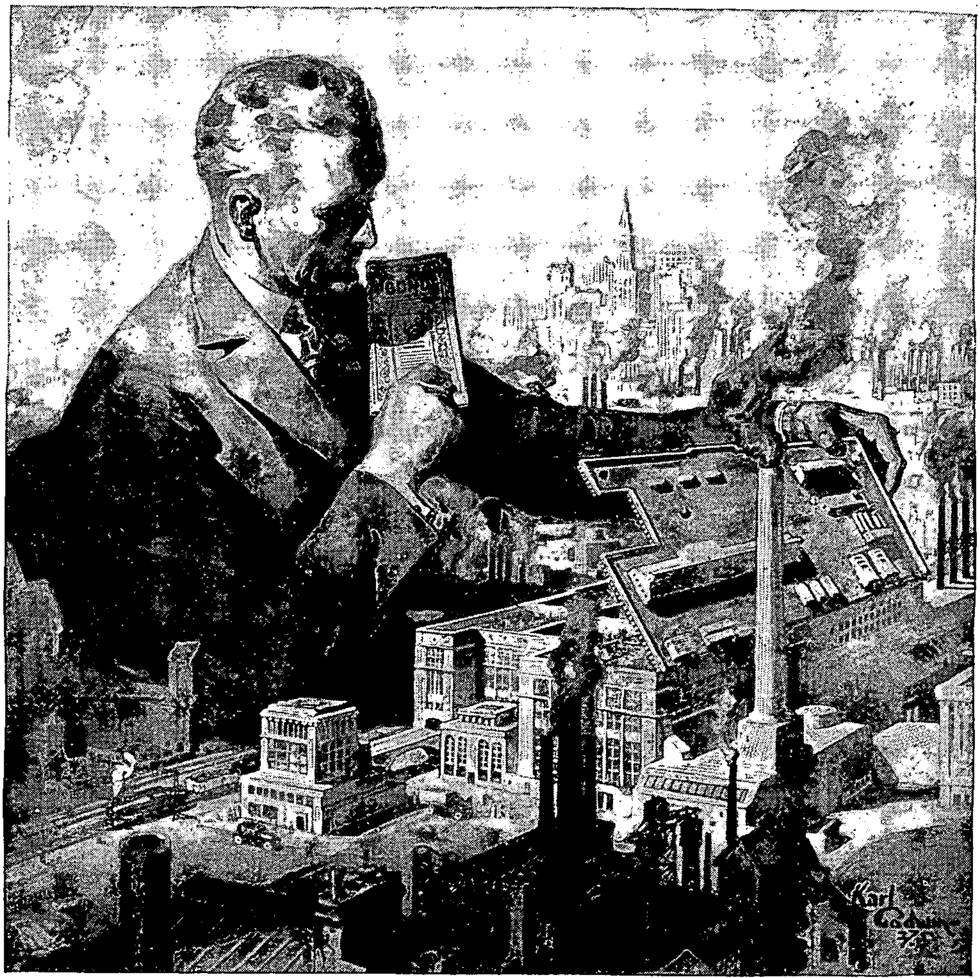
"Can you actually get this amount in real cash, right now, to-day, if you want it?" queried his skeptical father.

"Sure, it's as safe as the Brooklyn Bridge," replied T. C., full of confidence and feeling like a plutocrat.

That night word came over the wire of the Republican victory—"Hughes elected" was the message. A local improvised band paraded the town. It serenaded T. C.'s home, but in derision of him, as he was a Democratic leader. He went to bed suffering with depressed spirits at Wilson's defeat, but the next morning his grief was partly assuaged. The market had taken a big jump and his stock went up with it.

Proud as a peacock, he put through another call to his broker. "Pyramid" again was the command. He was now $1,600 to the good. What of it if Hughes did get into the White House? His stock was making him wealthy. He couldn't restrain a broad, satisfied grin as he left the local lawyer's office.

(*Continued on page 58*)



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For twenty years The Review of Reviews Magazine has served thousands and thousands of men and women in the handling of their funds for investment. *It has been one of the outstanding services of the magazine and has built tremendous good will for us with readers.*

In addition to this individual investment service there is a supplementary service by which our readers may secure information of vital interest in the matter of investment. Below you will see booklets issued by financial houses. Choose by number those that you wish to see. Write us, and we will send you, without cost or obligation on your part, the literature that you desire. Unless otherwise stated the literature will be sent you direct from the financial houses publishing the same.

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5. Investing by Mail—Caldwell & Co.
6. The New Year Book—Commonwealth Edison Co.
7. The Truth about Florida—Filer-Cleveland Co.
8. How to Select Safe Bonds—George M. Forman & Co.
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Even a cursory review of the history of long established electric light and power properties, many of which form the nucleus for the gigantic super-power systems of today, will make clearly evident the consistent increases in gross earnings year after year, the liberal percentage of net earnings available for fixed charges, the wide margin of security value behind outstanding bonded debt, and the substantial equity values represented by junior securities.

The steady growth of industry will naturally continue to increase the demands for the services rendered by public utility companies, and at the same time influence conservative investors to add to their holdings of sound investment bonds of this class.

During our experience of more than half a century we have found that investors welcome the services of a conservative organization in selecting investments, and we extend to you a cordial invitation to avail yourself of our facilites. Our "INVESTMENT SUGGESTIONS" *will be furnished upon request for Circular No. G-702.*

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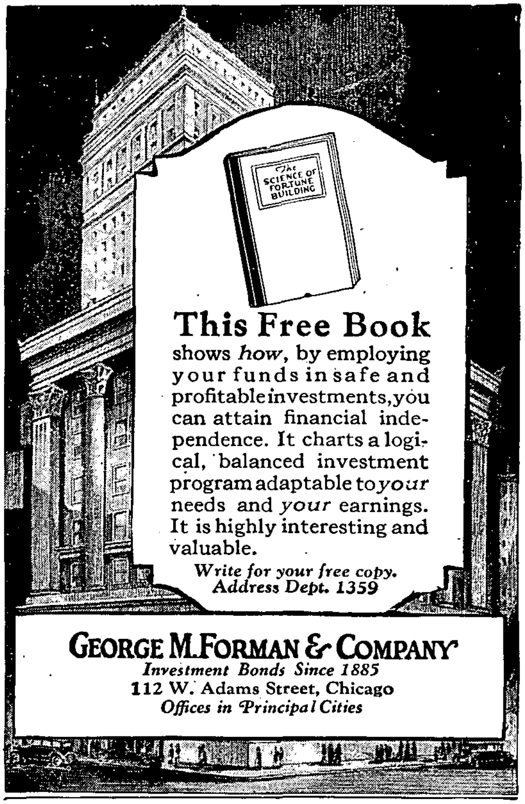

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SPECIALIZE IN SOUND BONDS
YIELDING ABOVE THE AVERAGE
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(*Continued from page 54*)

In front of the post-office he shook hands with the old village priest. Would he contribute a bit toward the purchase of a pool-table for the Boys' Club? Why, certainly he would. The old priest was so stunned he could barely express his gratitude as T. C., after noting the names and one-dollar donations of the town's leading citizens, scratched his own name across the top of the list for $25.

He kept an engagement with the town dentist, and ordered gold instead of silver fillings. To ease the dentist's mind, he told him of his "hitting the market." That afternoon the dentist drew out his savings, boarded the train to Albany—the nearest city boasting a brokerage office—and invested in the same stock.

That night the town depot was kept open after the "seven o'clock" pulled out. The wires carried strange news. Hughes's election was in doubt. At midnight word came that Wilson's victory was assured. California had swung it.

The Democrats of the town were jubilant. Subscriptions were started to hire the band. T. C.—now doubly jubilant, over his financial and political success—again topped the list with $25, and also led the parade. Cheers greeted him. His name was acclaimed with Woodrow Wilson's, while the bandsmen strained at their instruments, playing "*California, I Love You.*"

The next morning, T. C. hurried to the station newsstand. The market had broken! His stock had tumbled with the rest.

The train, so it seemed to T. C., took ages to make the seven-hour run to New York. On his typewriter desk he found a letter from his broker. It contained a check for $11.32, the balance, according to the statement, remaining from his original $150 after the sale of his stock.

Two months later T. C. mailed the last instalments of his contributions toward the pool-table and the band.

* * *

Stock and Bonds of Public Utilities

"The essence of pure investment," said one of the officers of a New York investment banking firm, "is to secure the largest possible fixed income consistent with the safety of principal.

"In industrials, there are three factors to be considered: inventory, credit, and labor. The public utility has no inventory. An electric light concern has a two- or three-hour supply ahead, and a gas plant perhaps a week's supply in storage tanks. There is no credit problem, as, after a certain period, say two months, the service is cut off for non-payment of bills. The ratio of labor per dollar of gross income is smaller than in most industrials, as there is less man power required to produce per dollar of income.

"Before investing in public utilities, three things are to be considered: (a) character of territory—will it grow or not?; (b) character of management; (c) political situation.

"The last has been largely eliminated in recent years, due to companies' taking customers in as partners through customer-ownership campaigns. Then the various costs of public utilities outlay can be quite accurately estimated, such as turbine costs, transmission lines, equipment and installation.

"In industrials this cannot be done. In the automobile field, for example, to-day one car is popular, while to-morrow it is another. New and improved methods of making the given product will many times subordinate a leader in the given industrial field to some competitor. This is due to competition. There is practically no competition in public utilities, and this results in better coöperation among themselves for new and improved methods.

"The gross and net earnings of public utilities move rapidly through the introduction and sale of home labor-saving appliances using current, such as washing-machines, electric irons, cooking utensils and so forth—not to mention, of course, the heavier demands of industrial appliances. Possibilities for future income in this field are practically unlimited.

"Guy Tripp, Chairman of the Westinghouse Electric Manufacturing Co., recently declared that only 5 per cent. of the current that goes into a light bulb produces light. The rest is wasted. Of the power generated by the most modern turbines, only 16 per cent. is eventually distributed and consumed.

"For pure investment, we recommend public utilities because of this absence of inventory and credit problems.

"Successful investment in industrials depends on one's ability to forecast accurately various factors, such as labor and demand. If one can do that, there is a basis for successful investment or speculation.

"Public service corporations should increase their earnings in proportion to the growth of population."

The universal testimony is that, difficult as it may be to make money, it's harder to invest it safely and profitably.

Nobody knows everything about any particular investment: there are always elusive factors which may work one way or another. But the chances are that there are people who do know more than you do; better consult them before deciding.

Your banker will always give you his professional judgment. Every high-grade investment house or trust company has experts in various lines, whose knowledge is at your disposal.

If, by any chance, you don't know whom to ask, write THE GOLDEN BOOK *Investment Bureau.*

You'll find it worth while to learn by other people's mistakes instead of by your own.

On the other hand, as every one knows, the shrewd investor who has believed in America's material progress has eclipsed Aladdin and his lamp. It's stating it mildly to remark that there's been infinitely more treasure uncovered, at less risk, in the profits of American money-making activities than in all the buried and sunken treasure of all the legends. No hoard, even of fiction, can compare with the true tales of the Ford Motor Car, the U. S. Steel Corporation, the Eastman Kodak. New York, California or Florida real estate, the Standard Oil Company, the Motion-picture industry, or many another industry of our own time, wherein alert men have turned opportunity into gold.

204

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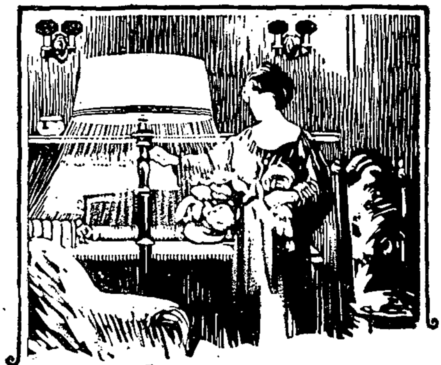

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On page 56 you will find a directory of Investment booklets that will be sent free of charge to all those interested in finding the right channels for the employment of surplus funds.

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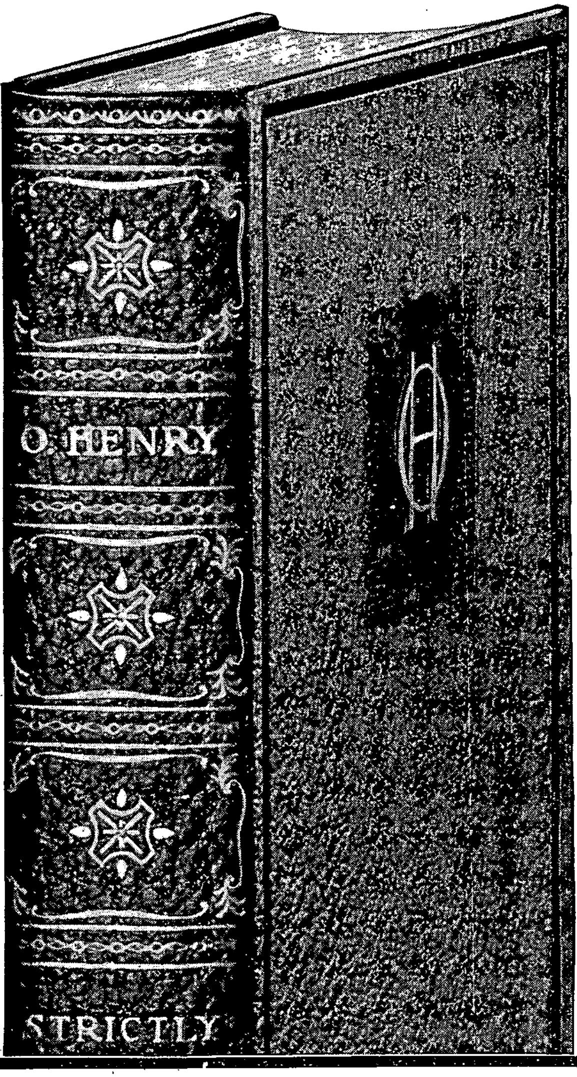

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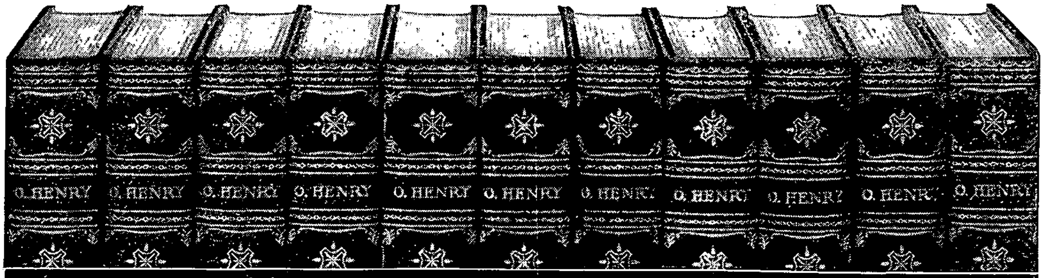

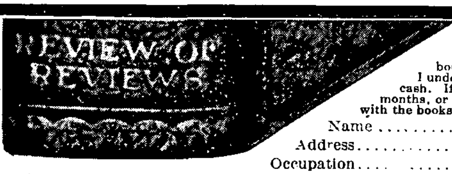

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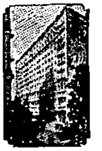

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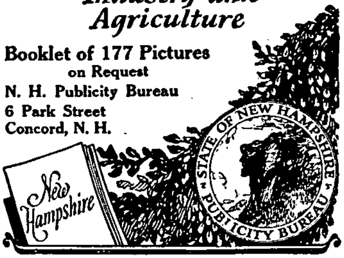
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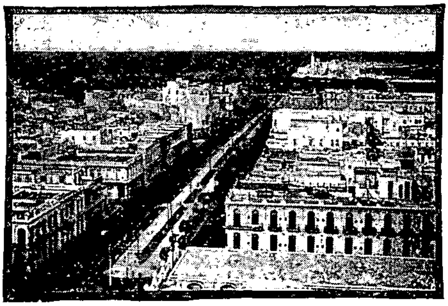

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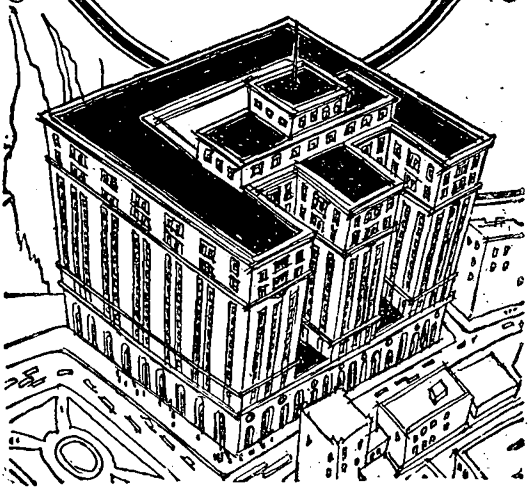

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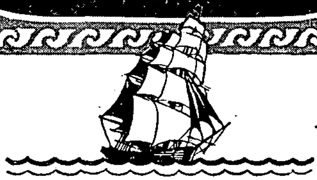

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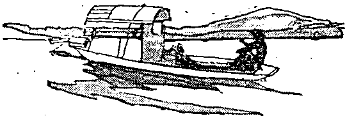

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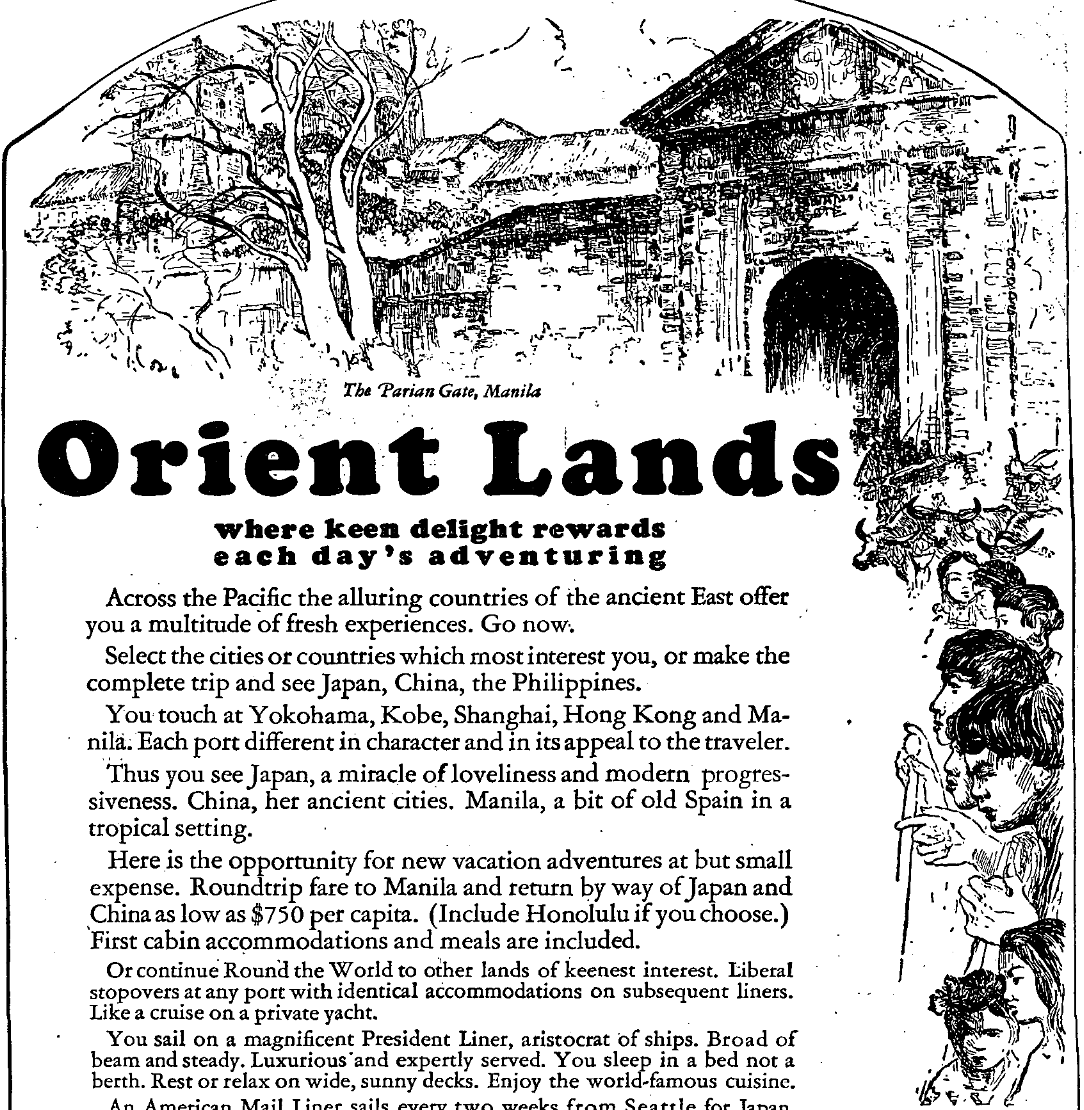

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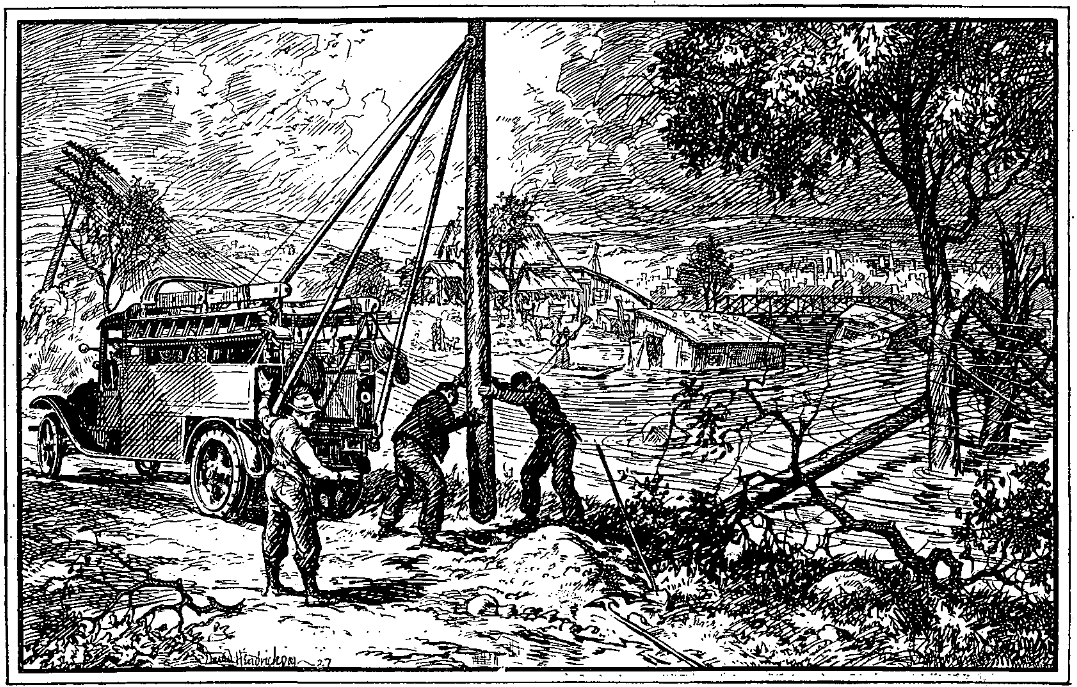

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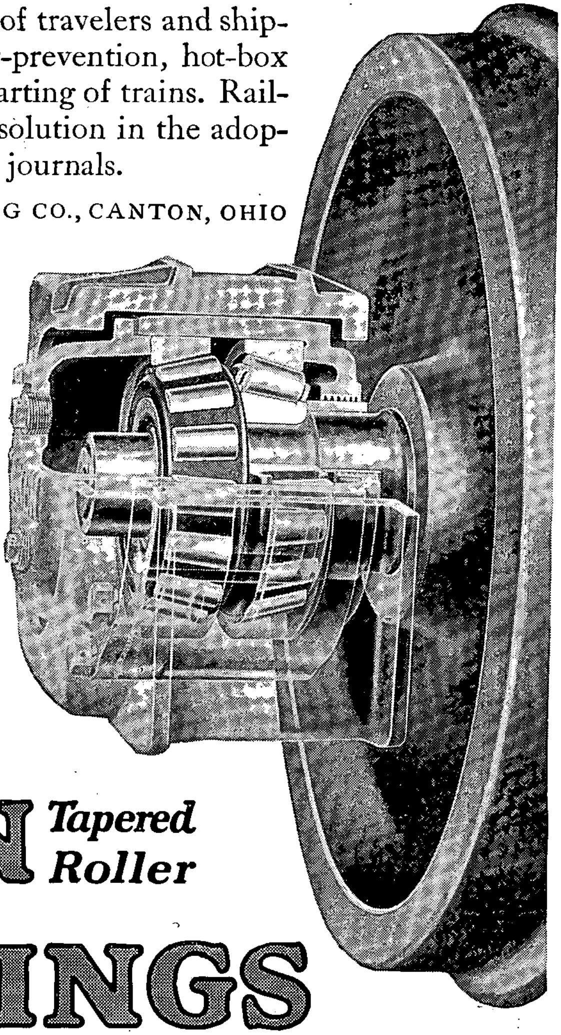

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